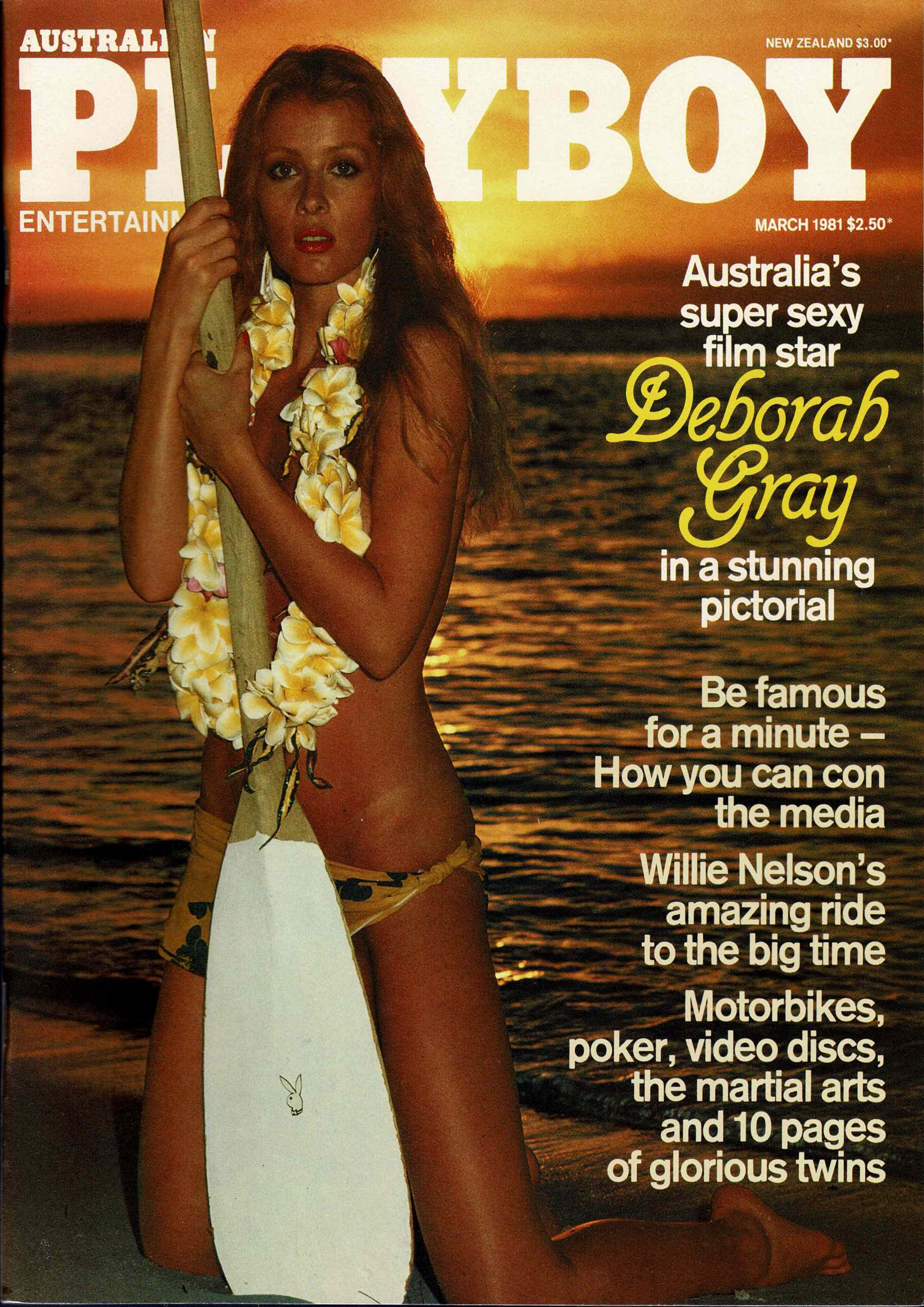
AUSTRALIAN
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ENTERTAINMENT
NEW ZEALAND $3.00*
MARCH 1981 $2.50*
Australia's super sexy film star
Deborah Gray
in a stunning pictorial
Be famous for a minute – How you can con the media
Willie Nelson's amazing ride to the big time
Motorbikes, poker, video discs, the martial arts and 10 pages of glorious twins

# Why professionals have so much time for Sony.

## Sony Betamax SL-C7

Never before has a domestic video-tape recorder so suited the busy professional at home. Apart from its widely-recognised reliability, and its mind-boggling inventory of features, the Sony Betamax puts "time" on your side.

## Time Saver No. 1.
## Picture Search

Imagine you want to find one particular scene or segment on a 3¼ hour recorded tape.

With an ordinary video-tape recorder, you'll waste a whole lot of time with the old-fashioned hit and miss guessing game. With Sony's unique Picture Search at a touch of a button, you can actually see the picture moving past on the screen at eleven times normal speed! Touch another button, and it'll do the same in reverse – also at eleven times normal speed. And if you think that's impressive, consider the fact that you don't have to stop the Sony Betamax between functions. You can go from Fast Forward to Normal speed or Reverse or whatever, just at the touch of a button.

## Time Saver No. 2.
## Triple Speed

How often have you had to sit impatiently through a long drawn out programme (golf and cricket for example), anxious to get on with other things, or anxious to find the spicy bits?

Sony Betamax allows you to watch a programme like this at three times normal speed. It really does work – it is possible to follow the action at a considerably increased speed.

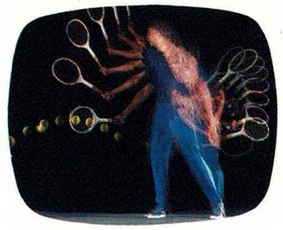
## Time Saver No. 3.
## Automatic Timer

Sony Betamax has a unique 14-day, 4-event, fully programmable timer. What this means, is that you can programme the machine to record automatically, take two weeks' holiday and still catch your favourite shows. The Betamax's automatic timer also allows you to plan your viewing time – rather than being a slave to programming schedules.

(We should point out at this stage, that recording of TV programmes, other than some live programmes, may infringe copyright unless permitted by the copyright owner.)

## Other "Time Shift" Capabilities

As well as Picture Search (11 times normal speed in Forward or Reverse), Triple Speed and Normal Speed, the



Sony Betamax can be operated at a Variable Speed Slow Motion, Frame by Frame (either manually or automatically), and Freeze Frame.

## Remote Control

Every Sony Betamax SL-C7 has a wireless infra-red remote control as standard equipment. This control duplicates 12 of the machine's main functions (including Record), and allows you to retain complete control from a distance

## Sony's Superior Picture

There are many reasons why Sony video equipment has an unparalleled reputation for superb picture quality.

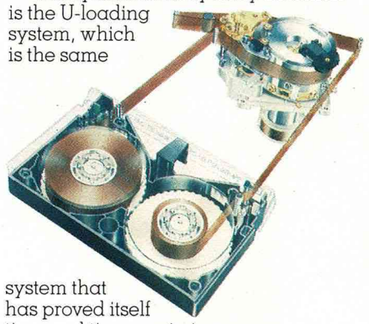
Unfortunately there is nothing we can say, no evidence we can provide, that will convince you of something you can only see through your own eyes.

However, we would like to invite you to see the Sony Betamax for yourself. In action. Up close. Compare it with anything else on the market. Only then will you begin to understand what we mean by "Sony Picture Quality".

## The U-Loading System

Sony is the world leader in the field of tape loading and transport systems. Virtually all the systems in use today (including the opposition's) were invented by Sony.

The system used by Sony Betamax is the U-loading system, which is the same



system that has proved itself time and time again in Sony's professional U-Matic recorders.

In practical terms, this U-loading treats the tape more gently (that means longer tape life – important!).

The fundamental difference between the competing Beta and VHS system, lies in the area of tape loading and transport. However, as Sony invented the tape loading and transport for both systems, who would be better qualified to judge which system is superior?

Sony chose the Beta system.

Now do you see why professionals have so much time for Sony?

SONY®

"In professional video-tape production, we're depending more and more on Sony equipment. Sony cameras in television stations and production houses. Sony one inch professional recording equipment (becoming increasingly more popular in commercial production). Sony equipment in the editing suites. Sony sound-recording equipment. In fact, Sony technology is so highly regarded within this industry, that virtually every television station, production house and advertising agency in this country has standardised on the one portable video-tape system – the U-Matic, developed by Sony. But that's what I work with. In my home, there's only one machine I'd use: the new Sony Betamax SL-C7. The most sophisticated domestic video-tape recorder I've ever come across."

*Alan Doble, Executive Producer, Managing Director Video House.*

# Sony Betamax SL-C7.

The Betamax SL-C7 can only be operated with TV receivers having a UHF Tuner.

SON0010

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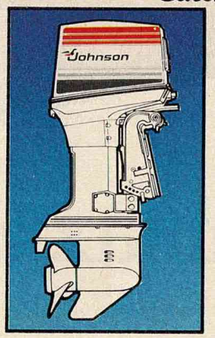



Johnson OUTBOARDS

OMAJ2020


# PLAYBILL

Catch Us If You Can . . . that's Debbie Gray's newest TV show, and to celebrate, we went out and caught gorgeous, bodacious Deborah, in the glorious Tahitian island group, *au naturel.* Deborah is going to be an even greater star in 1981. She will be an integral part of Seven Network's new oddball, offbeat TV series that may remind some of the television classic, *Candid Camera.* Ah well, the pictures are candid, Deborah is stunning, why do we need more words? Thanks to **Peter McLean** for the photography, and all those Tahitian institutions and people who helped . . . Of course, Debbie is a very busy girl these days . . . she has a starring role in John Lamond's *Pacific Banana,* scheduled to be released into Australian cinemas a day or so after we publish this magazine.

Willie Nelson's in town and that's big news. After all, Nelson's *Stardust* sold 250,000 copies locally, a unique achievement. Playwright (*The Siege of Frank Sinatra*) and writer **Denis Whitburn**, a Willie Nelson fan from way back and an authority on country music, produced the profile.

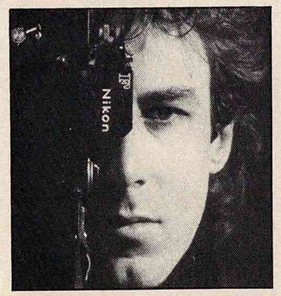
As Andy Warhol says, this is the era when everyone can be famous for 15 minutes, or more, or less . . . So we've decided to give you some advice on how to cope when a TV reporter, backed by a phalanx of sound men, camera men and so on, accosts you in the street for an opinion about Afghanistan or the price of bread. Author **Lee Patterson** tells you how to survive and handle your moment of stardom. Don't forget, you might be on TV for only a minute, but that minute is *yours:* cherish it, don't blow it. **Bill Burrows** provided the graphics.

Twins. You remember the fabulous Willoughby twins (cover and pictorial in our November edition)? Well, here they are again, together with four other glorious sets of twins. It's a case of sublime double vision, page after page. Don't they say that two is company?

Poker is one of the first card games anyone learns and one that few ever understand. The basic game is draw Poker. That's the one we decided to examine because, as author **David Spanier** says: "When you have mastered draw, you will be more than halfway toward grasping the elements of all forms of Poker." Spanier is Diplomatic Correspondent of *The Times* of London; he finds a great affinity between diplomacy and gambling. **Steve McHugh** provided the imaginative illustration.

As writer **Karen Hughes** points out, you've got to be a big gambler if you're going into the rock promotion business in Australia. Hughes produces the definitive profile of the rock scene and checks out the style and substance of its most powerful people. If you want to understand the rock scene you need the information in this piece. **Keith Davis** was the artist.

This March edition just doesn't end . . . like all great epics, it just goes on and on: we've got **Rob Luck's** informative review of new wave motor bikes plus a profile of world champ **Graeme Crosby;** there's **Rob Mowbray's** very kinky, strange tale The Blood (it'll make you feel sorry for vampires) with **Franz Kantor's** equally weird graphic, and there's a zany piece of work examining two great cities — Melbourne and Sydney. We also take a look at video discs and join **Pat Burgess** on a poignant and nostalgic trip back to the Saigon bar district, after the North took over . . . And let us not forget . . . the Australian PLAYBOY interview, this month with the unique Harry Hopman. When Harry Hopman was in Australia we rarely lost a Davis Cup, a Wimbledon Final, or any tennis final for that matter. Since then, Harry's been in the US doing good tennis things for them. Well, we've got Harry in PLAYBOY, courtesy of **Paul Dougherty.**

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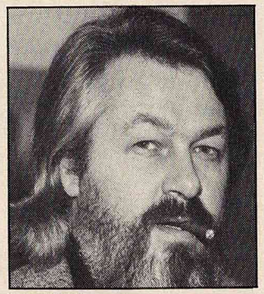

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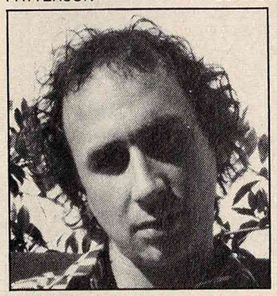

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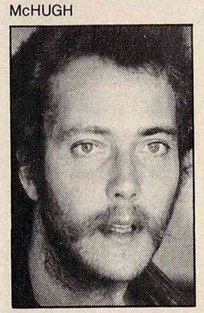

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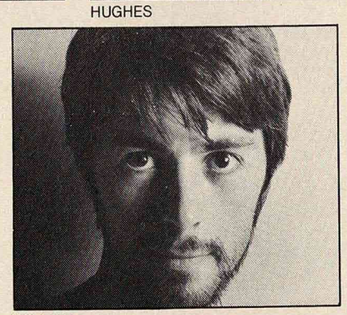

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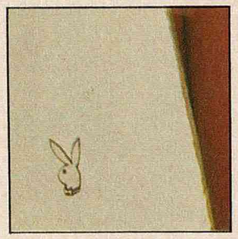
AUSTRALIAN

# PLAYBOY

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE — MARCH 1981

Cover: Deborah Gray
Photograph by Peter McLean


PLAYBILL . . . . . 3
DEAR PLAYBOY . . . . . 7
AFTER HOURS . . . . . 11
WORLD OF PLAYBOY . . . 14
ADVISER . . . . . 23
FORUM . . . . . 27
PARTY JOKES . . . . . 90
DAVE THE RAVE . . . . . 134
POTPOURRI . . . . . 148
ON THE SCENE . . . . . 151
SEXUAL HOROSCOPE . 154
PIPELINE . . . . . 157
MOVIES . . . . . 162
SHOWBIZ . . . . . 165
MUSIC . . . . . 166
BOOKS . . . . . 171

**PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: Harry Hopman** . . . . . 31
An exciting volley with the man who served up great Australian tennis

**MAKE THE MEDIA YOUR MESSENGER — humor** . . . . . LEE PATTERSON 46
How to make the most of your minute of international fame

**IN PARADISE WITH DEBORAH GRAY — pictorial** . . . . . PETER McLEAN 53
The multi-talented Miss Gray uncovers the best in Tahiti

**THE STARDUST COWBOY — profile** . . . . . DENIS WHITBURN 62
Shotgun Willie sold his first tune for a song; now it's worth its weight in gold

**CHILDREN OF THE GOD DRAGON — article** . . . . . GEOFF PIKE 68
In martial arts, the Blade of Quan wields a masterly stroke

**THE BLOOD — fiction** . . . . . ROB MOWBRAY 74
The holocaust which once caused death now carries the breath of life

**ON THE BEACH — Playboy's Playmate of the Month** . . . . ARNY FREYTAG 78

**AND THE BATTLE GOES ON — feature** . . . . . HORACE WALPOLE 92
Melbourne vs Sydney: an ongoing struggle for supremacy

**THE ENDLESS CYCLE — article** . . . . . ROB LUCK 98
Playboy's guide to the two-wheeled wonderland of the '80s

**GRAEME CROSBY — profile** . . . . . BRIAN COWAN 106
Irrepressibly cheeky Cros, the sensational superbike king

**WINNING AT POKER WITHOUT LOSING FACE — article** . . DAVID SPANIER 108
Game of chance or psychology lesson? Never mind, just shut up and deal

**DOUBLE EXPOSURE — pictorial** . . . . . 114
No, there's nothing wrong with your eyes . . . you're really seeing double

**THE CRAZY WORLD OF OZ ROCK PROMOTERS** . . . . . KAREN HUGHES 124
It's a hard, hard life out there in rock 'n' roll land

**VIDEO DISC: THE NEXT REVOLUTION — feature** . . . . . DENNIS LINGANE 130
This sight and sound spectacular will set the world spinning

**THE CAR FREAK'S PACKAGE TOUR — travel** . . . . . JIM MURCOTT 139
A fast driver training tour of North America

**TELL NUMBER 16 — article** . . . . . PAT BURGESS 140
He returned to Vietnam to lay some ghosts to rest, but he only succeeded in stirring them up

**TEST DRIVING THE 1981 PORSCHE — motoring** . . . . . ROB LUCK 158
World Champion race driver Alan Jones takes the wheel of the German company's status car of the year



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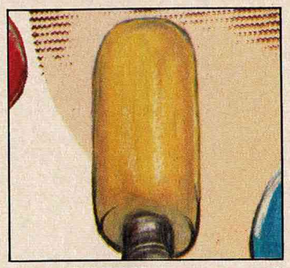


MEDIA MESSENGER . . . . . 46

DEBORAH GRAY . . . . . 53

THE BLOOD . . . . . 74

SEEING DOUBLE . . . . . 114

ROCK PROMOTERS . . . . . 124

# "$550 FOR A DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING. HOW WOULD I GET THAT KIND OF MONEY?"

Some things you splurge on without turning a hair. Bits and pieces for your car. Drinks all round. New gear. Weekends and holidays away. But we'd bet you won't have a clue how much you'd pay for a diamond engagement ring. The girl in your life will.

She'll have quickly gathered that the bigger the diamond, the better. And that $550 won't exactly put her in the "Liz Taylor league". But size, measured by carat weight, isn't everything.

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# DEAR PLAYBOY

## ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

### FLYING THE FLAG

Alan Jones isn't the greatest Aussie ever to try on a world crown, but because of Grand Prix racing's universal appeal, he is one of our best known. Consequently, it comes a hefty kick in the patriotic butt to learn that very few countries would ignore a world champion as we have Jones. If the worldly-wise leaders of our business empires had any sporting leanings whatsoever, they would be aware of the promotional impact of such Grand Prix racing. Instead, one can almost imagine a prospective Australian race sponsor asking: "Okay , but what do we get out of it?" In Argentina, which produced the great Juan Fangio, or Brazil, currently boasting former world champion Emerson Fittipaldi and hot-shot Nelson Piquet, such a question would not arise. South American patriotic pride is such that financial backing is almost automatic. Like John Kennedy said: "Ask not what your country . . . " We Aussies think it absurd that foreigners imagine our city streets to be overrun with kangaroos. Small wonder. We do little about promoting the place through some of the most obvious and opportune channels.

P.T. Franks,
Belconnen, ACT

### SUFFERING FOOLS

After reading Vote 1: Who Cares? (PLAYBOY January), I'm convinced that Russell Deiley should either be commended for bravery or committed to an asylum. As the late Peter Sellers would have said: "Oh, you brave fool." It must have taken some nerve for the intrepid Deiley to put his neck on the electoral chopping block during that period on the political calendar when the public pays heavily for the privilege of suffering fools. I suspect Mr Deiley is not overly concerned about missing the cut. After all, his experience should have confirmed the belief that there are more fools on the winners' side of the fence than on the losers'.

L. Black,
Launceston West,
Tasmania

### FORM FILLY

How long can one girl continue to dine out or bare her soul and her bum on the strength of an innocent peck on the cheek of Prince Charles? Jane Priest has certainly got more of the right things in the right places than most women, but

surely we have seen all there is to see of the lady. Still, I don't think Jane has been in better form than she was in your January issue.

T.S.,
Ballarat, Victoria

*Like all good gamblers, we agree. There is no substitute for good form. — Ed.*

### STAR-CROSSED

As a Sagittarian and a dedicated pants man, may I suggest your resident astrologer catch the next Voyager spacecraft to Saturn. A close encounter with the ringed or any other planet might give him a clearer picture of the Milky Way because he is obviously having trouble reading the star signs from Earth. He promised me, for instance, a November full of ladies knocking at my window and queueing to worship at my altar. From what I can remember of November — and I'm doing my damnedest to forget it ever happened — I'd have had trouble cracking it in a massage parlor. I don't know what kind of commission he commands, but I'd like to suggest that you pay him with a new telescope rather than a cheque. Or, assuming the Yanks ever manage to get their space shuttle into gear, I'll be glad to chip in for his fare. I will not leave anything at all to the stars.

L.B.W.,
East Fremantle, WA

### UNHEALTHY DIET

I agree with Barrie Watts' sentiment in Run It Up The Flagpole (PLAYBOY, December) that force-fed nationalism is a highly unpalatable diet. But things could be worse. Imagine the results if our leaders pushed the populate-or-perish barrow through a "more sex" big advertising campaign. Something like: "Sex, Be In It," with a multitude of comic characters fornicating all over the landscape. It would be something like Indira Gandhi's transistor radio in exchange for an offer of a vasectomy — in reverse order.

C. Maylin,
Edgecliff, NSW

### SEEING PURPLE

Margot Hilton, whom you describe as Graeme Blundell's long-suffering wife (PLAYBOY, January), makes great play of the difficulty she and her husband find in living down the Alvin Purple image. Yet you decorate her story with those two words which she finds such a burden. When are headline writers ever going to slide off the Alvin bandwagon? As he has shown in a number of film and television roles — notably in the film version of *Don's Party* — Blundell is one of our most talented and versatile actors and it is about time journalists began using a wider range of labels.

T. Oakley,
Burnside, SA

*We ran the piece aware of the fact that he is Blundell, and not purple. — Ed.*

### MILLEPENIS

Reading one of those sensational stories in one of Sydney's sensational afternoon rags, I was intrigued to learn that Cold Chisel's lead singer, Jimmy Barnes has enjoyed the favors of 1000 different girls during his relatively brief pop career. Does this rate as a record?

(Ms) J.McC.,
Wahroonga, NSW

*If there is a gold standard for groupie screwing, Ms Mac, we don't know about it. But for your and Barnes' information, we can tell you that Sarah Bernhardt had more than 1000 lovers and that Attila the Hun died making love, not war.*

*PLAYBOY welcomes all correspondence. However, we can only publish letters which contain the full name and address of the writer, plus a phone number where possible.*

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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

### ESCORT REPORT

A new angle on the "let your fingers do the walking" theme has hit Sydney's streets. Called the Gentleman's Black Book, it provides a listing of ratings and contacts for sexual encounters of the discreet kind. We received our first copy courtesy of two elegant young ladies who were obviously doing a leaflet drop of the newsletter around Sydney's better hotels. The Black Book's star rating system is a quick-check consumers' guide to the city's better escort agencies, and a direct contact ad column puts the privateers in the picture. For 50 cents, it won't insure you against getting screwed — but it might reduce the odds.

### ROBBING HOOD

A burglar of whom Fred Nile or Hollywood could feel equally proud . . . and that's Robert Anthony Stratton. He didn't really set out to be a moral crusader. It just happened. Young Robert was doing a job on the offices of the Slow Learning Children's Group in Perth when he found a heap of magazines and photographs including a fair range of pretty heavy child pornography in a desk drawer.

He sussed out who owned the desk and left a nasty note with the message that $15,000 should be left the next evening (in a brown paper parcel, of course) in a rubbish bin at a nearby abandoned railway station.

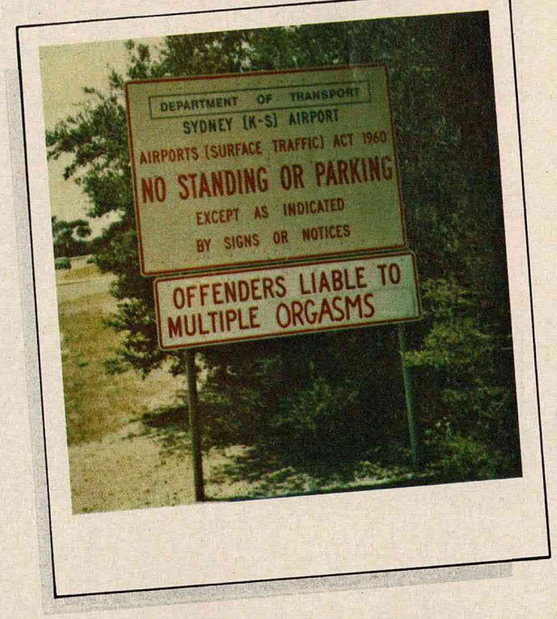
"I really didn't want the money," he said later, "I just wanted to stop the dirty old bastard. I've been in and out of prison all my life and people get away with wicked crimes — sex crimes mainly — and I've got a profound hatred for them."

So he went home to wait out the time to deadline. He got a bit twitchy. As he puts it: "Before I even left home I'd taken some drugs. I was yellow scared, but I went."

He says he noticed patrol cars all around the station, but he went ahead and did the pick-up anyway. That's when he was nabbed. The District Court jury accepted his story and he beat the extortion rap; though he has been convicted of breaking and entering. The owner of the porn has had his name in press, radio and TV reports throughout the trial.

### SIGN LANGUAGE

And we thought the only orgasms connected with aircraft were those qualifying participating passengers as members of the mile high club. K. Willis, the candid cameraman who came across this Sydney Airport sign, nominates it as the parking notice of the year.




### TEA FOR ONE

Hong Kong University researchers reckon they have happened on to a most palatable contraceptive — a breakfast cuppa in which a mystery plant is substituted for tea and sipped by women on the morning after the night's bout of passion. The mystery plant, which is now being meticulously studied by biochemist, Dr Y. C. Kong, is said to be abundant all over the world. "Women in most countries will be able to gather or grow the plant and make tea out of it," says Kong, who is keeping mum about the plant's identity until the pregnancy-blocking chemical it contains can be further investigated.

In the meantime, there is at least one Hong Kong doctor who is apparently trying to drum up some business for his colleagues. One of the less salubrious hotels in the teeming British outpost lists among its services: "A doctor is always present to give his best attention — he has all the diseases at his fingertips."

### JAVANESE PIED PIPERS

Most confirmed bachelors would hardly see it as fair exchange but in the remote Wanasari district of Schang in West Java a bridegroom must deliver 50 rats to the village chief before he is granted a marriage licence. The ruling was introduced to counter a plague of rats and has helped significantly in curbing the rodent population. No doubt a rise in the divorce rate and subsequent settlement costs would put an end to the rat problem.

### "WE REGRET . . ."

The Irish make wonderful writers, poets and musicians but can be a little shaky on mechanics. Take the recent launching of a new bus fleet in the Irish Republic. With the Transport Minister and other dignitaries assembled, the key was put in the ignition of the first of the 50 new buses and turned . . . and turned . . . and turned. Finally, mechanics put in a new battery. The bus *still* wouldn't start. But the ceremony went ahead anyway, with the traditional champagne bottle bouncing

off the bumper and showering everyone with bubbly and broken glass. After extensive tinkering, the bus eventually got moving — only to break down after two triumphal kilometres.

### ODD COUPLE

In a bizarre swap, an English couple are changing sex. After surgical operations and hormone treatment, their four-year-old daughter is calling mum "dad" and dad "mum." Said Kung Fu instructor Eugene (Cathy) Browne, 32, as he adjusted his low-cut blouse: "Emma totally accepts me as her real mummy."

Shuffling her hobnailed boots on the worn carpet of their Birmingham home, Anne (Christopher) Browne added: "Emma isn't a bit confused over our new roles. She has accepted them without emotional hang-ups."

Eugene met Anne at one of his Kung Fu classes five years ago, and after the class they had a heart-to-heart during which each revealed a desire to change sex. Soon they had set up house and were making plans for the future. First Anne would have a baby, then they would exchange roles. Everything went off according to plan, although Anne says having the baby was the "toughest thing" she ever had to face. "Can you imagine what it was like to hate being a woman, yet to go through the most womanly of functions?" she asked, running one hand through her cropped hair.

Meanwhile, a husband in the US who had a sex change is licking his wounds after failing in an attempt to win financial support from his wife. Attorney Leslie (formerly Ralph) Phillips filed for maintenance on the grounds that marital partners are responsible for each other in times of sickness. "I felt this should also cover a husband who was sick in the sense that he was having an operation," said Leslie, now an attractive brunette.

But the claim didn't wash with Judge Samuel Rosenberg, who threw the case out of court. Leslie is now locked in another legal battle with his wife Tammy, who is divorcing him. And yes, she is claiming alimony . . .

### WEED-KILLER

A young Californian woman is still pondering the high cost of grass . . . Last year US Federal agents confiscated her 1976 Porsche because she was discovered to be carrying contraband in the boot of her car — "green vegetable matter" to quote the precise terms of the charge. The woman appealed against the seizure of her car, claiming that the loss of her Porsche was an overly severe punishment for being found in possession of .226 grams (about 1/100th of an ounce) of marijuana. The court denied her appeal, deciding, along with other things, that the weed in question constituted a "usable amount".

### A HAIRY ONE

The Gold Coast's Ma Evans, who has made a million flogging a herbal baldness remedy, tells how her potion can be use for stimulating growth in areas other than your head. The 76-year-old grandmother who often hitches up her skirts to show unbelievers the hairy knee she acquired from testing the gypsy formula many moons ago, says she once had an enquiry from a distressed young woman who only had a few wisps of pubic hair. Ma prescribed her potion, and sure enough, the hairs sprouted plentifully — but straight. On hearing about this fresh problem, Ma recommended the obvious solution — a perm. Ma never heard from the woman again, so presumes she managed to sort out her uncurly problem.

### TRUE COLORS

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# WHO SAID 'MEN SMOKE DRUM'?




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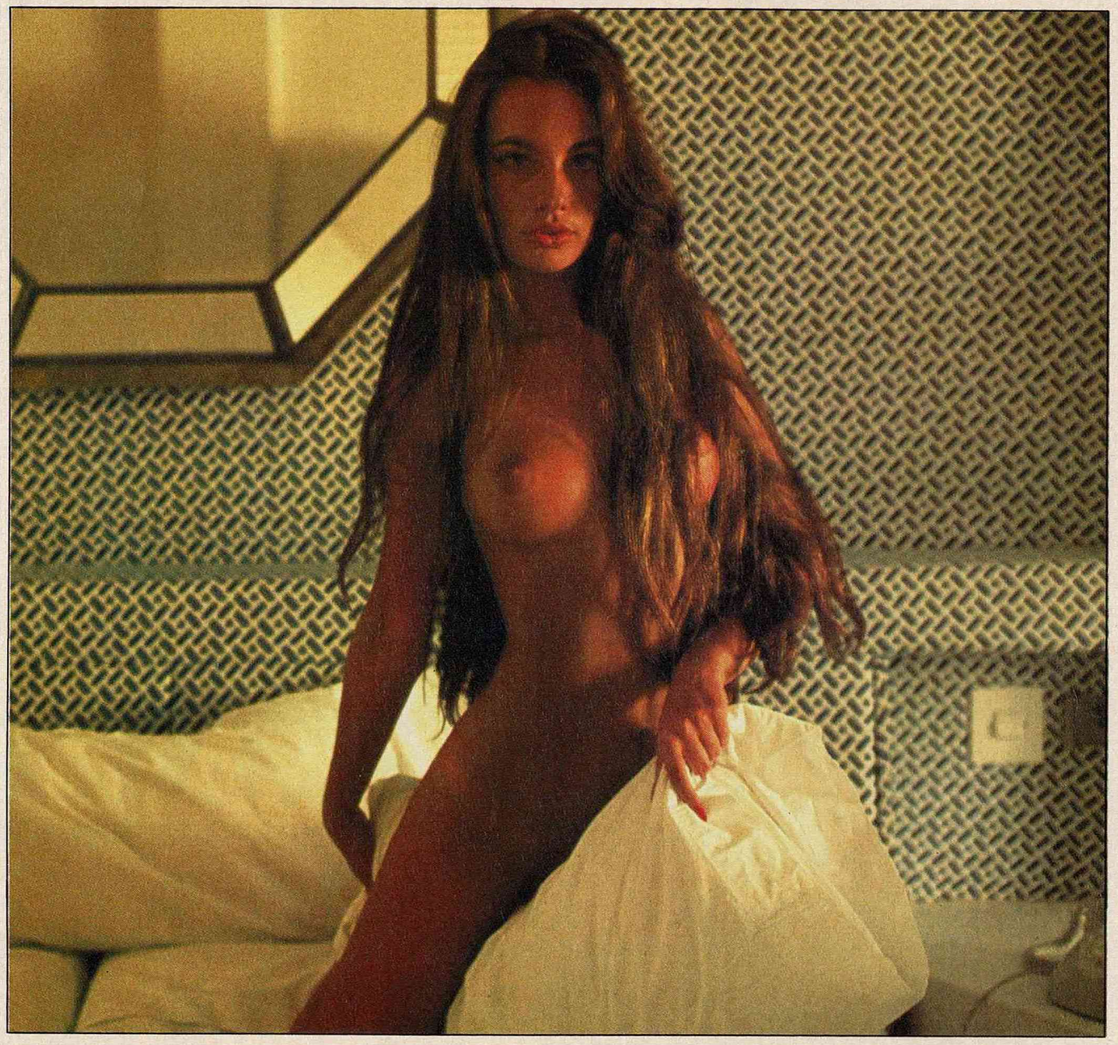
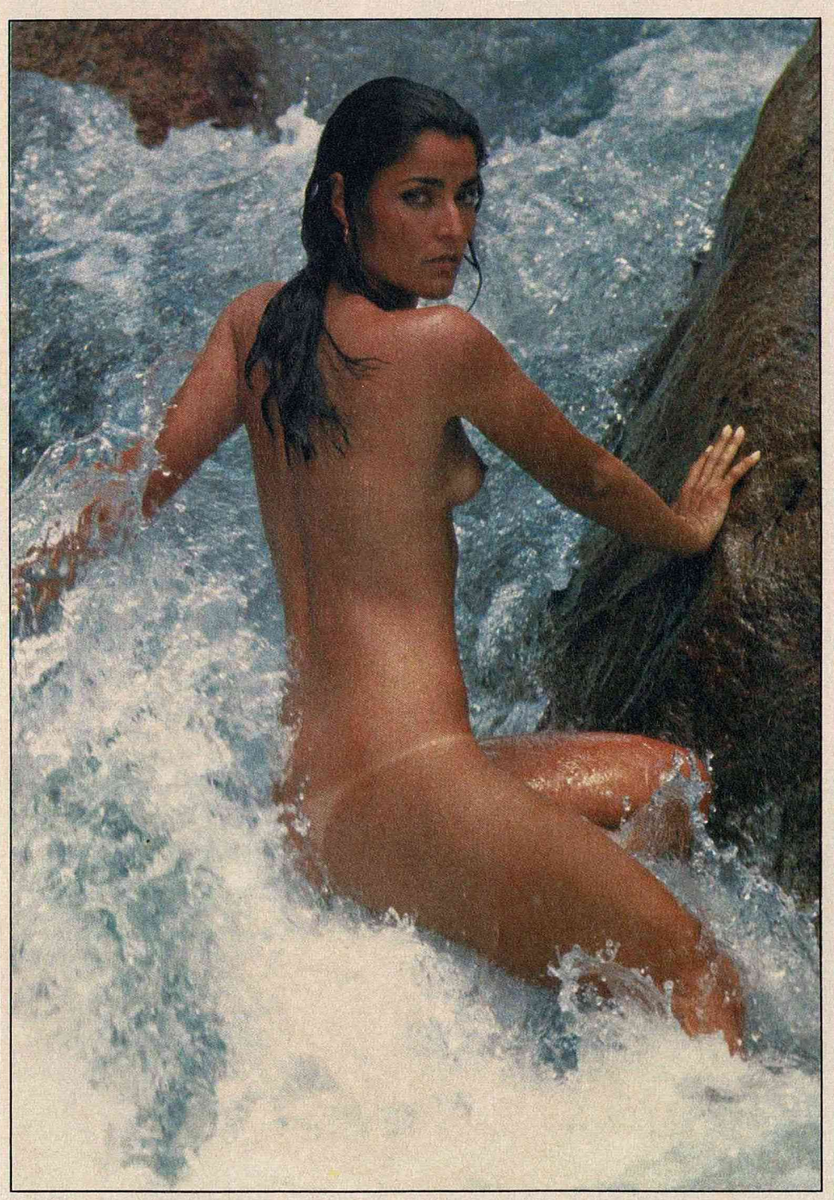
# BRIGITTE



*"I don't worry about my size," explains the tiny Brigitte Wollner, who is 163 centimetres tall. The rest is perfection.*

# ANGELINA



*When Brazilian men sit in front of the TV, they see weather girl Angelina Muniz and probably wonder what she does off-screen. Now you know, Australia.*

# DIANE

*Le hot tub has hit la belle France like le bombe atomique, and Parisian beauty Diane, is one good reason. Her wild, warm performances in a Montmartre nightclub have all France steaming.*

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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

Several newspaper articles in the past few months have advanced the theory that celibacy is going to be the sex of the '80s. My lover has devoured those articles and now is trying to convert me — citing the true-life confessions of people who claim that abstinence gives you more energy and allows you to focus your attention on the really important things in life (career) and that relationships devoid of sex flourish. She thinks we should try it. I think she's crazy — but I would like to convince her logically. Is there *any* scientific evidence to support those claims? — K.S., NSW.

*Fortunately, there is no evidence whatsoever to suggest that celibacy is good for anything (though there was that one article, New Hope for the Dead). The people who think that abstinence gives them new energy are probably powered by pencil batteries. They must have one-track minds if they are unable to concentrate on more than one thing a week (such as career). And as for improving relationships: the notion that if you can't have my body you'll learn to like my mind is absurd. The last time we looked, the two (mind and body) were inseparable. If your girlfriend wants to practise celibacy, say that you aren't jealous — that she can practise it with any man she wants.*

My girlfriend has a great looking body — long legs, inviting hips and a great pair of boobs. But she has no nipples to speak of — just two little spots that seem to sit there, flat and unresponsive. Is there anything I can do to get them erect like the nipples on the women in PLAYBOY? — J.Y., Victoria.

*Many women have this problem, and it can usually be corrected, whether for cosmetic or nursing reasons. Massage is the answer. Each night an oil-based gel should be rubbed on the nipples in a plucking sort of motion. Do this repeatedly, devoting about five minutes to each nipple. Inverted nipples may be a greater problem, but after a few weeks they too can be coaxed to stand out well enough to satisfy the most demanding tastes.*

During all the hoo-ha about last year's American presidential election, I read that Richard Nixon lost the 1960 elections because he wore the wrong color suit during the candidates' television debates. That seems a bit strange to me, but I think I've heard the story somewhere else as well. Is there any truth to this strange tale? — L.W., WA.

*The color of Nixon's suit is generally believed to have had some effect on the election result, though of course that is not the whole story. When Nixon and John F. Kennedy confronted each other on television just before the election, Nixon wore a muggy, dark suit that caused him to merge into the background at a time when television equipment was not as sophisticated as it is today. Kennedy, by contrast, wore a lighter color and stood out sharply. And as Nixon is a man having naturally heavy facial hair, the slight X-ray effect of the television equipment emphasised this and made him look as if he hadn't shaved for three days. For some voters this may have tied in with the most popular anti-Nixon slogan of the time: "Would you buy a used car from this man?"*

My girlfriend has been acting very strangely lately; she seems to be enjoying some private little secret. She's become more passionate and affectionate toward me and is definitely enjoying sex a lot more now. I'm sure I've not been doing anything different, but even though I was okay before, now she's suddenly acting as if I've become a real ladykiller and lover extraordinaire. It's crossed my mind that she may be having an affair — do you think I should ask her? — R.S., Queensland.

*If something is definitely making her happier than usual, perhaps you should tactfully inquire if anything in particular is responsible. It may be unwise to ask her directly if she is having an affair as she might take offence and lie to you, or, even worse, tell you the truth. It may be that something simply joyful has happened to her, something uplifting or spiritual. Whatever her reasons, she seems to be sharing her happiness with you. Accept it and share yours with her.*

Sometime soon I want to replace the radio in my car (a 1972 Datsun 1600) with a good cassette stereo. There seem to be a lot of expensive outfits available now, very powerful and sometimes having Dolby. I want a decent sound quality, and something that looks good, but wonder if these more expensive stereos are really worth the money. I go on a lot of long country trips and want to be able to play music to keep myself awake. I listen mostly to people like Bruce Springsteen, Bob Seger and Graham Parker. — T.S., Victoria.

*In a small and fairly old car such as yours, there is a limit to the quality of sound you can expect from a stereo, no matter how expensive the equipment. With engine and general road noise, there's no way you'll be able to appreciate the full high fidelity that top of the range equipment is capable of producing under ideal conditions. Within the confines of a Datsun 1600, you certainly don't need an amplifier that belts out 20 watts per channel. Most medium and high price cassette units now have Dolby capacity. For your needs, and in your car, a medium priced set-up will give you all the high fidelity you can possibly hear.*

I've got a narcotic habit and use about one gram of heroin a day. It's breaking my life up: I'm financially spent, whereas I was once very secure; my social life is non-existent; and my wife left me after only four months of marriage. In my straight moments, I feel I'd like to break the habit because I know things will only get worse and I fear I'm ruining my health. Where do I go for help? — J.A., Victoria.

*A habit of one gram a day is very expensive and very hazardous to your health. If you wish to break the habit, you can do it in one of two ways. First, with help and, second, without it; we recommend the former. There are several drug addiction management centres in and about all major cities. Some prefer to use chemical-assisted withdrawal, employing a drug such as methadone in ever smaller reducing doses to gradually wean you off your habit. Other centres have de-toxification units where all narcotic drugs are immediately withdrawn and you are forced to go through withdrawal, ie, cold turkey. The supervised total withdrawal method is quick and generally effective. We suggest you see your doctor or visit a hospital out-patients*

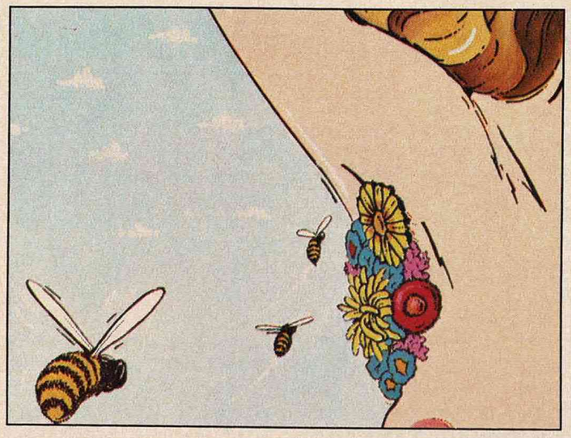
*clinic so that the appropriate help can be made available to you.*

**M**y boyfriend says he has priapism. Could you explain what that is? I'm too embarrassed to ask my doctor or my boyfriend for the details. — C.W., Tasmania.

*Priapism is named after Priapos, the Greek god of gardens and fruit bearing, who was always shown with an enlarged and deformed penis. In the medical sense, it is a rare condition in which a prolonged erection occurs that is not associated with, or alleviated by, sexual desire or intercourse. Most often caused by thrombosis occurring in the penile veins, it is a painful condition that usually requires surgery — so it's not as much fun as it might sound in theory.*

**R**ecently I managed to make it into bed with a lady I've been lusting after for some time. The only real disappointment came when she undressed and I found she had a great bush of hair under each arm. I can't stand that! It didn't totally spoil the night, but it was a bit of a turn-off. I spoke to a couple of mates about it, and they said it doesn't bother them at all. Judging by what I've noticed on the beach this year, not shaving underarms seems to be a growing concern. Are hairy female armpits here to stay, or is it just a passing fashion? — T.K., South Australia.

*You can expect to go on finding the occasional hairy armpit in your sexual encounters, unless you insist on making an inspection before foreplay commences. If you do so, expect some strange reactions. For some women, the hirsute pit is a strong political statement, a declaration that they will not hack their bodies around just to comply with some male-held stereotype of femininity. But more often, it's simply a matter of comfort. Armpit hair serves to carry perspiration away from the skin, and when it's removed, various irritations can occur, especially in summer. While you may not find it very*



*stimulating to have to look at, it's probably preferable to gazing at an ugly patch of a rough, red rash. We can only suggest that you grin and bear it.*

**A**s a keen windsurfer, I'm pleased at just how big the sport has become in the past year. A while ago, I heard that windsurfing might be included in the next Olympic games. Do you know if any definite decision has been made on this? I think it would be a great idea. — B.S., South Australia.

*No firm decision has yet been made, but people are working on it. At the recent world windsurfing championships held in Israel, a lot of background negotiation attempted to overcome the one main obstacle: the lack of internationally accepted standards of equipment size, weight and materials. The other problem is that not all Olympic host cities would have suitable surf within a reasonable distance. None of this is applicable to Los Angeles, the setting for the 1984 Olympics, and there is still a good possibility that windsurfing will be contested there.*

**M**y problem is that I have been unable to enjoy sex to the fullest because I can't seem to get really aroused. I am 21 years old and unattached. I have had a few one-night stands, but these have mainly been with prostitutes. One of them told me that my problem may be that I am too tense. She also thought I might have to get emotionally involved with a girl to achieve full stimulation. I am thoroughly attracted to females, and the thought of having a sexual hang-up depresses me. I've been told that many people have a similar problem, but that really isn't a great consolation. Do you think I should look for some kind of treatment? — W.S., NSW.

*Those ladies of the night can be very astute. The one who thought you might need to get seriously involved with someone to achieve full stimulation very possibly hit the nail on the head. Some people find it much harder than others to get turned on solely on the basis of physical attraction. That may apply to you and, if so, it would be a mistake to fight it. Trying to perform according to some idealised notion of successful sex is liable to make you so tense that you won't be able to perform at all. Next time some action comes your way, try to be more relaxed — you've got plenty of time.*

**I** am 19 years old and my boyfriend is 25. We've been living together for a year now, and love each other very much. Recently he went away for four months and, upon his return, told me that during that time he had not had sex with anyone. I wasn't quite as faithful, and now I'm a bit confused about the situation. We are planning to get engaged fairly soon, and I don't know whether I should tell him that I went to bed with someone else, or operate under the premise that what he doesn't know won't hurt him. — C.A., Queensland.

*He doesn't need to know absolutely everything that went on during his four months' absence. The fact that he went to the trouble of telling you about his own inactivity during that period suggests that he wanted you to come out with a similar declaration. Before you go filling in the details, you might consider his reasons for asking and what his reaction might be if you tell him all. Four months can seem like a long time on your own, and after living with him for a year, it's reasonable for you to have wanted to get around a bit before making that big commitment to marriage. If the subject doesn't come up, there's no need for you to raise it. If it does, you might ask him why he wants to know.*

**C**ould you help me? That is, if I need help at all. I seem to have a very dirty mind, and I don't know if it's all that normal. I see and hear almost everything in terms of sex. Am I demented? Such words as balls, screw, blow and come always conjure up intensely sexual images in my mind, regardless of the context in which they are used. Once, at my employer's party when I was asked to pass the nuts, I broke up and had to leave the room. Is there anything I can do? — E.H., Victoria.

*There is nothing intrinsically wrong with your mind — as far as can be ascertained from your letter. And there is nothing really wrong with thinking of sex-related subjects when sex-related terms are used. Don't worry about it, keep your secrets to yourself and enjoy your thoughts without letting them interfere with your normal daily routine.*

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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers*

### POLITICAL SEX

During a recent trip to the US, I was fascinated to learn that Americans continue to be enthralled by what goes on behind the bedroom doors of their fellow countrymen. The latest subjects under the sexologists' prying gaze have been the politicians. And the American media attached considerable significance to the fact that the Democrats are more adventurous in their sexual preferences than are the Republicans.

The study was led by a university psychologist, Dr Carole Marks. She and her team of researchers plugged into delegates at the recent conventions of both parties, talking not only to the politicians themselves, but also to hotel receptionists, taxi drivers and prostitutes. Dr Marks drew some interesting parallels between sociopolitical attitudes and sexual preferences. I quote her study from one American magazine report.

"Just as Democrats are more likely to favor the Equal Rights Amendment, so are they more likely to favor the woman-on-top position. The point is there is a sensibility which explains both sexual and nonsexual behavior. It's reflected even in the way men make passes at women. The Republicans were more likely to avert their eyes. A typical line for them was: 'You can stay in my room, I've got a extra bed.' It's not surprising there hasn't been a sexy Republican since Nelson Rockefeller. I think that's the way they want it to remain.

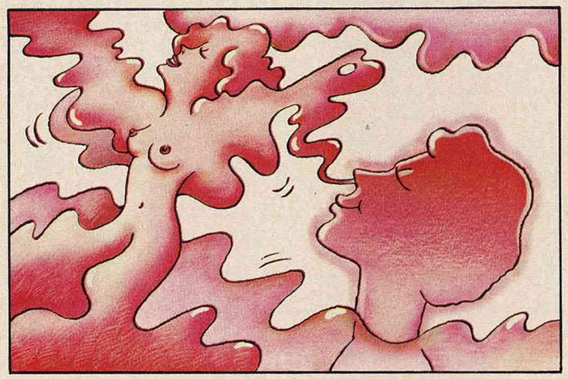
"But the Democrats are different. They look a woman in the eye. They offer her a drink. They're direct. When one was being interviewed for this study, he said: 'I sure don't mind talking about sex, but I'd rather be a participant.' "

Since my return from the States, I must admit I've been wondering how our politicians would react to a similar survey and what the analysts would make of their responses. Maybe we could expect another of those immortal lines from the Prime Minister: Life wasn't meant to be sexy.

R.V.J. Brown,
Sydney

### PSYCHIC SEX

I've become very interested recently in psychic sex and have been reading all I can on the subject. Sadly, however, I am still something of a novice as a practitioner and would like to get the dialogue rolling through the Playboy Forum in the hope that some of your more experienced readers can offer some advice.



And for starters, I've read that one variety of psychic sex involves what is described as color breathing. one person who has gone all the way through this method under the direction of his partner gives a vivid description of the mysticism and the action involved. They began sitting facing one another and touching fingertips. The lady instructed him to think only about colors, especially pinks and reds until he saw the air he was breathing as pink and flooding his body. Gradually he began to tingle all over and see himself and his psychic lover enveloped in a hazy, rose color. They undressed and the lady went to work on him. He described his ultimate orgasm as the closest he has ever gone to both physical and mental ecstasy. All I can say is good luck to him. But his kind of luck is the sort that shall be shared around.

And then there's the Sydney boy who indignantly told his folks, "I'm not masturbating, I'm having psychic sex with a woman in Melbourne."

I only hope some one out there in Playboy land can help keep the psychic sex ball rolling.

B.D.,
Moorabbin, Victoria

### LOVE NOT WAR

Being young and male in the '80s is not the happiest of situations. At 19, I find myself looking forward to the grim possibility that within the short term we could find ourselves in another war. It has been a little unnerving to count the number of Western countries which have tumbled to the conservative revival, and listen to idle war banter turn to speculation. The scene looks volatile: the severe nature of the world energy crisis, the West's growing problem of falling productivity and rising unemployment, plus the undeniable knowledge that Australia's security is too interlocked with that of the US, are reasons enough to include us in a fast-approaching conflict. Australia's attitude to Indonesia's invasion of East Timor and the bureaucratic decisions to deny public access to defence literature suggest there are projects in train over which Australia's leaders have little control. Perhaps when our politicians come clean about US bases in Australia and this country's long-term liaisons, we might be able to plot our own security course. In the meantime, I live in hope that conscription will remain a thing of the past.

A.S.G.,
Wentworthville, NSW

### FAT CAT ROCK

If we ever needed confirmation that there was some glimmer of relevancy in the whole punk push, then Peter Greenberg provided it in Gimme Shelter (PLAYBOY, January). Rock and roll's fat cats are too far from their roots to have any real relevance and the sooner they realise it and stop clogging up the charts, the quicker we'll start enjoying popular music again. Rock and roll wasn't conceived in the back seat of a Cadillac and it's got sweet bugger-all to do with swimming pools. Every jived up scammer worth his royalty cheque seems to be using up too much of his creative energy in finding ways to beat the taxman, inflation, his smack habit and his former wife's alimony. It all comes down to mediocrity. If all that gob and terror of punk can't shake them out of it, what will?

G.R. Putnam.
Glen Waverley, Victoria

### OIL RIGHT

While I admire Alan Jones' honesty when he says that car racing isn't the test bed for the technological development in family cars (PLAYBOY Interview, November), the world champ's argument defending his sport against the premise that racing can no longer be justified in a fuel-short world is not exactly oil tight. First of all, I think that his

claim that a jumbo jet would use more fuel on a trip from Melbourne to London than all the Grand Prix cars would use in one season's racing and testing; and, therefore, that all international cricket tours should be cancelled, is both irrelevant and specious. Planes have as much right to ply the airways as cars do the roads. And God alone knows how much oil is spent on constructing and on maintaining Australia's excuse for roads.

Secondly, Jones says car racing can be justified by its entertainment value alone. He bolsters this plank in his argument by saying that the British GP attracted a crowd of 125,000 last year. I shudder to think how many litres of petrol that number of people consumed getting to and from that race at Brands Hatch!

Don't get me wrong, I am not against motor racing. I just think that we should leave the politics of oil right out of all sport.

John Maurice,
Asquith, NSW

# NEWSFRONT

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

### LIMP DICK

SYDNEY — One very tight pair of jeans and a solitary saveloy combined for a rather surprising climax to a wild night out on the town. When police delivered a young man to the casualty ward of a city hospital after a nightspot fracas, the nursing staff found it impossible to remove his skintight denims. Scissors were finally produced to breach the resisting material and the nurses were stunned to see a saveloy pop out from the young's man crutch. To date, there has been no response from the city's smallgoods industry.

### FLOWER POWER

ATHENS — A Greek appeals court has upheld a 35-year-old law that requires a man to compensate a woman for the premarital loss of her virginity if he uses devious means such as a false promise of marriage to seduce the maiden. The decision cost a 28-year-old Lothario $4000. In refusing to waive legal precedent, the court noted the "still prevailing social mentality" in Greece that makes it more difficult for a non-virgin to find a husband.

### NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY

NEW YORK — A 49-year-old Manhattan advertising salesman has found himself on the receiving end of a $600,000 suit after being accused of secretly divorcing his American wife, marrying a London woman and alternately living with them both. The first wife claims she was tricked into signing legal papers that enabled her husband to obtain a divorce without her knowledge. The salesman's bluff was called when he took wife No 1 to London, introduced her to her successor and suggested they all live together.

### WHAT A WAY TO GO

CHESTER (UK) — The owner of a pedigreed Canadian Holstein bull, Pioneer Emperor Arab, has been awarded $350,000 damages after the animal sexually overtaxed itself, became ill and had to be destroyed. The judgement was made against the owner of a herd of cows which strayed into Pioneer's field while the bull was under a veterinarian order to take R and R from active stud duty. Unaware of the vet's instruction or his delicate condition, however, Pioneer virtually screwed himself to death when the stray cows came moseying within his reach.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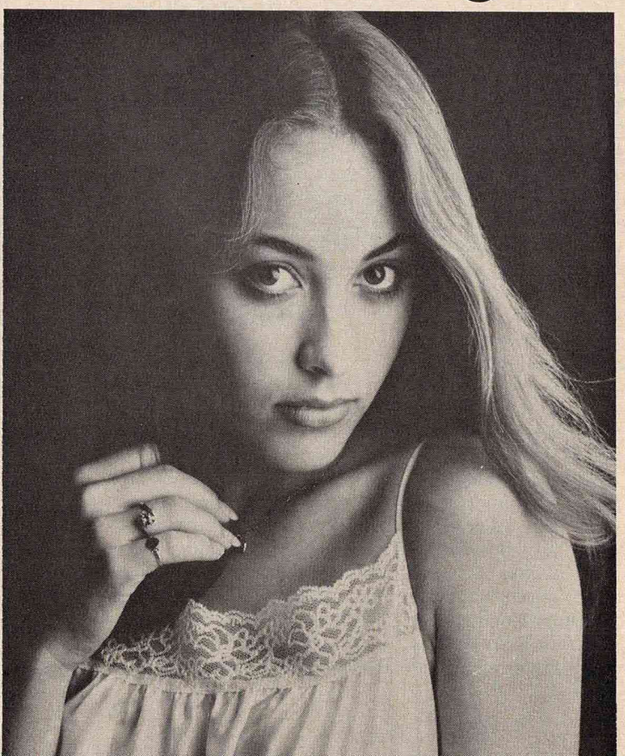

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Playboy Interview

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## *a verbal match with the man who made australian tennis what it once was: great*

*THERE ARE a great many people in the tennis world who believe that without Harry Hopman, Australia's astonishing two decades of dominance over world tennis, through the '50s and '60s, would never have happened. Certainly, Hopman inspired successive generations of young Australians to tennis heights never achieved before or since by such a relatively small nation. And just as one duo of his champions was starting to tire or preparing to move on, whisk, he would unveil yet another great pair, fully developed and prepared to sweep all before them in the world tennis arena.*

*Born in the Sydney suburb of Glebe on August 12, 1906, one of eight children of a schoolteacher father and mother, Harry Hopman started playing tennis at 13. He was a self-taught player, a fact that haunted him throughout a tennis-playing career that hovered on the edge of greatness, but never quite achieved it. Despite his lack of formal tuition, however, Hopman rose to number two in Australia, behind the great Jack Crawford, in the late '20s. He ranked in Australia's top 10, in fact, from 1927 to 1946, played in the Davis Cup team in 1928, 1930 and 1932, and was player-captain in 1939 when Australia first won the Davis Cup as a nation (we had previously been combined with New Zealand). In addition, he won two Australian doubles titles (with Jack Crawford) and five mixed doubles with first wife, Nell. He was also runner-up in the mixed doubles at Wimbledon in 1935.*

*Even today, Harry Hopman recalls the frustration he felt trying to drive his quite untutored game into the championship ranks. And although his lack of training then may have been a personal cross, it may well have also been a paradoxical stroke of good fortune for Australia.*

*Hopman began his coaching just before the Second World War, "purely as a hobby", as he says, because there was certainly no money in it. His great days, however, began in the post-war era, when he discovered and put the finishing touches to a couple of youngsters called Frank Sedgman and Ken McGregor — names that were to set the American-dominated world of tennis on its ear with their unexpected Davis Cup victory in 1950. Harry Hopman regained the captaincy of the Australian team that year, and the Golden Age of Australian tennis had began. For the following 18 years, Australian Davis Cup teams won and won. Every once in a while the Americans, or some other nation, would manage to wrest the Cup away. But every time, Harry Hopman's boys went over and won it back the next year. And throughout those same years, the Australian players who went away with Hopman's teams dominated world tennis outside the Davis Cup competition.*

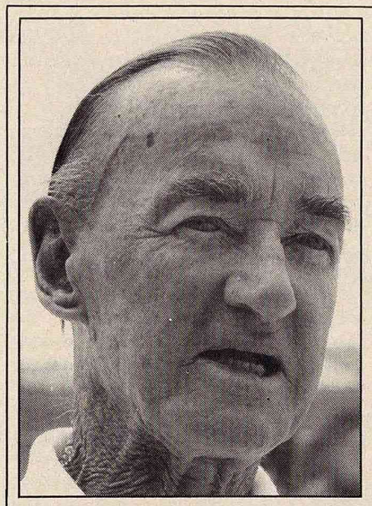
*Even the advent of professional tennis didn't stem the tide. There were many who feared that Australia was finished as a world tennis power when Sedgman and McGregor turned pro in 1952. But Hopman was there, just cranking them out a little faster.*

*Australia lost the Davis Cup two years running in 1968 and '69. And then in 1970, Harry Hopman left Australia and moved to America, where, with his second wife Lucy, he now owns a percentage of a luxurious country club tennis ranch and still works seven days a week coaxing the best out of young players.*

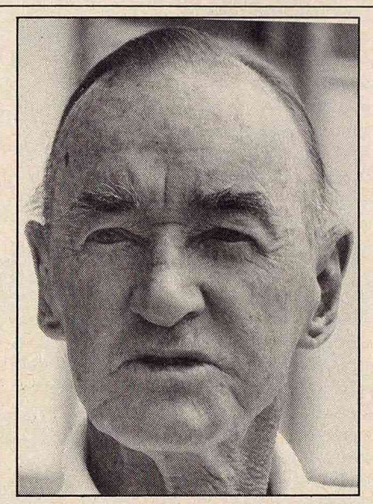
*And the last vestiges of Australia's tennis supremacy left with him.*

*Could one man have been that important? Was Harry Hopman just lucky that he happened to be in charge of the Australian Davis Cup team when a lot of great players happened along? If that's so, where are today's crop? What can we do to get back on top?*

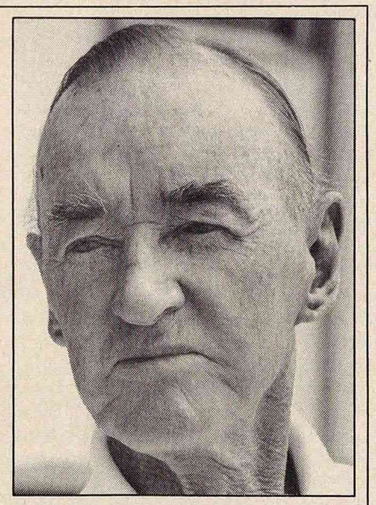
*It was to answer these questions that PLAYBOY sent writer and longtime tennis fan* ***Paul Dougherty*** *to track*



*"We had a rule that wives couldn't travel with our Davis Cup teams from 1938 onward . . . one of the reasons was that they were, well, excess baggage."*



*"John (Alexander) was a case. He had everything necessary to become champion of the world. Phil Dent who, perhaps, had a slightly lesser chance. But they didn't train."*



*"I've been out to Australia a couple of times in recent years. Each time, I've seen a lot of very good young players. Very good. There's a lot of talent out there."*

*down "The Old Fox", as his frustrated American opponents used to call him, in his Florida lair. Says Dougherty: "For a reporter, interviewing Harry Hopman is like diamond prospecting in snakebite country — you've got to dig a lot and you risk getting bit. But you do turn up the occasional gem.*

*"Hopman's hostility to the press is almost as legendary as his 16 winning years as captain of Australian Davis Cup teams.*

*"Whether the past few years in the Florida sunshine have mellowed him, or whether he just decided it was time to get a few things off his chest, is difficult to say. In any event, Hopman finally agreed to talk with me in the grounds of the Bardmoor Country Club in Largo, Florida.*

*Tanned and lean, and weathered as an old sandshoe, it was the same old Hop. He told us he'd a darn sight rather be out on the court than talking to us, dismissed the entire tennis press of the world as know-nothings, and railed against various distortions and misrepresentations to which he claimed he had been subjected. But along the way, in what is certainly the longest and most revealing interview he has ever given, he dropped some fascinating revelations of the way the world has looked all these years from behind those crafty old eyes, and how Australian tennis has come to its present pass.*

**PLAYBOY:** The question most people want answered is: What has happened to Australian tennis from the time when you and those great players had us right on top?

**HOPMAN:** Well, I think most of the young people today go overseas on their own with no one to guide them. In the days when we were travelling overseas as a team, and Wimbledon was on, young fellows wouldn't stop training, or practising hard the morning of a match, and certainly practising as soon as they got off, instead of sitting in the stands. And if they were beaten in the first week, they'd be active in the second week in some way. They, at least, would be doing some practice. I haven't seen a lot of today's younger players overseas, but those I have seen, I thought some were drinking too much and not taking the opportunity to play. They were having a good time. That's not, in my opinion, the way to become one of the champions.

**PLAYBOY:** Is John Alexander one who comes to mind?

**HOPMAN:** John was a case. He had everything necessary to become champion of the world. And there is Phil Dent who, perhaps, had a slightly lesser chance of becoming the world champion. But they didn't train. And once the team spirit broke up, they had too much of a good time.

**PLAYBOY:** One Australian player of the present generation, Rod Frawley, was quoted recently as saying: "I'll be honest, beer and women hurt a lot of us." I assume your boys were just as keen on beer and women. Why didn't it affect them?

**HOPMAN:** Most of 'em didn't drink at all, not as juniors. Then, when they got a little older, they'd like a beer but they kept it well under control.

**PLAYBOY:** So you didn't have disciplinary problems like that at all?

**HOPMAN:** No, not at all.

**PLAYBOY:** So, the story one hears all over the world — that Aussie players love a beer, that they often don't feel too much like practice the next morning — didn't apply when you were touring with them?

**HOPMAN:** Well, some of the former Davis Cup fellows who have gone into pro tennis, and are past their prime, drink a lot more now than when they were playing Cup tennis.

*"When an athlete is training, it can be frustrating . . . if the women are about and he's not able to, er, do what he wants."*

**PLAYBOY:** There were reports along the way too that some of your players thought your methods cramped their love-life. Do you think that's true?

**HOPMAN:** Cramped it, no.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you agree with many boxing managers that an active sex life can hamper an athlete's performance the next day?

**HOPMAN:** I think it's more a matter of self-discipline, isn't it? If somebody's going to stay out all night, it's not going to do him a lot of good. Any athlete has got to get plenty of sleep. He can do without it and produce, sometimes pretty well. But he can't produce consistently. And you're not a champion unless you can produce like one consistently.

**PLAYBOY:** I was thinking of the situation in which a boxing manager won't let the boxer's wife go to the training camp, on the theory that abstinence would make him a better fighter on the big night. You don't subscribe to that theory for tennis players as well?

**HOPMAN:** Well, I think that when a boxer, or an athlete, is training hard, it can obviously be frustrating . . . if the women are about and he's not able to, er, do what he wants.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that something you took action about?

**HOPMAN:** We had a rule that wives couldn't travel with our Davis Cup teams, from 1938 onward.

**PLAYBOY:** Why was that?

**HOPMAN:** One of the reasons was they were, well, excess baggage. It makes it pretty difficult for practice if you've got to be on court at a certain time, and the wife of one player has held him up and everybody else has to wait for him. It doesn't make for good team spirit among the players.

**PLAYBOY:** What then is the answer for today's young players — or is there any answer?

**HOPMAN:** I don't know. It's not easy to travel round on your own when you're young and do all the things you know you should be doing.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think potential stars are still coming along in Australia?

**HOPMAN:** Oh, sure. I've been out to Australia a couple of times in recent years. Each time, I've seen a lot of very good young players. Very good. There's a lot of talent out there. It's just that they're not getting the right attention in those difficult years when they're top of the juniors and they think they can beat anyone. They see a lot of senior players they're sure they can beat. They don't know what experience means. So they go in against these players and don't know that it's a lack of experience that's beating them. They start to gradually lose the confidence that's necessary for success. You've got to have confidence to be successful.

**PLAYBOY:** So there's got to be some way you can get them in a situation where they can get that kind of feedback from other players?

**HOPMAN:** You've got to have someone who can help them, help them when they're faltering. Particularly at that age, the junior-into-senior age level.

**PLAYBOY:** Could it be something more general? Other people have pointed out that Australia has been going backwards in other sports — we don't win as many Olympic medals, for instance. Maybe it's diet, or kids taking drugs, something to do with changing lifestyles.

**HOPMAN:** It's hard to know about that sort of thing. There's no doubt that in Sydney, for instance, the Leagues clubs have meant a change in lifestyle. That's a very easy life to fall into and that may have something to do with it. But that's only in Sydney. It's not the same in Adelaide. I don't think it's the same in Melbourne. So I don't know about other places.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, what do these young



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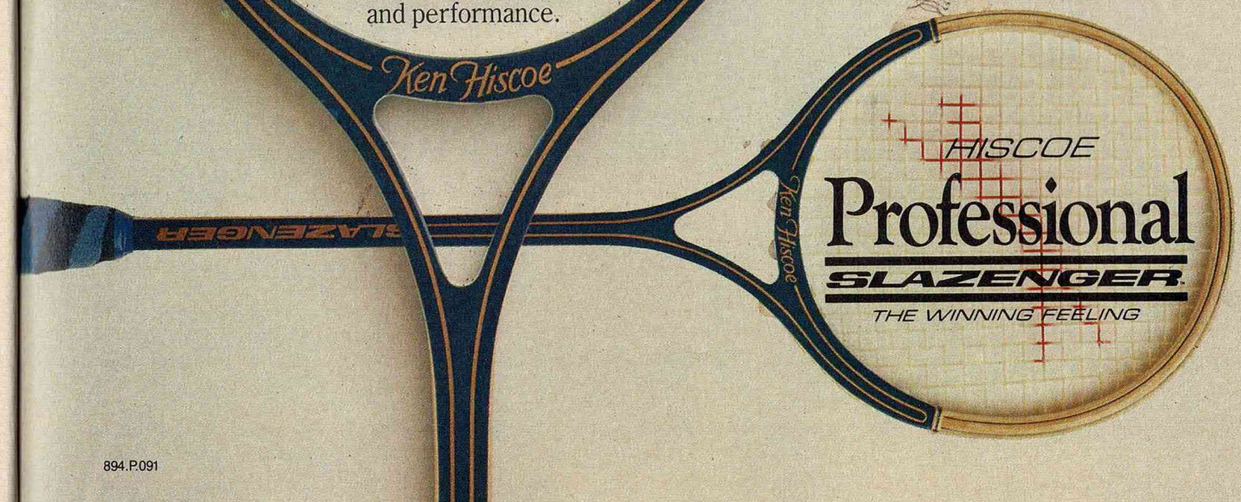


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players need to make it — what are the vital characteristics of a tennis champion in the '80s?

**HOPMAN:** He needs to have plenty of fortitude. He needs to be able to take hard knocks. In tennis, it has been shown over the years, the man on top has great difficulty staying there. This is one of the things that makes Borg an outstanding champion. He's stayed there for five years. But staying at the top is a very, very tough proposition. Everybody below him is trying to knock him off his perch. Borg has stayed there because he has it. And he has such a wonderful temperament. He can be in all sorts of trouble and he's not going to stutter or stammer, or blaspheme anyone around him, or himself. He just goes along — he's thinking, no doubt, what to do — and it's not easy to be cool and calm and collected when things are going wrong, but that is Borg. He is superbly fit. He trains a lot off the court as well as hard on it. The people at the tournaments don't see him training, because he does that away from the usual arena. When he was in New York for the US Open, he didn't train at Flushing Meadows, but at the Gerulaitis house. But he trained. They practically lived on the court.

**PLAYBOY:** One of the commentators remarked during the US Open that one of Borg's characteristics is that he actually plays harder, riskier tennis when he's in trouble — goes for his shots, hits for the lines. Is that another characteristic you look for?

**HOPMAN:** He's like Laver in that respect. Anyone who hits heavy topspin hits harder when he's in trouble. The harder you hit topspin the less likely you are to hit it over the baseline. Laver was exactly the same.

**PLAYBOY:** What about McEnroe, how would you characterise him as a top tennis player?

**HOPMAN:** Great.

**PLAYBOY:** And yet he doesn't look like an athlete. He always looks to be carrying a bit of baby-fat . . .

**HOPMAN:** But he moves like one. For a big man he moves well. What he can do with a ball is amazing, like he can take a backhand on the rise, whip it down the line and come into the net on the same motion.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think he'll ever take over from Borg as the world's leading tennis player?

**HOPMAN:** I think so.

**PLAYBOY:** And what about Jimmy Connors? Does he give you the impression that he's over the hill?

**HOPMAN:** I think Connors is playing almost as well as he ever did, but the others have improved. McEnroe certainly has in the past year, let alone the past two years, and Borg has improved, without any doubt.

**PLAYBOY:** Vitas Gerulaitis. What about him? How does he rate?

**HOPMAN:** He's not fulfilling the possibilities he had, and I feel it's the style of play. Instead of being the hitter, he's now playing safe, far too safe for what I'd like to see him do. I don't know why he feels he must stick to that. This year he may change. He was number three last year. Now he would be number nine.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of women's tennis today?

**HOPMAN:** Not a lot.

**PLAYBOY:** They're now getting the same kind of prize-money as men.

**HOPMAN:** I don't think they're worth it. I don't enjoy women's tennis nearly as much. I don't think they should be getting an equivalent amount in prize-money. I think they'd make a fatal mistake if they ran their own championship separate from the men. I think they'll get many smaller tournaments, but I don't think they could support any of the big tournaments or get the same kudos that comes from the US Open. I'm sure they wouldn't get the same gates.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the standard of women's tennis today?

**HOPMAN:** I don't think the standard has improved in women's tennis in recent years. I think at the moment it's comparatively poor.

**PLAYBOY:** Margaret Court's name has come up several times recently as being the best-ever women's tennis player. Do you think that's true?

**HOPMAN:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** I believe they added up all the tournaments she won, and it came to more than anyone else.

**HOPMAN:** I don't care if she won 5000 tournaments. She was far from being the best woman who ever played. There were a number of others like Suzanne Lenlen, Helen Wills Moody, Maureen Connolly and Alice Marble. Her wins included the Australian X number of times when no one else competed against her.

**PLAYBOY:** You say women's tennis has gone downhill. Would you say the same of men's tennis?

**HOPMAN:** I think men's tennis is in the same bracket. Who have you got after Borg, McEnroe and Connors? What have you got? You've got players like Gottfried. I don't think Gottfried would beat a lot of the players from the '30s, '40s and '50s.

**PLAYBOY:** Have tactics changed?

**HOPMAN:** Tactics aren't different now than they were in 1914. People say Borg has shown the flaws in the net-rushing game, but he plays the net very well himself, and McEnroe beat him playing a net game. The big serve? An American player, Maurice McLachlan, in the older days, served harder then anyone today, harder than anyone served 10 years ago. Tactics change, of course, from match to match, but the basics of the game haven't changed.

**PLAYBOY:** You still have to get to the net to win, even if you're playing against Borg?

**HOPMAN:** More so if you're playing Borg. If Borg's more accurate than you from the baseline, and can come in to volley if you send up a short ball, and hit it so hard that you've got a very difficult shot to make, it's necessary to get into the net. You don't play a fellow at a game he can beat you at.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there a change in this start-them-young craze, where you get kids like Tracy Austin being champions at 16 years?

**HOPMAN:** So were they back then. Vivian McGrath beat nine of the world's top players when he was 16 or 17 in Australia. Hoad and Rosewall were 17 when they did so well at Wimbledon. Maureen Connolly won Wimbledon three times before she was 20. It's nothing new.

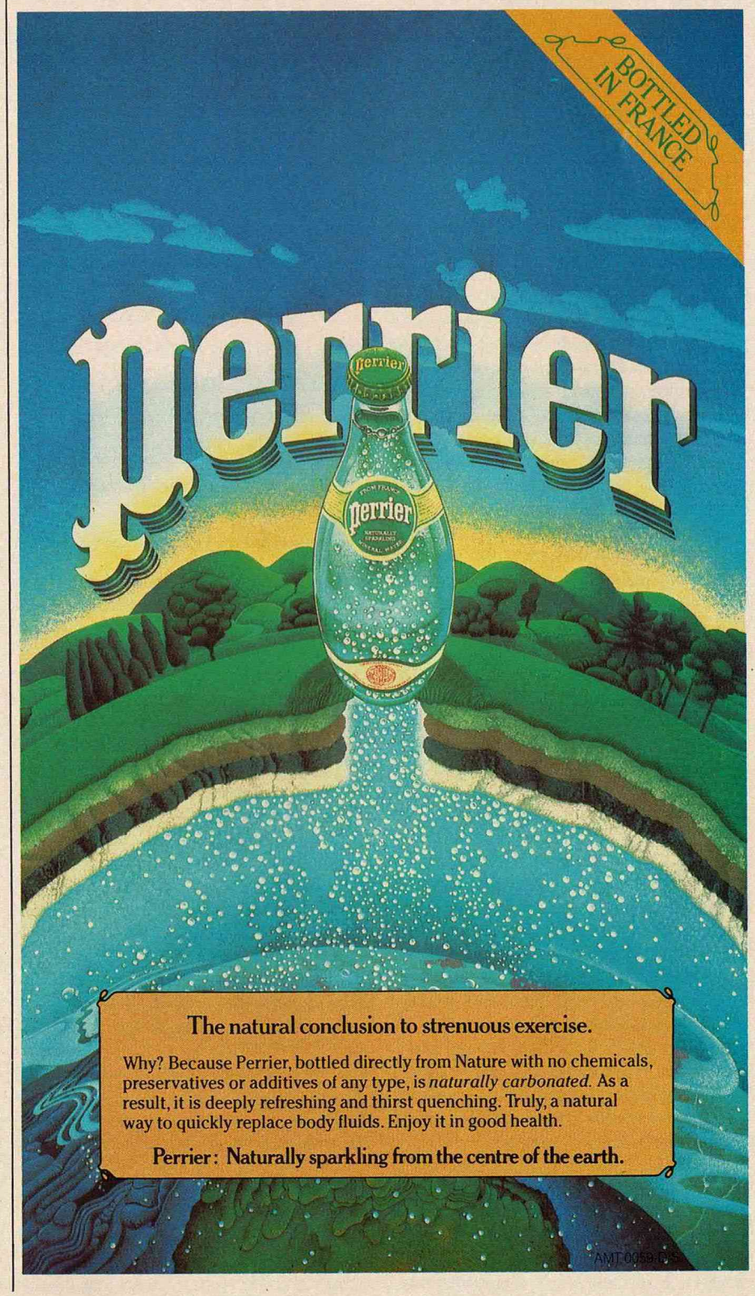
**PLAYBOY:** Are the young players lasting as long as those in older times?

**HOPMAN:** Well look at all the old girls today. That's a criterion. Have you seen Rosie Casals play lately. She's been in the pros 11 years, maybe 13. There's that Dutch girl still playing, Betty Stove, even if she has trouble in moving. Virginia Wade was very fortunate to win Wimbledon. I still don't know how she did it, except she was inspired on that particular day. She's done nothing since then. The others are over the hill, but they're still up there. I don't know what they're doing. They're not doing very much, but they still seem to be seeded.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the answer?

**HOPMAN:** I don't believe in pushing kids along just so they can get their names in the papers that they're the greatest at 16 or 15. What counts is what they're going to do when they've reached somewhere in their prime. I've got a young girl here, Bonnie Gadusek; she played in a couple of tournaments last year and beat Renee Richards. She would have beaten more if she'd kept going, but she's too young. You'll be hearing more of her in two or three years. She won't be at her best until she is between 19 and 21 years of age.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you believe the kids are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starting too young on the tournament circuit these days?

**HOPMAN:** Oh no. But I think people have to look after them. If those connected with them, their coaches or parents, are looking for a bit of kudos and push the kids, they can push too much and ruin them. I was talking to a kid the other day and I mentioned she'd grown an inch or two. She'd been out with elbow injury, and she said: "It's remarkable, every time I'm injured I seem to grow." She didn't realise that this is how you grow — by having a rest sometimes, instead of pouring out all your energy at once.

**PLAYBOY:** I think a lot of parents feel that they've got to get them moving early: "Young Betsy's 14 now and she hasn't won any big tournaments, it's time she was out there on the pro tour." Do you think there's a danger in that attitude?

**HOPMAN:** Oh sure. It's hard to be dogmatic. You might get a kid who is 15, but he's got the physique of a 17-year-old. On the other hand you may get an 18-year-old girl who doesn't look as though she has the condition to last through tough matches. The parents say: "Oh she's all right. I saw her play a three-hour match." You don't like to tell the parents that in the three-hour match, the ball was probably in the air for an hour. These moonballs they play now — not running but just hitting back and forward to each other — mean the kids weren't using the stop-start-go style you have when you're playing championship tennis.

**PLAYBOY:** How young do you think a kid should start playing?

**HOPMAN:** Any age. Why shouldn't they swing a racquet as soon as throw a toy about? I do not believe that there is any difference.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it a realistic goal for a youngster to think of tennis as a career? How would they go about it?

**HOPMAN:** That's just the point. One of the most frequent letters I get these days is from someone who wants to come and work his heart out, maintaining the courts or washing the dishes, because he knows he's got it. His friends have told him he's got it. He's willing to work 20 hours a day. You've got to break it to him gently. The odds are way against him, but of course I can't tell without seeing him.

**PLAYBOY:** When you look at today's tennis, how do you think the greats of the past would shape up? Do you think they'd still be at the top?

**HOPMAN:** Oh yes. Tilden, Budge, Laver — there are three who are bandied around a lot — Hoad, a lot of our boys Emmo, Sedgman. Emmo now would give some of today's good players a fright. And yet he is a player who probably hasn't played any major tournaments for 10 years.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think that Borg will achieve his aim to be the greatest?

**HOPMAN:** Achieve it? Yes. On his record. He's so close to it that I feel he must. McEnroe is his biggest stumbling block. If McEnroe were to start knocking him off continuously now, things would look different.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you rank the top tennis players you have known?

**HOPMAN:** I wouldn't like to. Too many of them are too close to the heart. Take Kenny Rosewall. Where would he rank? He's such a nice fellow that I wouldn't like to put his name down where it would fit in. You've got three Frenchmen — Cochet, Lacoste and Bororra — who nobody ever thinks of, but they won Wimbledon for six years in a row — each won two — and they did well in the Davis Cup. And they did a lot of things. Yet, when people talk about the top 10 you ask 50 people here now and they'd put in

*"I don't think the tennis pros owe Australia anything. The country got such a marvellous name. Publicity everywhere."*

Rosewall; they wouldn't think of the Frenchmen. Because Kenny's still playing. But even in his prime, he didn't win Wimbledon. He won a lot of US championships, spoiling Lew's grand slam. But no, I wouldn't like to go into it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think Australia can be the top tennis nation again, or was that an aberration — perhaps an aberration called Hopman?

**HOPMAN:** I think they could be top again. I think you've just got to get someone. I gave a lot of time, a terrific amount of time, to it. I'm not saying I was unselfish in doing it, because I enjoyed every minute. I had a better tennis career than the boys who won Wimbledon, because I had 15 of them — 15 champions who I had a part of, who I grew up with. Or they all grew up and I grew old. And it was tremendous. I don't think anyone could have been more fortunate than I to come at that particular time, with the talent I had. I didn't win a world championship. Somebody who had won a world championship might have expected something like that, to have had that good fortune. But I had other things, which were probably inherited from my family — my mother and father were both teachers — that helped me to do what I was able to do with these fellows. I was treating them as a sort of family. They were family to me. If some journalist said something about them that was nasty and untrue — if it was nasty and correct I'd be wanting the player to correct it — but if the boys were behaving themselves, and acting like people expect good sportsmen to act, and then some journalist picks on something or invents some damn story that showed them out to be blackguards or to be outlaws or poor sportsmen, sure I would get as hurt as any parent. And I'd act on it too. I'd let the fellow know, and demand that he retract it in some form, or else.

**PLAYBOY:** You had a pretty stormy relationship with the journalists in Australia, didn't you?

**HOPMAN:** Sure. Because most of them knew nothing about it.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think Australia should do to get back to the top?

**HOPMAN:** I think Australians are starting to do it. The last I heard was that they had two or three young teams away this year. That's the right approach. They've just got to work out whether the right people are going away with these teams. And that can be only trial and error. There were times in Australia when I wasn't available to go away on non-Davis Cup teams, and I reckon we sent the wrong person. I won't mention names, but it's the sort of thing they can only learn by experience.

**PLAYBOY:** An American professional mentioned to me the other day that one of the things Australia needs is for some of the Australian pros who made it big to go back there and put something back into the game by being, say, administrators. He named Newcombe and Laver, but he was referring to all of them. What do you think of that point?

**HOPMAN:** Newcombe's so tied up with his business, he couldn't go back to Australia. He's now got all sorts of business angles, and you can't expect him to leave them. And I don't expect Emerson, for instance, at 42, to give up the earning power he's got over here to go back to Australia. I don't think that's fair.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't think that they owe Australia a little something?

**HOPMAN:** No, I don't think the tennis pros owe Australia anything. I think they did so darn well. When they were at the top of the world, Australia got more publicity than any other thing that's been done. No, I don't think they, or I, owe Australia anything. The country got such a marvellous name. We got publicity everywhere;



we'd be over here, and the consulate in New York would put on a party. And because they were names like, let's say, Emerson, Hoad, Rosewall, or Sedgman, they'd get all sorts of people to the party. And even at a party like that, they'd still be doing something for Australia.

**PLAYBOY:** To return to the future, do you think there's any way Australia should change the structure of tennis?

**HOPMAN:** How can they change it? They can't tell the fellows they can't earn a livelihood by going on their own. And that's the international rule, that there's open tennis.

**PLAYBOY:** You didn't like open tennis when it came in?

**HOPMAN:** I didn't like it because I realised what would happen, and it has happened. And I used to get up at those damned interstate meetings that were attended by a couple of Englishmen who were explaining it. And everyone was clapping and saying how it sounded great. And somebody said we'd have all our own players back for our tournaments. I got up and said they're not going to come back, that there's only one country which can support open tennis all year round, and that's the United States. It's the only place where 30 or 40 cities can come up with whatever guarantee is necessary to run a pro tournament. Oh no, they said. Our boys will be back. They'll be back for our summer season. I said no, it won't be that way. They'll be living in America. First of all they won't want to be travelling. They're going to take their families over there. They all thought the players would go over and play, and then come back to see their families. But they'd had enough of that when they were travelling for the Davis Cup. So in voting for open tennis, Australia in effect exported their own top players. And it's such a long way. You see, a professional player must look at Australia this way. It takes 24 hours to get there, and if you include a stopover to ease the journey it takes 30 hours. It takes at least a day or two to get over it, to become acclimatised, to get over the change in time (before you feel like flogging yourself). So they're out for three weeks, if they stay in the tournament, because an Australian championship is usually a 10-day one. And the tournament prize-money is not that much higher than if they'd played three different tournaments for about equal money.

**PLAYBOY:** It would appear, then, that Australia's in a real bind. Do you see a way out of it?

**HOPMAN:** There's only one thing to do. Australia has got to have better championships than in recent years, and they certainly haven't been having championships up to the Grand Slam standard. The way to do that is to change the Australian championships back to where they were: have them early, in January, instead of late in the year. And then the fellows have to go to Australia if they want to win a Grand Slam. You put them late in the year and nobody's going to go out there. I'm sorry, I shouldn't say nobody. But the top people are not going to go if they can't win a Grand Slam. If they haven't won the first three (the French and the American championships and Wimbledon), then they're not going to chase it. There's nothing to chase. If Borg had been out this year, you'd have found a lot of others would have gone if the prize money had been good, and because there was a chance to upset him on his Grand Slam.

**PLAYBOY:** What sort of routine do you have here in Florida?

**HOPMAN:** People play certain hours a

*"Vitas often wants to work on his serve. And he needs to at the moment. He double faults at important stages."*

day, nine to 11.30 in the morning, and then an hour and a half for lunch, play again from one o'clock to 3.30 in the afternoon. The younger people then do 10 to 15 minutes of agility exercises.

**PLAYBOY:** Who are some of the stars with whom you are working?

**HOPMAN:** There are a number of top Australian players here at the moment, or rather were working here before going to Wimbledon this year. There were Paul McNamara and Peter McNamee, who won the Wimbledon doubles. That was a big thrill to the boys here who'd worked with them. At the same time, Victor Pecci was here and Yannick Noah. From time to time we get prominent players I've coached over the past 10 years coming back for a tune-up. They include Vitas Gerulaitis, John McEnroe, Peter Fleming, Tim Gullikson, Johan Kriek, Paul Kronk and Brad Drewett.

**PLAYBOY:** What do they come here for, the touring pros? Is it a particular stroke they want to work on?

**HOPMAN:** An important thing most of them want to work on is their serve. Vitas often wants to work on his serve. And he needs it at the moment, he's slipping a bit. His service has not gone well, and he double faults at some important stages. But most of them like to do a hard, solid workout, sweating and dashing and increasing their speed. Or they might like a bit of concentration on a backhand down the line that hasn't been going so well.

**PLAYBOY:** Can we take a break from the present and go back to the beginning. What was there in your early development that put you on the road to 16 winning years as Australia's Davis Cup captain?

**HOPMAN:** My family moved round a bit, but then settled in Homebush in Sydney. We had a court there. My father had played as a student teacher, and when I started I had a racquet he had previously used 25 years earlier. And that's how I started, with his old racquet. I remember it was a Gold Medal HIC, which dates back a long while. I don't suppose there'd be another one about at the moment, and mine eventually wore out. I used to tie the gut in the centre with string. There were eight kids in our family, so re-strings and racquets didn't come easily, and I used to tie the wearing parts with cotton. I'd ravel it around the gut. It finished up with a patch of cotton in the centre about as big as your hand. But it played well. It played a little looser than a tight gut racquet, but it didn't seem to do any harm. I was 13 when I started. Dad laid down a court in our backyard. He just levelled the ground. It was a pure dirt court, but it wore wonderfully.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have any coaching in the beginning?

**HOPMAN:** No, the only coaching I ever had, at any time, was about three years after I started, when a friend, Barney Utz, who was an oldtime player, used to go out to White City once a week and play with Horrie Rice. He was a well-known name. After they'd finish, Barney used to play one set with me, and then he and Horrie Rice would go off and enjoy their whisky.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you start playing tennis competitively?

**HOPMAN:** Oh, immediately. My father levelled some ground in the Rosehill public school, and then a tennis tournament was held for pupils and their parents. And I played the mother of one of my classmates in the final. I won the tournament. But only because I could run. I just lobbed the ball back. I don't remember if I had any strokes or not; I can't believe I did. I had hit a ball against a wall, but I can't recall ever having a forehand or a backhand drive or anything else. None of my opponents could have been any good.

**PLAYBOY:** When you started playing as

a teenager, were there any players who particularly influenced you?

**HOPMAN:** No, I don't think anybody influenced me then, because I just played. I didn't watch much tennis, I preferred to play.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you at that stage a self-taught tennis player?

**HOPMAN:** Yes. I think when I started playing tournaments it took me longer, much longer to learn than it should have. As I grew older, I used to think: "What the bloody hell was I doing; I should have thought of that tactic, of this way of doing it." In other words I didn't have any brains. That's one of the things that made me so keen to coach people. The Davis Cup boys we had would probably disbelieve this statement, but when I was practically living with them most of the year, travelling with them and being with them after tennis and through tournaments, I felt that one of the reasons they became champions so quickly was that I was able to help them avoid some of the many pitfalls that I fell into, such as thinking that power was going to win everything, when in fact placement is so very important in playing.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you disappointed you didn't become a great player yourself, winning a Wimbledon final like Jack Crawford, for instance?

**HOPMAN:** Not disappointed about it. I just didn't know enough. I'm sure I'd have done a lot better if I'd been able to get the help that I was later able to give people.

**PLAYBOY:** In other words, you wish there'd been a Harry Hopman in your own young days?

**HOPMAN:** Oh, it would have helped tremendously, because when I was coaching I felt that I could get 15 years' experience into my players in three years.

**PLAYBOY:** So this probably had a lot to do with the drive that later caused you to turn out a string of champions?

**HOPMAN:** I think it did in a way.

**PLAYBOY:** When you were in that position, choosing and nurturing champions like Sedgman, was it just a matter of nurturing talent, or did you see it in terms of tennis wars, where you had to get the best recruits possible for your side?

**HOPMAN:** Oh no. I picked on Sedgman mainly because he was pigeon-toed and had a nice smile.

**PLAYBOY:** I know there was terrific rivalry between the Australians and the Americans at that time, and I just wondered if you saw it that way?

**HOPMAN:** Never. Not with me anyhow. It may have been written that way.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you first start to coach players?

**HOPMAN:** In 1933, as a hobby. And it had to be a hobby, because in those days you were amateur, or else.

**PLAYBOY:** How did Sedgman come into your ambit? Tell us about your early years as his coach?

**HOPMAN:** I saw him playing in a tournament in 1939, some kids' tournament. I think it was the 12s and under, and I asked him to come down to Kooyong where I used to coach some kids. He only stayed a few weeks and then the war came, so I didn't have an opportunity to coach him then until about 1945. By that time Frank was about 17, and I'd started preaching the unfitness of our players in those days. I sent Sedgman into a gymnasium, and he did a lot of work there, and built up a scrawny body into something that was pretty good. So when Sedgman and McGregor were selected for the Davis Cup in 1950 I was asked if I would go as captain. And that was the start of Australia's string of Cup victories. The general consensus in Australia

*"No diet, no pills, no peps or anything at all. They never needed 'em. And that is a great way to feel."*

was that in a year or two we could win the Cup. But we won it in 1950.

**PLAYBOY:** So your victory that year was something of a shock?

**HOPMAN:** Not to us.

**PLAYBOY:** That time was really when the golden era started for Australian tennis, when you were running the Davis Cup teams. What was the secret ingredient?

**HOPMAN:** I think it all started off with the very tough training they did. McGregor was a champion footballer as a junior. He could stand plenty. Sedgman was very fit, and loved it, work on the court, work off the court. Rose wasn't so keen about it, but he had to follow suit, Worthington again not so keen, but happy to if it would give him the results Sedgman and McGregor were getting.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you doing more training than other national teams?

**HOPMAN:** Oh, much more. And the method of coaching was different. I started this two-on-one system. I'd started it years before with the kids at Kooyong. Most fellows would go out and practise with two people hitting up and down the court most of the time. I started putting at least three people on the court; maybe I would be on the court with Sedgman, and McGregor would be up the other end and he would have to cover all that court, or we'd be at the back court and he'd be up at the net and he had to cover all the net. And then you'd be playing strokes like a singles match, where you'd just have to try to make passing shots, and they were difficult to make because you had two fellows opposite you and not just one. Things like that helped us — the various methods and drills we devised. But the basis of it was work, and then a very good spirit of working as a team developed. Of course, every one of them who came into Davis Cup in those days was also very anxious to become the world champion, so there was a lot of competition.

**PLAYBOY:** I've also heard it said that one of your secrets was a lot of running, long before it became the fashionable thing it is today?

**HOPMAN:** Yes we ran a lot. All sorts of running — jogging, running distances of a couple of miles, sprinting.

**PLAYBOY:** What about diet — did you have any special diet?

**HOPMAN:** No diet, no pills, no peps or anything at all. They never ever needed 'em, and they all knew, or most of them, that when they were on the court with opposing players they were going to be the fittest one in the fifth set. And that is a great way to feel.

**PLAYBOY:** I remember there was a lot of complaining at the time that you controlled their social lives rather rigorously. What was the real story?

**HOPMAN:** I wouldn't say that it was rigorous. They were allowed to go out to the movies and that sort of thing. If somebody had a girlfriend he could go out with her. But they all had to be back at the hotel at a reasonable hour. Some of them didn't need any rules about it. For instance, if Rosewall could have got his dinner at six o'clock at night, he would have been in bed by seven. He would go to bed at the drop of a handkerchief whereas Hoad was brought up differently and he very rarely got into bed before 11.

**PLAYBOY:** You've named four players — Sedgman and McGregor, who started winning Davis Cups, and Hoad and Rosewall, who came directly behind them. Do you think you were just lucky to run into a series of great players, or do you think there was more to it?

**HOPMAN:** Oh no, I think they weren't great until they started winning in the Davis Cup, and often they were on the verge of winning for some time. Another point about the Cup when Australia was doing so well, we had great players coming to Australia for our tournaments. Now they've got to battle to get players there. They've got to hope that Borg wins the US championships before he gets out. For 20 years we were almost certain to have the world champion out in Australia for tournaments.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think that Hoad and Rosewall would have been as great if they hadn't been part of the Australian team concept you evolved?

**HOPMAN:** No, I don't think they would have been. I think that they needed that experience and the practice and everything else and the certain amount of discipline in their lives. They learnt the discipline themselves. Most of them did anyhow. They realised what was good for them after getting a taste of it.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall, they were winning tournaments when they were 12 or 13?

**HOPMAN:** Kenny was winning most of them then. He was winning most of them up to the age of 13, then Lew started winning at 14, and he became the better player during their top years, the years that Hoad was playing. Then, of course, Hoad fell off. He started not to worry too much about training, and Lew started getting all sorts of troubles with his body because it was not as fit as it used to be, and he was expected to play the Hoad game. Rosewall just kept on going along quietly.

**PLAYBOY:** Which players stood out naturally in the beginning?

**HOPMAN:** Hoad. Naturally. He was the greatest from a natural point of view.

**PLAYBOY:** And Rosewall found it easier to get through a career?

**HOPMAN:** Oh yeah. Kenny didn't knock himself about nearly as much.

**PLAYBOY:** Getting guys as young as they were, how did you go about building the confidence in them to believe that they could be the top players in the world?

**HOPMAN:** They grew up with a certain amount of confidence in themselves. Kenny used to lose it when he was worrying about his service.

**PLAYBOY:** Hoad and Rosewall won several Davis Cups under your captaincy, didn't they?

**HOPMAN:** Yes. Kooyong in 1953 was their most famous year, when they won three of the four Davis Cup singles. Lew beat Seixas and Trabert, and Kenny beat Seixas in the final singles' match.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that that really long match that Hoad played?

**HOPMAN:** Yeah, Hoad and Trabert. He won 7-5 in the fifth.

**PLAYBOY:** What would your role be in a situation like that?

**HOPMAN:** Well in that particular match I know I was battling Lew over the last two sets, not really battling him, but just getting him to believe what I thought was the right thing to do, which was to return service by hitting close to the lines. Because I've always believed that any champion — and the fellow he was playing, Trabert, was a champion — didn't miss any shots that were hit back at him. Even if you hit 'em at his feet he'd get'em up. You had to be lucky to win a point against a player like that. And Lew was just missing the lines on the important strokes, and he'd say as he crossed: "Let me hit 'em straight back at him and then do something — get the ball in play and do something on the next shot" and I said "No, Lew you've just got to stick at it", and finally he got one game where he got Trabert to 15-40, helped by a double fault if I remember, and then hit another winner, a clean winner down the line.

**PLAYBOY:** What other things would you do during a match?

**HOPMAN:** Keeping them all cool, not letting any of them run away with

*"The main thing that happened to Australia was that the team angle started to disappear."*

themselves. You know, sometimes you'd get a run of success and you'd just forget about the fact that you're having a run and the other fellow's run will come very quickly if you're not careful. This is what a lot of the new people who haven't played a lot of tennis don't realise, that tennis runs like that. One fellow wins 6-1 and he thinks he's got it made. And he sits on his backside for the first few games of the second set, and before he knows it he's 3-1 down. So his battling for his confidence. Tennis runs in cycles.

**PLAYBOY:** When Frank Sedgman and Ken McGregor turned pro after helping defend the Davis Cup in 1952, that came as a bit of a shock to Australia, didn't it?

**HOPMAN:** It wasn't a shock really, because they'd been planning on it for almost a year. But it may have been a shock to the public, yes.

**PLAYBOY:** You were pretty much against it at the time, weren't you?

**HOPMAN:** I was only against it depending on the contract that they got. I felt that any fellow who had played three years of the Davis Cup deserved it. But the only thing I was concerned about was whether Jack Kramer could keep the pro game going, or whether these fellows would just be there for a year and then gone. As a matter of fact, McGregor had only one tour, and then he was happy and he left. He got out.

**PLAYBOY:** That started an interesting new era, didn't it? Once they'd turned pro, it was obvious that everyone was going to turn pro at the top of their game. I suppose you had to start thinking three ranks deep about who was going to make up the next Davis Cup team?

**HOPMAN:** Yes, it looked obvious that it was going to happen. But after Hoad and Rosewall, Hartwig came into the picture, then Anderson and Cooper, then Fraser and Emerson, then Laver, Stolle, Newcombe, and Roche.

**PLAYBOY:** And then it sort of stopped, didn't it, as far as star players for Australia were concerned?

**HOPMAN:** That was about the end of it. Newcombe, Roche and Stolle were probably the last three. But at that stage most of the leading players were already going away on private tours, and the possibility of building up a team was remote compared with earlier in the 1950s and early '60s.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did Australia, after Newcombe and Roche, suddenly stop turning out these terrific players?

**HOPMAN:** As early as the 1960s the boys had started to go away on private tours, and the association didn't seem to be able to do anything about that. But the main thing that happened to Australia then was that the team angle started to disappear. When the young players were selected in the team, the top players would already be overseas.

**PLAYBOY:** The kind of operation you have here is, in a sense, almost getting back to the team idea, isn't it? You've got them all in the one place, you've got players of various grades practising together?

**HOPMAN:** That's true to some extent. And we have had teams from a lot of countries: England, Sweden, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Yugoslavia, Germany, Argentina — this young boy who's doing so well now, Jose Luis Clerc, first time I met him was here as a member of a four-boy team from Argentina. Ecuador, Colombia — so many people have sent teams.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you had an Australian group here?

**HOPMAN:** We've had Australians here. There are two here now, Tony Withers and Greg Fowler. They are both Australians. They're both good. Tony has been sent by a sponsor in Melbourne. I forget who.

**PLAYBOY:** An American coach, Nick Bollitieri, remarked to me that: "Hop never made a champion. He took a lot

# Your next Evening Arrangement

**Setting the scene.**
*For obvious reasons, keep it simple. Get your priorities straight: even with a less than perfect apartment and fast-food from around the corner, you can triumph with a well-set table and handsome accoutrements; and the right wine. Don't shun flowers; they can be heady. And if you're lucky enough to have an open fire, count a hundred points ahead.*

**Planning the food.**
*Note we said 'planning'. Planning and presentation are everything. Maybe you long to show off your souffle but save it for your mother: you'll need one hell of a masculine charisma to live down the frilly-apron scene. Good simple food and an irreproachable wine like Black Tower will keep you in authority. You've got better things to do than twitch about the kitchen. If you really want to impress, splurge on a tiny tin of Beluga.*

**Getting the drinks.**
*Forget the scene where you mix up batteries of martinis. Most of today's ladies don't need it. She'll be more at ease with another glass of fresh light white, like Black Tower, than the offer of another innuendo-loaded cocktail. (She knows what you're up to, but she doesn't want you to be transparent about it.) It's easier just to pour, than to mix-and-shake-and-pour...and that leaves you one hand free to organise romantic music from your impeccable sound equipment.*

**The setting.**
*Glasses are handmade in Denmark: Idielle by Holme Gaard from Opus Paddington. Stainless steel cutlery is Elophans, also from Opus, as are the Japanese salt and pepper shakers. Dinner plates, logically, are oven-to-table-to-washer; stoneware called "Caliente" from Habitat, who also supplied the English cotton serviettes. The bunching wall-unit in Philippines cane is from the Design Warehouse. Ashtray by Wartsila, Finland from King Agencies, Pyrmont. The talking-point candlestick is an old match-holder, made about 1920 by Raphael Tuck & Sons, London: it carries a poem by Rudyard Kipling. The sound equipment is Technics from National Panasonic and that's about as good as you'll get.*

**The wine.**
*We began by saying 'keep it simple' and that's what Black Tower Liebfraumilch can do for you. German. Imported. Impressive. Tall handsome black bottle. A light white wine to go all the way with, from your Beluga through to fruit, (stay away from strong cheese). If you want to impress the lady, the light touch of Black Tower is what'll do it. All the way.*

**The Black Tower.**
*The wine is Black Tower Liebfraumilch, a fresh, fruity wine from Germany. It should be served chilled. Black Tower isn't all that expensive and is absolutely perfect to serve right through your next evening arrangement.*

**Black Tower** Liebfraumilch
**White wine from Germany**
**Distributed by the House of Seppelt.**

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of players other people had built and made them better." Do you think that's a fair comment?

**HOPMAN:** No. I think Nick is just trying to improve his own image. I don't think he is entitled to talk. I don't think he knows what it is to produce a champion.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the reason you gave up the team, the captaincy, after the 1969 Davis Cup?

**HOPMAN:** I'd been trying to give up the team since 1956.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, how did you finally get out of it?

**HOPMAN:** Oh, I don't know, I just felt that . . . oh wait a moment, there was a particular reason. I'd been trying to get rid of it — not get rid of it, but get out of the Davis Cup captaincy when I joined Ian Potter & Co in 1956. And then, in 1964, Neale Fraser said yes, he'd be right, he'd take it. He was the one I wanted to take it. And then something happened to Fraser, I think his first child arrived and Wendy would not let him go away, or it was something like that. Then the following year, he went into an insurance business, and he couldn't go, then the following year it was something else, a combination of things. So I hung on to it.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you go? What happened to make you leave?

**HOPMAN:** In those days, well right through, the Davis captain received the same allowance as the Davis Cup players. And that was a small allowance — $5 a day; I can't even remember whether it was any more in 1969 than it was in 1956.

**PLAYBOY:** It's not enough to live on?

**HOPMAN:** Well, when I was a newspaper man, or in the brokerage business, I was still getting the salary, or making some money somehow, but it was certainly expensive to be away with young teams.

**PLAYBOY:** One writer for *Sports Illustrated* has said the important thing about the decline of Australian tennis was not that Australia had suffered a loss, but that tennis had. In a very real sense, he said, the Aussies set the tone of the game.

**HOPMAN:** I think that we had such a wonderful group of players at that time, along the lines of Sedgman, McGregor, Hoad, Rosewall, Anderson, Cooper, Fraser, Emerson, Laver, Stolle, Newcombe, Roche. All well-behaved. All good champions. Great champions, in a way. And they set a pattern of very good behavior, of fitness, of reasonable self-confidence without being arrogant.

**PLAYBOY:** It's very different now?

**HOPMAN:** Yes. You get Nastase who has probably realised for the past five years that what's keeping him in demand, to some degree, is his unorthodox behavior. People seem to think he's some attraction in some way. I think, if the Australians were still on top in tennis, that type of stuff wouldn't be accepted.

**PLAYBOY:** You mentioned Fred Stolle in that list of champions. He says you once got up at a dinner party and said he'd never make it with the Australian team — and that made him all the more determined, just to make you eat our words.

**HOPMAN:** I don't ever remember saying it, but it makes a good line.

**PLAYBOY:** A lot of those Australian pros you mentioned are here in the US now. Do you see any of them?

**HOPMAN:** When Frank Sedgman had his 52nd birthday recently, some of them came out here to play a tournament, and Fred and Emmo were here, and they came out to dinner and had a chat about old times. But they sort of play and then move on quickly. You don't see much of them.

*"The Americans, when they were coming out in those times, were very confident, very cocksure."*

Prior to that, I think, the last time I saw Emmo I was on my way to France and Emmo had just come back from somewhere. We met at the airport.

**PLAYBOY:** He's still fit. I saw him play this year in the US Open doubles, and he was amazing.

**HOPMAN:** He's getting fitter now, because he and his son Tony are doing so well in those father and son competitions. Emmo's enjoying that. He's fitter than he was a few years ago when he was running a camp with Rod, and he was doing a lot of work. And he was keeping the party going until the morning hours, and then out on the court early in the morning.

**PLAYBOY:** From what you've said, all those years you were out there working and touring for Australia, you were doing so at a considerable financial sacrifice?

**HOPMAN:** It was, no . . . financially you could say it was a sacrifice. But certainly the life was no sacrifice. I had a great life. I'm still having a great life.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you reckon Florida will make you a millionaire?

**HOPMAN:** No. I don't know anything much about money. I seldom have reason for money. I'm really so tied down with this business that I never get out to buy a shirt. So you don't think in terms of money, except as far as running the business is concerned. I never talk about money. When you get down to that you must be just about through with your questions. You're just about through with me.

**PLAYBOY:** When you look back on your career in tennis are there any things that stand out in your mind, things of which you are particularly proud?

**HOPMAN:** Oh, I don't know. When you use the word proud, I really don't know. I think satisfaction'd be a better word. Each of those Davis Cup matches carried a great amount of satisfaction, because much of the time we were playing against the Americans, and the Americans, when they were coming out in those times, were very confident, very cocksure.

**PLAYBOY:** And what is there about those years that you regret?

**HOPMAN:** I've got no idea really. I just — I don't think of it. I don't suppose I've thought more than once or twice about what I might have done, in something else. I don't know what I would've done differently.

**PLAYBOY:** Have any of the tennis controversies that came up around you at various times really hurt you?

**HOPMAN:** I don't know. Oh yeah — there's one that hurt very badly. The only one. It concerned my first wife, Nell, who died during 1967. The controversy was this — Nell had taken a team overseas and when the team was announced, Margaret Court came out with this outstanding statement that she wouldn't travel in the team with Nell. And Nell had had some differences with three or four girls who had travelled previously, because of their behavior at dinners, where they just didn't behave themselves as she felt an Australian girl should behave. One or two silly things like that. And anyhow, this controversy started that Margaret Court won't go over if Mrs Hopman goes. And it developed into a real battle, and finally Nell did not go. She went off on her own, writing for Frank Packer's *Women's Weekly* at the time. But this hurt tremendously, because it was so unfair.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you talked with Margaret Court about it since?

**HOPMAN:** No. I haven't seen her, haven't talked to her for ages. She hasn't been on the scene for, what, eight years?

**PLAYBOY:** I get the impression you feel it was not her doing?

**HOPMAN:** It wasn't her doing. She was just a young person who could be led up the garden path, I'm sure.

**PLAYBOY:** You're married again now,





and your wife Lucy tells me you first met 40 years ago.

**HOPMAN:** We met in 1938. And I think the next time we met was when she came to a summer camp I was running in Amherst College, Massachusetts, in 1970. That was the year I came to the US. And we were married the next year, in New York, at the home of a friend of mine who was a judge. Then we came down to Florida in 1975.

**PLAYBOY:** What was this business that came up a few years ago about you wanting to take over the US team?

**HOPMAN:** No, no. That was very badly misquoted from the start. I was on the US Davis Cup Committee . . .

**PLAYBOY:** What year was that?

**HOPMAN:** Oh, several years there, I dunno, might have been '74 to '78. Something like that.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that the selection committee for players?

**HOPMAN:** No, just the Davis Cup Committee. Just like Australia has a Davis Cup Committee, but the selection committee is different.

**PLAYBOY:** How did that come about?

**HOPMAN:** The first I knew about it was one year I picked up the US tennis yearbook and saw my name there.

**PLAYBOY:** They just put you on it?

**HOPMAN:** Evidently someone at a meeting had proposed me, it had gone through, and they forgot to tell me. You know, US tennis gets so big that that can happen.

**PLAYBOY:** It would have been a mortal shock for Australia if it had been true, to see you turn out against them. And while we're speaking of the Davis Cup, it has seemed to me that your success in building those winning teams was rooted in the fact that the Davis Cup was such a big thing in those pre-open tennis days . . .

**HOPMAN:** Wimbledon and the Cup.

**PLAYBOY:** And that to play for their country in the Davis Cup, the players had to get by you. So you had the power to make them do it your way or get out.

**HOPMAN:** In a sense, yes. I was a selector. I wasn't the sole selector. There were five, but because I knew the boys so well and knew the younger people who were coming up, because I'd been trying to help them, my say probably carried more weight than some of the others. And that is true that if some young person didn't want to do what I thought was necessary to get him fit for a match, or do what we'd learned was the right way to become a champion, I didn't want him in a squad. They used to get into a squad of six or eight people before they'd get into a Davis Cup team of four, you see.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you once send Ken Fletcher and Martin Mulligan off without their supper for resting when they should have been running?

**HOPMAN:** No, no. In Mexico, where this incident happened, you had to jog, because the atmosphere was very thin, to acclimatise. This was about 10 days after we arrived there, and they weren't doing as much play as normal. We were to play the Davis Cup the following day, I think, so they were just sort of standing while Emerson and Laver or Fraser were getting most of the practice. So when we got back to the hotel after practice I said to these two, okay, go for a run. These kids wanted to stay with the older fellows and talk and lay around, but the other fellows had done their day's work. So they reluctantly went off to the park next door where we used to run. And I said to one of the other fellows: "If they run a hundred yards it's going to surprise me." So I went up on the roof just to have a look at them. And sure enough, Mulligan was sitting down and Fletch was walking around and they were talking. And I went back to the roof a little while later and they were still there. And then they came back to the hotel about 40 minutes later. And they flopped into a large settee, absolutely exhausted and they were breathing heavily and all the rest of it, could hardly talk. I asked how far they'd gone and they said they'd run up and down, and done a series of sprints and exercises — practically a whole day's work in 40 minutes to hear them tell it. So after listening to them for a while, I turned to Emmo and told him he'd better order dinner. He asked how many, and I said — pointing to him and Laver and Fraser — just you three and myself. And Fletch was the first of them to wake up — he said "What about us?" And I said: "You pair are going for a run. And if you don't run this time, I'll cut your bloody throats!"

*"And I said: 'You pair are going for a run. And if you don't run this time, I'll cut your bloody throats!' "*

**PLAYBOY:** Another story I heard was that, when Fred Stolle first joined the squad, he spent two weeks standing three feet inside the baseline serving to Neale Fraser's backhand.

**HOPMAN:** The point is — if you stand inside the service line, you're going to get every serve in and it's going to be better than usual. Another time we did that was when we were facing Italy in the challenge round, and Rod was to play Orlando Sirola, a very big serve. So we had a fellow called Wayne Reid, who was a big server, stand inside the service line and we pounded them at him. It concentrated your practice time, and also it came through with greater power.

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds a bit boring for the player who had to do it, but they all accepted that sort of thing?

**HOPMAN:** Oh yes. They were all anxious to. They never quibbled about things like that.

**PLAYBOY:** Looking back over incidents like that, would you describe yourself as a tyrant?

**HOPMAN:** No. I was a good organiser.

**PLAYBOY:** One player said to me: "As we came up through the junior ranks, everybody was frightened as hell of him. Absolutely petrified."

**HOPMAN:** Well, that's good to have. But there was no need for it.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you characterise your relationship with players?

**HOPMAN:** I don't think it could have been much better. I really don't. If it had been a poor relationship, I don't think they'd have been as successful.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the world has turned too much for your sort of methods to succeed today?

**HOPMAN:** Oh no. Fellows come down here and take the same sort of thing. Paul McNamee came down here and spent eight months working on his two-handed backhand. And there are lots of others coming all the time.

**PLAYBOY:** You've never had any children. Is that something you regret? Of all the champs you've turned out, none have been family?

**HOPMAN:** I suppose that it's . . . I've never thought of it as a regret. I sometimes feel that if I'd had children I certainly wouldn't have had the same life that I've led. In fact, for sure. And I've had the responsibility of young people for so long. I've had tremendous good fortune in the relationship I've had with young people. So if I'd have had time to think about it, I don't know — I'd have probably thought I was lucky.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think that your relationship with the players was a father-son relationship?

**HOPMAN:** I don't think I was as tough as a father. I think that a father sometimes . . . I don't know. It's a different one. I've never thought of it that way. It had to be different from a father-son.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you still eager today to produce another champion?

**HOPMAN:** No, not particularly. But if anyone comes along looking for help,

I'm still eager to help 'em. I haven't got the time to produce a champion.

**PLAYBOY:** Is Australia still in your future? Do you hope to be able to do any coaching out there any time?

**HOPMAN:** Oh, I haven't got time to worry about the future.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you as happy doing what you're doing now as when you were coaching the Davis Cup teams?

**HOPMAN:** I've never thought of it that way. I'm certainly quite contented at the moment.

**PLAYBOY:** Why were you trying to get out of it?

**HOPMAN:** I wanted to settle down and do things for myself.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you planning to write any books about your methods?

**HOPMAN:** No. I've got too much else to do. I'd like to write. I see so much rubbish written at times that I would like to refute, particularly about our teams, by people who played against us, or who captained teams against us. But I'm just too busy.

**PLAYBOY:** What sort of things?

**HOPMAN:** Oh I haven't got time to go into them now.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you decide to become a professional coach?

**HOPMAN:** In 1969.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your reason?

**HOPMAN:** I wanted to go on doing what I like doing best.

**PLAYBOY:** If it had been possible, would you have rather stayed with Australian tennis?

**HOPMAN:** No, not particularly, because I was too embroiled in the Davis Cup.

**PLAYBOY:** There wasn't any clash with officialdom in Australia was there?

**HOPMAN:** No. None at all.

**PLAYBOY:** You've mentioned quite a few players while we've been talking. I think it would be very interesting to our readers if I could throw a few names at you and see what you think of them?

**HOPMAN:** Well I might comment and I might not.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Mervyn Rose?

**HOPMAN:** Oh no, forget Rosie.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Fraser?

**HOPMAN:** Neale did particularly well in his couple of top years, '59 and '60, and he worked very hard to get where he got. He was a very good player without having any accuracy, and he really needed accuracy on a weaker backhand, and making more use of a very good serve. And this is what he did for five months before we won the Davis Cup in '59. When Neale was our number one player, he worked very hard for the consistency and accuracy that he had lacked earlier.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Ashley Cooper?

**HOPMAN:** A very good player. He dropped out of it early. He didn't like the pro tours. I've heard people say he had a classic game, but there's no such thing as a classic game, as far as I'm concerned. He didn't have all the shots. To have all the shots, you've got to have a slice, and a cut and a topspin and a flat drive and a spin serve and a kicker serve and a break-the-wrong-way serve.

**PLAYBOY:** Has there been anybody like that, who had them all?

**HOPMAN:** Well Tilden was the one I think had more different strokes than anyone, and could play them well, could play them and win matches.

**PLAYBOY:** Mal Anderson?

**HOPMAN:** In his top days, he just wasn't as rugged in a match as some of the others. When I say rugged, the others probably could scramble better. But Mal was a very good player when he was at his best. But he was not as consistently good as the others then. Still a good player.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Emerson?

**HOPMAN:** Oh Emmo was the acme of fitness, and fight, and everything else you could want in a player. He was a great player. As was Frank Sedgman. You've passed over Sedgman.

*"Kenny, of course, had such a good, long career, whereas Lew dropped out of it earlier."*

**PLAYBOY:** I was going to get to him. You mentioned earlier that he was a guy who was a natural athlete who built himself into a tennis player?

**HOPMAN:** He built himself into someone who could go five sets and enjoy 'em.

**PLAYBOY:** What of Lew Hoad? You mentioned he was the greatest natural talent. How did you mean that?

**HOPMAN:** Well, Lew just went on to a court and hit the ball. And it just happened that he hit it the right way. He had such power. There are a lot of people with power. But there's no use having power and not being able to keep it within the court. He could.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think he didn't fulfil his early promise?

**HOPMAN:** I don't think the pro game suited him, in a way. There was too much travel, and it afforded too much opportunity to drink beer, which he liked to drink. And I think his match play fitness dropped off considerably.

**PLAYBOY:** Rod Laver?

**HOPMAN:** Rocket was a great all-rounder. Rocket was a great player, naturally. You don't have to say that. Rocket for his size had a well-developed arm. There's not much you could fault Rocket on.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Newcombe?

**HOPMAN:** John was a very good player. He was the best of the juniors of his time in Australia. And that meant that he was a very good junior. He had a very consistent serve and a beautiful forehand.

**PLAYBOY:** Tony Roche came along about the same time — he seems to have had his troubles?

**HOPMAN:** Tony's been unlucky with injuries. One of the few who's really had his career hurt through injuries. He was just unlucky, he's a very moderate person. Still, he'll be fit for another 10 years, very rugged man.

**PLAYBOY:** Ken Rosewall?

**HOPMAN:** Kenny, of course, had such a wonderfully good, long career, whereas Lew dropped out of it earlier. Kenny went on for 15 years after Lew. His game was all his own. His backhand was his own, and it's a beautiful, beautiful shot. And his wonderful concentration.

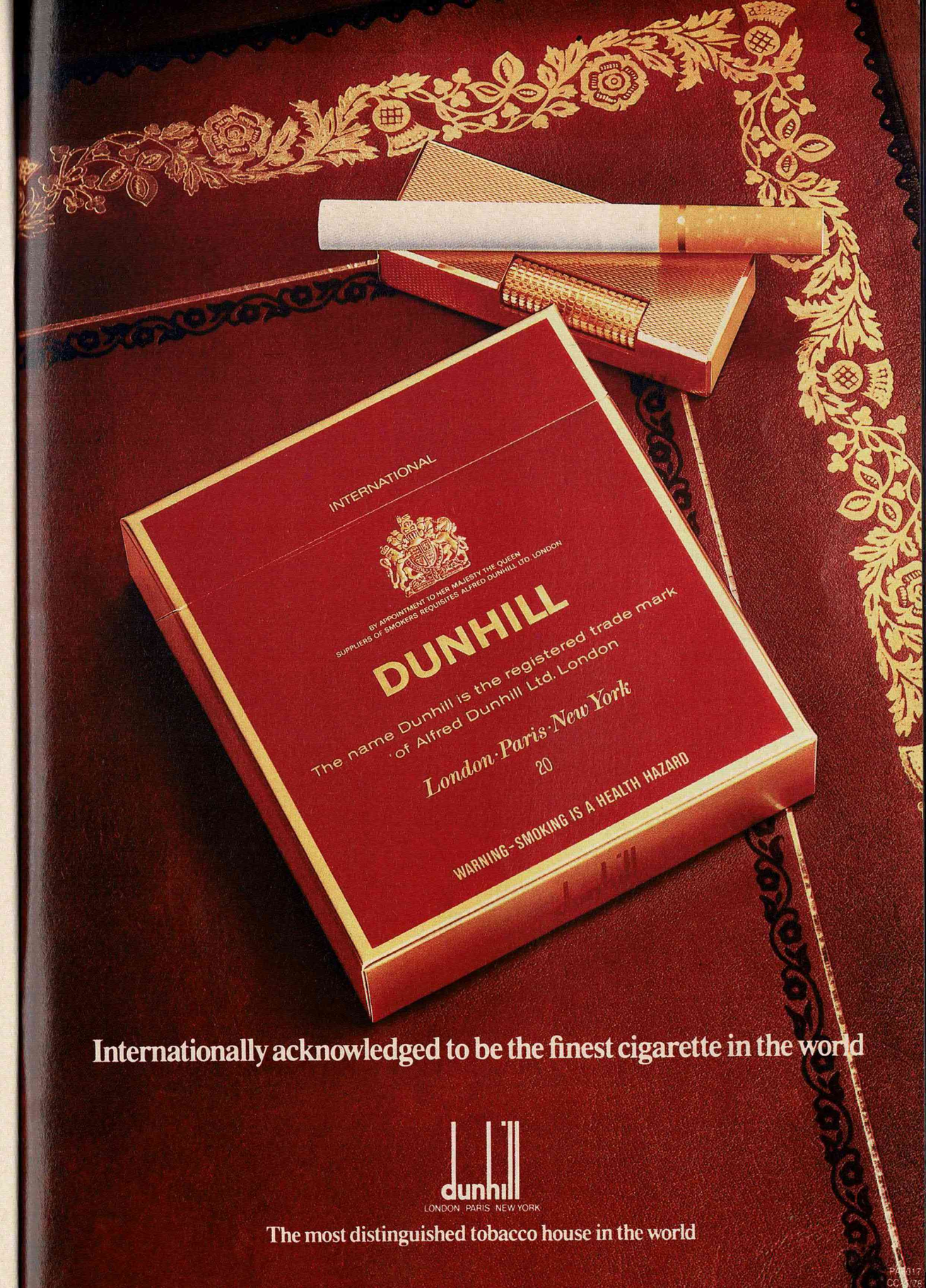
**PLAYBOY:** All of them we've spoken to have said how much they respected you. I guess you just weren't trying to get them to like you. What was your aim, to produce champions, or was it something else?

**HOPMAN:** Well just to improve them. I think they respected me because I talked straight with them. See a lot of the kids here are never going to be world champions, are never going to be in the first hundred. But if they're going to improve their tennis at the age of 10 to 15 or 10 to 20, and they never win a major tournament they've got at least another 60 years they can play the game, and get more fun out of it by winning — or by playing well, not necessarily even winning. They're so happy they've had that experience; they're bigshot tennis players among their friends. And it can help them in their business. If some of these young people have a boss who's a keen tennis player, and he goes out on Saturday and he's got one of these young people as his doubles partner, he doesn't forget about 'em when it comes to promotion, if the kid's got some other good relations with the firm. But, apart from that, it's good fun to play tennis, but it's much greater fun to play it well.

**PLAYBOY:** Indeed it is. And now that you've brought it up, all my life it's been my ambition to get a good topspin backhand and I never have. What would you tell somebody like this journalist?

**HOPMAN:** Work. Work. Work.

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*through thickets of microphones, arc lights, tv cameras and eager interviewers, we show you how to overcome all the nervous tension and. . .*

# Make media your messenger

*EVERYONE GETS to be famous in these times — for 15 minutes, according to Andy Warhol.*

*Michael Willesee's dogged newshounds have already vox-popped three quarters of the pedestrian population of Sydney and Melbourne.*

Your *slice of prime time has* just got *to be next!*

*But are you ready for the gruff, no-nonsense style of George Negus, or wily Willesee, Walsh, Parkinson, Caroline Jones, and the team from the evening eyewitness news?*

*What are you going to say?*

*Will you bore, stutter and um your way into the* Gong Show *rejects bag? Or will you turn on a Logie-winning, lump-in-the-throat performance that grabs instant fame, fortune and page one praise from the TV critics?*

*Your moment of glory is at hand.*

*PLAYBOY asked press-hardened PR man and writer, Lee Patterson, to betray a few trade secrets and show us how to handle the media. This guide, he promised, means you'll never have to say "no comment" ever again.*

VOX POPULI, gentle and possibly unaware reader, is Latin for voice of the people.

A vox pop is a device, beloved of the button-down TV executives with creamy hands and $50,000 a year, wherein TV crews ensnare unsuspecting pedestrians and terrorise them with cameras and ridiculous, unanswerable questions. Just for fun.

There are two pieces of advice you must have before you can ever deal competently with this aspect of the media. The first is to acknowledge that Andy Warhol was wrong as far as vox pops go. You aren't going to be famous for 15 minutes, you have no more than 30 seconds — tops — on average, in which to make your assault on the airwaves, such is the influence of editors and programmers. The second piece of advice is to recognise that few human beings, with the possible exception of quiz king-turned-MP Barry Jones, and the professional media blabbermouths, are able to give an instant answer to any question more complicated than "what time is it?", while they are meandering down a crowded street stuffing a sandwich into that hole in their face.

So don't try to win the vox top of the pops in a conventional way or on the media's own terms. You have to be cleverer than that. Here are three surefire approaches.

"Excuse me," says a pleasant, toothy young man enmeshed in microphone cord, "we'd like to know what you think of the government's plan, announced today, to sell off the Treasury and the Royal Mint to private enterprise in a bid to save money and improve efficiency?"

Now this is the first you've heard of this, and you don't have too many clues yourself. What's more you don't have John Kenneth Galbraith's home number on you just now, so there's no time for a quick international telephone consultation.

There is no escape. What can you do or say?

Simple! Do what the psychiatrists, psychologists and clever businessmen do all the time. Answer a question with a question; in your case, a whole mouthful of questions.

By the time you have zapped out 25 questions — illogical, irrational, irrelevant, rhetorical ones of numbing convolution — it doesn't matter — the reporter and the folks at home will be knocked out that you have all that

Illustration by Bill Burrows

stuff stored in your brain and that you are really on top of the subject.

That's why politicians always repeat the question or say deliberately: "Gee, I'm really glad you asked me that question" — when in fact they hate your guts for asking it. But it gives them time to think up something — anything that will pass as a reply — but not actually answer the dangerous question.

Say: "You want to know what I think of the government's plan to flog off the Treasury to private enterprise? What sort of a question is that? How do you think I feel? I feel like most other fair-minded Australians will feel on this issue — I will be reserving my judgement because many questions remain unanswered. Questions like — to whom, precisely, does the government intend selling the Treasury? For how much? How do we know, without Treasury, that the public is guaranteed a steady supply of legal tender and the government a steady supply of contradictory economic advice which is unfailingly wrong and inaccurate? Will the press be able to depend on this privately-operated Treasury for its usual supply of leaked documents? Who gets the profits? What about after-sales service? What about the possibility of foreign takeovers? What if the Americans want to take the whole thing back to Redwing, Minnesota, as an item of interest to economic archaeologists? What will become of the highly labor-intensive Treasury tea-serving division? What are the economic consequences for the Australian paper clip, blotter and pot plant industries?" And always close with: "Is that enough? Can I have my cheque now?"

You've blitzed the reporter senseless with more questions than he ever dreamed could be asked in 30 seconds, impressed the audience with your quick grasp of all the possible socio-economic consequences — and your compassion for all of those hard-working, public servant Treasury gnomes whose very fat, furry lives hang in the balance. You may not have answered the question, but you've guaranteed yourself a top spot on the evening news.

The second infallible ploy is to lose your temper and get angry. Television is fascinated with anger, as it is with sex, violence and money.

It doesn't matter about the question, the proposition or the issue, just get as mad as a cut snake and wave your finger threateningly at the camera. Bombast beats brains!

Whatever the question, explode along the lines of: "The most preposterous, criminal, outrageous, dim-witted, biscuit-brained thing I have heard in all my days, fools, idiots, mug lairs, nincompoops! I warn you, if this one goes through there will be blood in the streets, people with rifles on the rooftops, war, famine, plague, pestilence, anarchy, revolution — the end of civilisation as we know it. And I'm against it!", you shout triumphantly.

Third, if the question the media are clamoring for you to answer happens to involve foreign affairs — and you can't think of an answer, give them someone else's effort.

"What do you think of Mr Fraser's threat to put all Russian bears in Australian zoos on half rations? Do you think it will wreck East-West *détente* and lead to a nuclear holocaust?" inquires a breathless reporter.

Again, this is probably the first you've heard of it.

What are you going to say? The first thing to say is something that everyone can agree with, like: "Russian expansionism is a very difficult question to which few people would risk easy solutions or answers, least of all a person like me."

You've painted yourself already as an astute, aware and unassuming sort of guy. Now go in for the high-class kill by quoting some higher authority who will get you off the hook. Try Winston S. Churchill or John F. Kennedy — they still go down well in the credibility stakes. And don't worry if you can't think of a relevant or accurate quote. Make up one. Relevancy and accuracy are low priorities when you've only got 10-15 seconds to get your telling point across.

Clinch your appearance on that night's news by saying: "However, I think it would be wise of us to heed the words of the late President Kennedy, who said: 'Those who choose to ride on the backs of tigers, often end up inside one.' "

JFK may or may not have said those words, but never mind that. Politicians never do! You have spoken with dignity, authority and a little humor and come down firmly on both sides of the question. You've made the reporter look good for choosing such an erudite subject — he clearly knows what he is talking about. The news editor will be knocked out that you also know how to get your three sentences across cleanly and in the required time.

And who is going to pick a fight with the sage words of either Winston Churchill or JFK?

But don't be under any illusion about the motives of those slavering TV crews who roam the streets of the metropolis videotaping your utterances for posterity.

You see, they aren't actually very interested in what you may think. TV networks like vox pops because they are cheap entertainment. They give the idea of the man or woman in the street being participants in some form or other of electronic democracy. And there are endless numbers of people prepared to debase and make fools of themselves in front of a camera or microphone — for nothing.

However, to give them their due, vox pops are an excellent training ground for media hopefuls on both sides of the camera. So, if you want to be in it, keep your eyes peeled, your lips moist, your throat cleared — and a stock of fictitious quotes from great statesmen at the ready.

My favorite vox pop encounter was had with a quick-witted, big-titted actress I know.

Next to filming the inside of men's noses, cameramen do like filming thoracic regions of blonde and busty young ladies best.

In Adelaide a vox pop crew were asking about alternative energy and confronted my friend, who decided to send them up:

"What are you doing to save energy?" they asked earnestly. She gave the ogling young reporter a wicked look and said seductively: "Methane, you Tarzan! I'm saving all my energy for you, big boy!"

Needless to say, she topped the bulletin that night and made an indelible impression upon the young reporter who had to be taken off vox pops and put on to the weather, so stunned was he.

Oh yes, one last bit of advice. Don't pick your nose.

GANGLAND SHOOTOUTS, gory plane crashes, expressway pile-ups, mass suicides, bushfires, terror-stricken schoolgirls held hostage by a crazed gunman, mangled bodies, blood, guts: all of these are essential grist to the television news-hounds. All that they require when they arrive on the scene is an eyewitness — you!

Most eyewitnesses blow their big chance, however, by forgetting that television is mostly about showbusiness, not about the truth. The truth is often very, very boring television.

If you are lucky enough to witness any sort of horrible disaster, try to make it one in which people are maimed or killed. And try to be slightly wounded, preferably facially, yourself. Elbow any other lurking eyewitnesses out of the way.

Now, what the news boys want is someone to relive the experience for the folks at home in the most graphic, gruesome and blood-curdling language possible. The news editor wants you to lay it on with a trowel; he wants you to have them cowering in

front of their sets, petrified with fear, half expecting to be spattered with blood as you speak.

But never try to do the reporter out of a job.

Do not say: "The guys with the guns came running out of that door over there. There were a few more shots, then the cops arrived. The robbers got in a car and drove off in that direction. In a Holden."

Leave all the drab detail of the action to the reporter.

What you should be doing is scaring the bejesus out of everyone by concentrating on your highly colored eyewitness account of the gory bits.

It will help to cast yourself in a heroic light, if possible.

Exaggerate everything. Just look grimly into the camera and say: "It was hell out there. Rivers of blood. Hysterical women and children, mayhem in Main Street — blood and guts, mangled bodies everywhere, cries for help. Believe me. I've worked in an abattoir/fought in Vietnam/been in Auschwitz (choose one). I never saw anything like this!"

Don't point in too many directions at once as you wade through the gore; it confuses the cameraman and you might poke out the reporter's eye.

If appropriate, speculate that children may still be trapped inside a burning building, but don't be too specific about it.

If three masked bandits are stupid enough to collide with your groaning shopping trolley outside the supermarket, don't be too backward in claiming all the credit as the bold shopper who foiled vicious payroll bandits in their daring getaway bid.

You don't have to tell them that the wheels on the trolley happened to jam at that precise moment, that you were shit scared and that the whole thing was an accident. Instead, describe how you saw them coming and pushed the trolley out in their path.

As the shame-faced bandits are led away, glare at them and tell the jostling reporters waiting to interview you — the heroic shopper: "I'm sick of all this crime in the streets. It's time ordinary people gave the police a hand and helped put a few of these people where they belong — behind jail bars!"

You get to look responsible, civic-minded, quick-witted, fearless and a candidate for a mayoral reception.

You've made all of the network news bulletins. James Dibble even pronounced your name right on the ABC. And with a bit of luck, you'll also be shopping at that market for nix from now on.

Aircraft hijack victims are always big, big, big news and in great demand. If you are lucky enough to be hijacked and live, remember not to cry as you are greeted by your family and loved ones. Be strong and supportive. Let them blubber for the cameras. You are made of sterner stuff. You could go through it all again if needs be. Smile and wave as if the whole thing was a bit of a picnic. Grudgingly tell the press how you bargained with the hijackers for more toilet paper in economy, and how you led the hymn singing during the really rough bits.

If you've twisted your ankle and have to be carried off the aircraft on a stretcher, remember to smile bravely at the cameras as they carry you off to first aid. Give them, the good ole V-for-victory sign and a wink.

Television audiences conditioned to re-runs of world wars every night expect these little gestures and it makes you look like a brave little digger to boot.

As demonstrated above nothing is better guaranteed to get you on the news than an incident which involves you personally, intimately and tragically too, if possible.

One of my favorites in this league are the people who choose to live in houses on hairpin bends in major highways, down which careen large semi-trailers to smash straight into your loungeroom for the fourth time in three years.

The media also love that brave band of folk whose houses are made regularly into matchwood by these runaway monsters of the road. They are known in the trade as Death Corner Drongoes. But, never mind that. If you are lucky enough to live in one of these houses, you are guaranteed regular appearance on the evening news. So play the part for all it's worth.

This time, the family dog is basic animal mush all over the patio, the kids are screaming, the neighbors are coming in through the back door of your shattered home to loot you of your last possessions. The police have noticed that the wife's car in the driveway is out of rego.

Don't forget a few props can make all the difference.

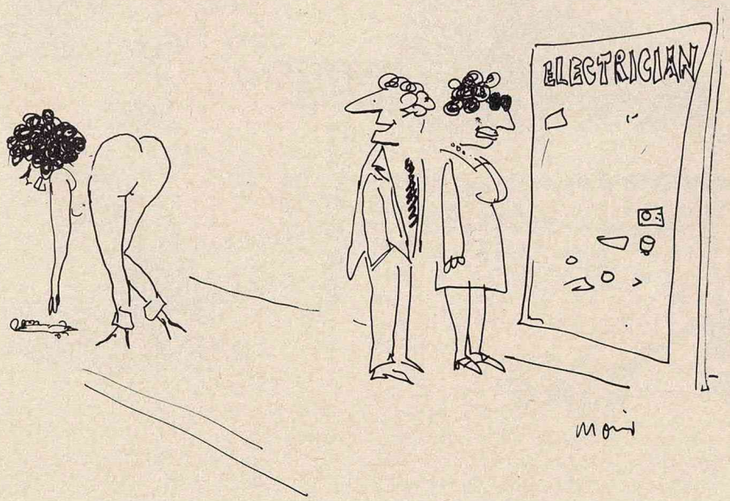
Before the press arrive, find one of the kid's teddy bears and leave it lying pathetically and photogenically on the debris-strewn loungeroom floor, just near the huge smoking tyre of the marauding semi. Abandoned teddies make great closing shots on evening news disaster stories.

If this is the fourth time a semi has ploughed into the family home, you had better try a different line with the press. If the truck driver is not in shock yet, make friends with him and give him a cup of tea, if the kettle still works. It wasn't his fault. He's just doing a difficult job the best way he knows how. At 120 km/h downhill, in the pouring rain.

When they bowl up to interview you, don't seem surprised any more. Look resigned, but try to convey some of the tensions and drama of life in that always exciting death row — Dumaresq Street.

"We live in fear every night," you say. "We never know if the next truck has our name on it. The children are nervous wrecks. The boys have lost all interest in their pet rabbits. It's a miracle we weren't killed. I don't know what we are going to do," you sob at the reporter.

When they ask you if you've ever thought of moving in view of the fact that this is the fourth time in three years that a semi has lobbed on top of your house, nearly killing you — give them some of that old Aussie pioneering spirit. Look stoically at the smouldering carnage around you.




"That reminds me, we need a new wall socket."

You ought to be on first name terms with the telly boys by now, so memorise them and say: "No, Ian. Never! We are not moving. We've been in Dumaresq Street for 20 years and we like it here. This is our *home!* We're not moving for anything. Dumaresq Street has been good to us. Our roots are here. Aunty Vi lives just down the road. We've all got to die somewhere sometime, so why not Dumaresq Street, Rockfall?"

Who's got an answer to that sort of logic? You may even head the bulletin.

By the way, if you ever happen to witness a wild bank robbery or a particularly gruesome murder and you think you can identify the culprit, don't be too specific about this point in media interviews.

Crims watch a lot of TV too and if you go bragging too much on the box about how you are able to identify them, you may find yourself having trouble with the brakes on your car, just like all the Rockfall truckies in Dumaresq Street.

NEXT BEST to being the actual subject of a big news story, is to live next door to one, or, better still, to be related to someone who is found guilty of something truly vile.

Let's face it, murder always has good currency with TV news directors, so if you have a choice, try to live next door to a multiple murderer.

As they lead the poor guy away to be charged with strangling 14 aged ladies in their beds, the press will turn to you for an inside word on what the monster was really like.

Don't say predictable things like: "Quiet sort of guy, kept to himself. Didn't say much."

Give him the works. Show yourself to be a man of perception and a good judge of character.

As the press hover around and the TV boys zoom in for the big word, intone: "I never liked him. I always thought he was weird. He borrowed my lawnmower once and gave it back a mangled wreck. No respect. Could never put my finger on it, but there was something creepy about him. I hope he hangs. Oh, and he had bad breath too!"

Even better than living next door to an axe murderer is to be the mother, father or relative of someone who has been a bit naughty.

As much as you are expected to tip a bucket on your axe murderer neighbor, the media expect you to spring immediately to the defence of your son, who has just hacked four girl guides to death with a meat cleaver.

"He was such a nice boy," you wail through the fly-wire door of your bungalow when the media arrive. "I don't understand how this could ever possibly have happened."

Arm yourself with lots of pictures of little Kevin as a boy scout, at his first communion, etc. Hold them up to the camera and sob violently.

Regaining your composure, you continue: "Every mother will understand what I am going through now. Ever since Herb hopped off the twig, Kevin is all I've had. He had his strange ways, but he was a good boy. Always did my messages. Always kept the knives nice and sharp. My Kevin wouldn't hurt a fly."

This parental display of loyalty makes for gripping viewing on the evening news, and the afternoon papers will pay you to write a series called: "Why My Boy Should Not Hang." Poor Kevin. Never mind, you'll be famous and talked about for 15 minutes or so.

If you went to school with the Wonthabuggery Axe Murderer, the Comboyne Plateau Shire Rapist (wanted in three States), or if you sat next to Raymond John Denning in the laundromat once, you qualify for this category of hot media interview.

TIPS FOR sweaty-palmed politicians, crooked used car and real estate salesmen and other notables follow.

The above are all in constant demand by the media. If you find yourself in this category, here are some simple rules.

A lot of the reporters sent to interview you will be antagonistic and probably with good reason. They see themselves as champions of liberty, defenders of consumers' rights, the overdogs of the Fourth Estate.

The first and foremost rule, is never run away from them. How many times have we seen possibly innocent but startled used car and swamp salesmen disappearing athletically over paling fences, once confronted with the fearsome foot in the door crusaders of the press. So stand your ground. Even if you are shitting yourself.

The second rule is to always remain calm and call the reporter by his first name, even if you've never met him before. This is the classic Bob Hawke technique and it never fails.

Imagine yourself as the Minister for Food Poisoning. There has been a severe outbreak, attributed by irresponsible elements of the press and some excitable doctors to the local oysters. Four thousand people are spewing their guts up in a major metropolitan hospital.

The oyster farmers refuse to concede that their oysters are at fault. There is a by-election on Saturday, it's a swinging seat and the heat's on. Jobs are at stake — maybe yours! You've got to go out there and calm down the populace and save the local oyster industry, who are also big donors to party funds, by the way.

What are you going to do?

Easy! Call a press conference in your office. Spread a cloth over your desk and serve up a big platter of yummy, chilled oysters. wolf down the first dozen yourself and, for heaven's sake, don't let on that you've sent your Press secretary, Brucie Beaujolais, interstate on the government plane to fetch in $1200 worth of unsullied,

"This is really no place to keep a dog, Doris."

healthy oysters. Yummy, delectable fresh local oysters, you will rhapsodise to the astonished press, who are waiting for you to start throwing up in your wastepaper basket. Offer them some.

The media like nothing better than a practical, visual demonstration of your point, so where possible, always give it to them, right between the eyes. For politicians, kissing babies isn't enough any more. You have to *live* the portfolio.

If you are in a dubious side of the used car business or purveying land in sunny Queensland that you only get to see at low tide — and the boys from one of the hot-shot consumer watchdog shows fasten on to you use the same technique.

Find out the first name of the reporter and use it relentlessly throughout the interview in an attempt to keep the thing informal. People at home won't believe half of the awful allegations they are making about you if you are on Bob and Bruce first name terms.

Sit there and brazen it out, just like the politicians do. Say things like: "Now, let's get this thing in perspective, shall we?" And only ever answer the questions you want to answer, eg, "Can I answer that question in another way, George.

Don't forget to smile and thank the interviewer when you've finished.

The sum total of all this is called manipulation of the media.

If all else fails, and they've really got you cold selling unsafe cars, carcinogenic baby food or vacuum cleaners that chronically blow instead of suck, resort to the freedom of choice argument.

English social observer and witticist, Michael Frayn, calls this fairly dotty concept — the Fifth Freedom. Briefly, the Fifth Freedom guarantees manufacturers the right to flog you shoddy foods with impunity. Why, you argue persuasively before the whirring cameras, a tear in your eye — should manufacturers be terrorised by interfering Consumer Affairs Bureaux and self-appointed watchdogs from the media?

Consumerism has cut a terrible swathe through the rights and personal liberties of our citizens. What is happening is that our right — our freedom to choose — has been progressively reduced by these do-gooders who want to rob consumers of the right to buy shoddy goods if they want to buy shoddy goods. What does the media, what do the consumer affairs' people know about the private whims and fancies of the individual? For all you know, some housewife may actually want a vacuum cleaner that fills their loungeroom with dust and dirt? Who are you to say?

With this clever line of argument, you have successfully changed the subject, muddied the terrible impression they were about to give of you and used up so much time that soon, the interview will be over, and you will be off the hook.

SOONER OR later, you, or someone you know, is going to qualify as a human interest story. These are stories which involve a particularly unusual and possibly a demented exploit of some individual who faces his once-in-a-lifetime chance of some big media exposure as a result.

You must be ready to see the time and the opportunity.

Maybe you've grown the world's biggest watermelon — so big that it won't even fit in the boot of the car; maybe you just gave birth to sextuplets; perhaps you've got 247 pet cats living in your house; you've discovered a rich lode of what Barry Humphries describes as Australia's natural mineral — Oroton, in your own backyard; you've struck it rich with Lotto; or maybe you are at the centre of a controversy over a council plan to bulldoze two trees and a thrush's nest into oblivion and you are going to lie down in front of the dozers. (Try doing it nude!)

The place is crawling with TV, radio and press reporters. They all want exclusives on your story. What are you going to do? If you play favorites and talk to one, the rest will riot and trample your garden to bits.

The answer is — a press conference! In your own backyard.

Set up a table and rows of chairs around the Hills' Hoist for the reporters. They get irritable if you make them stand up for too long.

Lay on some sort of alcoholic refreshment too. Press people like lots of beer and it *does* enhance the likelihood of a more sympathetic hearing.

Put on your best clothes, do your hair and stride out to the thicket of microphones you've arranged on the table. If there aren't too many TV or radio people there, borrow some tape recorder mikes from neighbors or friends and set those up too.

Welcome the press and ask them to put their hands up when they want to ask a question and to name the news organisation they are representing. This will make the press feel at home.

Resist the temptation to use all that press conference jargon like — "At this point in time" and "my previous lie is inoperative". If this is a local neighborhood story, you don't want to look too professional. If you really want, you can slip in a bit of colored talk, like "the end of civilisation as we know it". But sparingly.

If the story is a tragic one involving loss of limb, trapped animals, kidnapping or mine disasters, cry and gag a lot. The press like that, especially television journalists.

If you've won the lottery or the Pools, don't hand them that corny old line about it not changing the way you are going to live. When they ask what it feels like to win the Pools, don't say: "Aw, I dunno. I don't believe it yet." Say instead: "I had a feeling. I knew it was going to happen. Doris and I are going to lash out — we've already bought a villa in the south of France over the phone, I've traded the Kingswood in on one of those Italian jobs with the unpronounceable names — we've got another two color tellies — one for the outside loo and another for the laundry so Doris can watch it while she's doin' the washin'. We gotta garage full of booze being delivered this arvo and I booked a Jumbo to take me and the mates from the bowling club to Bangkok for a dirty weekend!" The media and the folks at home love vulgar excess and people who are larger than life. So splash it around, flaunt it!

Whatever your story, play it to the hilt. Remember that you are competing with dozens of other local and international stories that day to make the evening news. So you better be good. Princess Anne could fall off her horse, Cyclone Narelle could swoop in unannounced and flatten Nebraska — anything could push you down the newsworthiness list and out of the news altogether. You've got to zap them while they are in your sights.

As far as dealing with reporters, don't lose any opportunity to flatter them. Most of them are extremely vain and very dense.

If a reporter asks you: "What does it feel like to grow the biggest watermelon in the world?" you should say: "Gee, Brad, that's a really intelligent question! It's really nice to talk to a reporter who asks such original and intelligent questions."

Always remember that the press are only there because they've been told to be there. If they had their way they would be sitting in the pub fantasising about the novel they've been writing for the past four years.

Ultimately, the best advice I can give you is the advice Sir Alec Guinness always gives nervous young actors with whom he is appearing and the advice passed on by Michael Parkinson to his guests — cough and make sure your fly is done up.

Good luck!



# In paradise with Deborah Gray

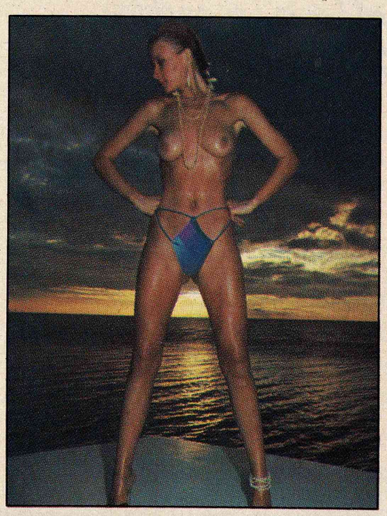
*gauguin would not have been able to hold his hand steady to paint the beauty that playboy is about to reveal: australian actress deborah gray au naturel in france's pacific paradise, tahiti*

Deborah Gray first saw Tahiti as a cast member of the soon to be released Australian movie, *Pacific Banana.* A year after shooting finished, Australian PLAYBOY invited the actress to return to the islands for the following pictorial.

Fletcher Christian led the ship *Bounty* to mutiny in order to stay in the Pacific islands, R. L. Stevenson went mad over them, Gauguin wouldn't paint anything but beautiful women there, Marlon Brando is, we think, still in Tahiti. Turn the pages and you will see why.

As for Deborah, she is now back in Australia for a role in the new TV comedy series, *Catch Us If You Can.*

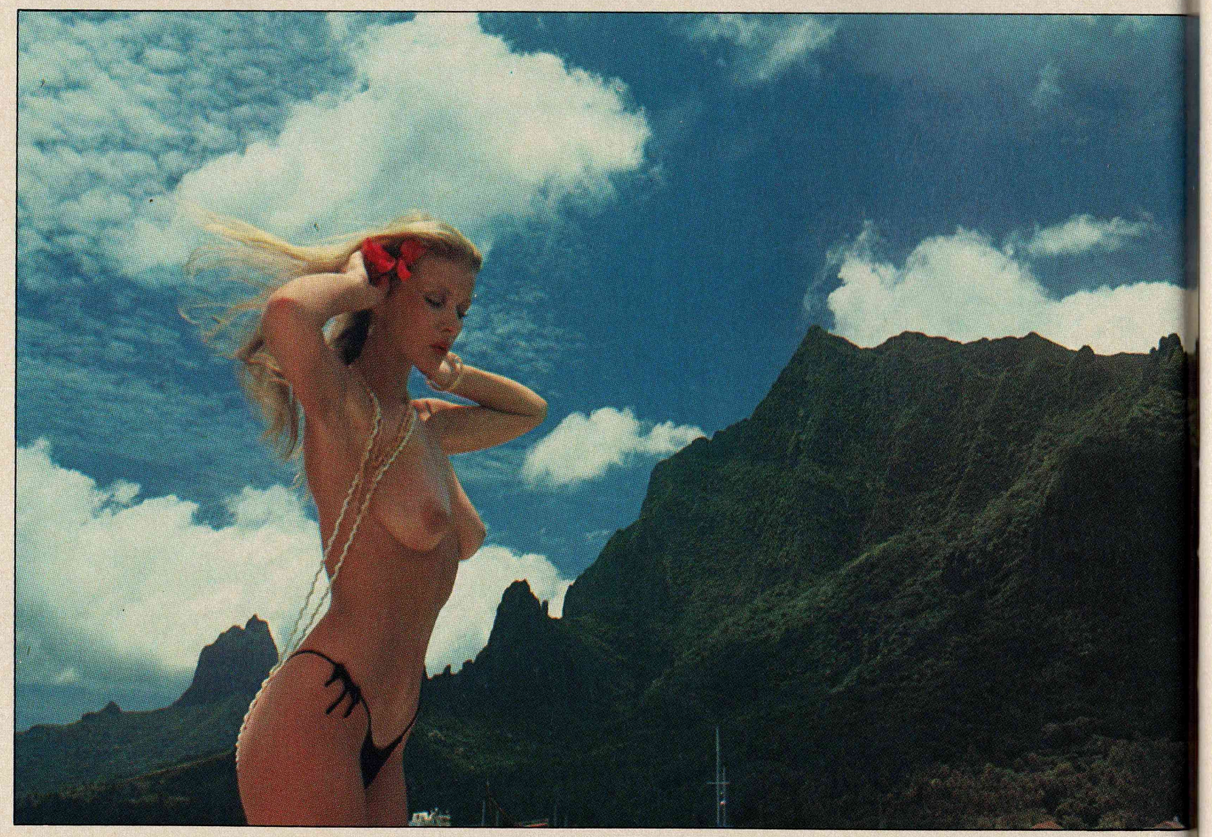
Photography by Peter McLean

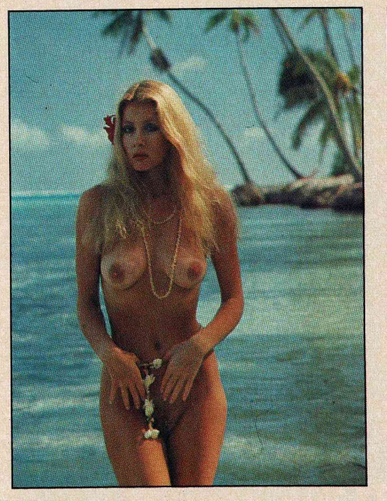


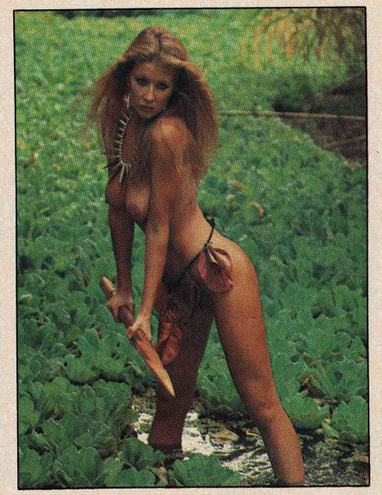
Deborah Gray moved from the typing pool, Prime Minister Gorton's, to modelling — she was the Quintrex girl in TV commercials — and then into acting. She played in *Number 96* (can we ever forget Miss Hemmingway?) and in the ABC television series *A Place in the World.*

In *Pacific Banana,* the first Australian movie shot entirely overseas, she plays an air hostess in love with Graeme "Alvin" Blundell. Deborah's sophisticated sensuality and Graeme's bumblings in the tropical paradise created a delightful comic contrast.

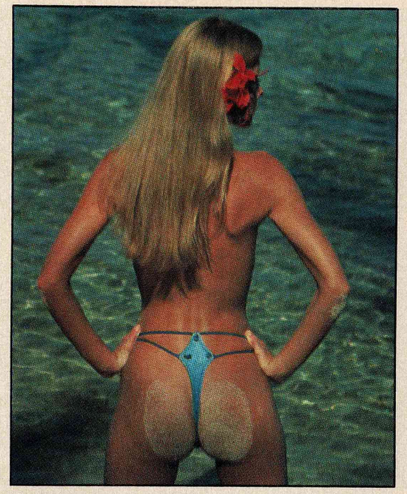
Deborah not only acted in the movie, with English actress Luan Peters, she wrote the words and music for *Pacific Banana's* theme song.

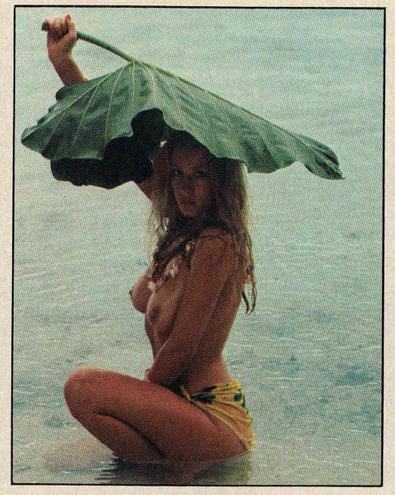






One of the best ways to see Tahiti these days is through the Club Med organisation which has holiday villages on the islands of Bora-Bora and Moorea, where many of these shots of Deborah were taken. It goes without saying that the business people in Tahiti didn't want to let the lady go: she was offered any job she wanted in the islands.

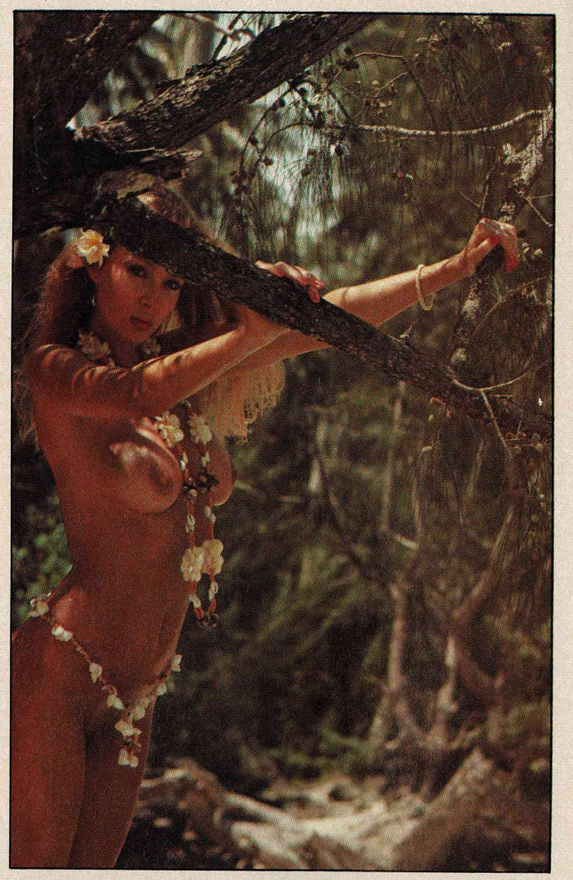


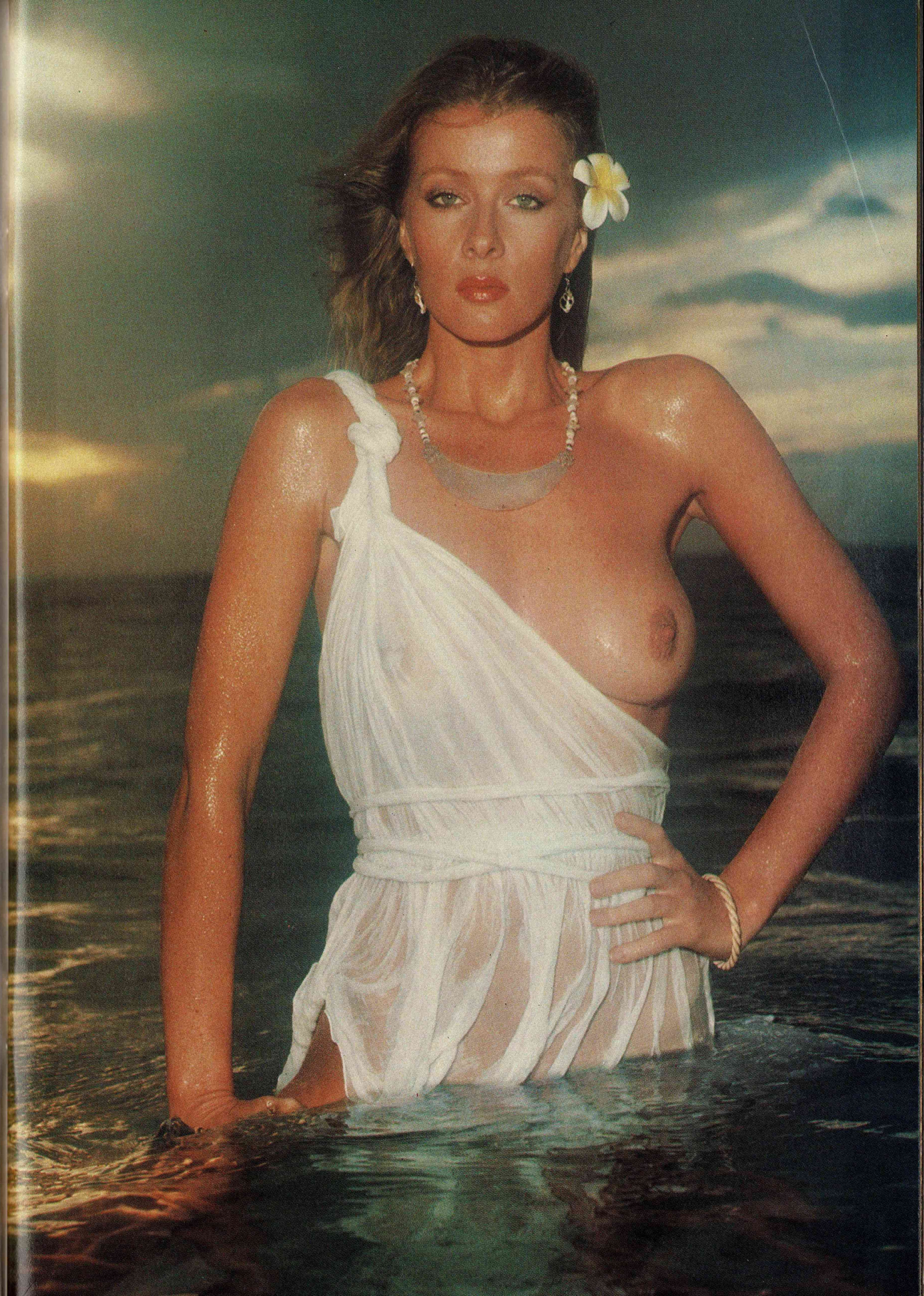


The Tahitian hospitality was overwhelming and only the need to take these lovely shots saved the PLAYBOY expedition from becoming totally blissed out in paradise.

Still, Deborah did manage to enjoy herself in some aquatic pleasures such as scuba-diving, water-skiing and snorkeling over beautiful coral reefs. She also became one of the main attractions of the late night disco. On one occasion she caused a near riot with her version of the island dance, the *tamare*.

Couple this lifestyle with the fact of having luscious tropical fruits, vegetables and fish within the reach of one's fingertips and the meaning of the word paradise becomes more than obvious.





# THE STARDUST COWBOY—

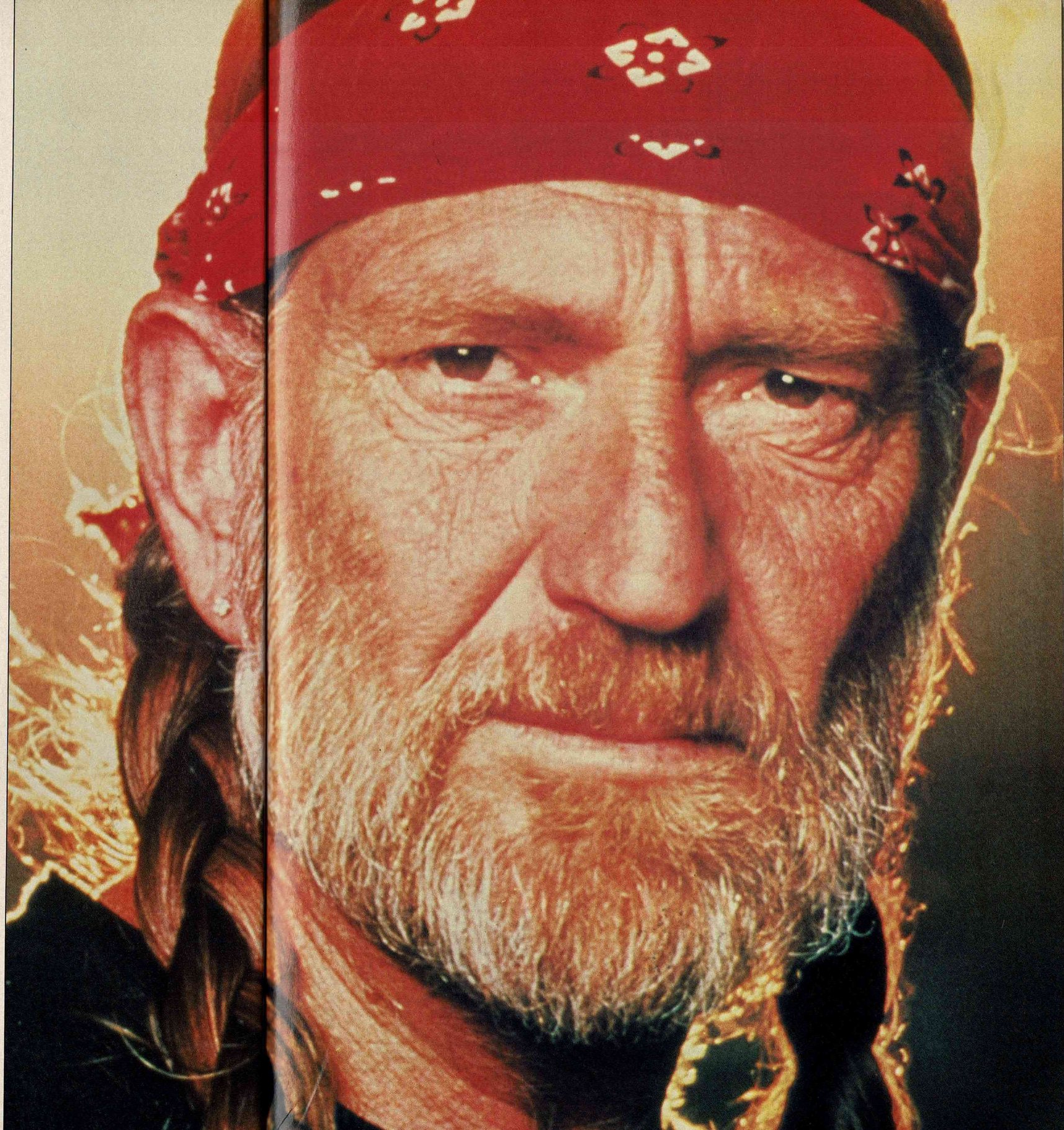
## SHOTGUN WILLIE

*when nelson made it big, he didn't simply make millions, he rewrote the country music rule book. profile by Denis Whitburn*

AT A time when the pendulum swings back toward the conservative ethos, Fate's fickle digit hovers above a radical, grassroots cowboy as potential archetypal music figurehead for the '80s. One Willie Nelson, a grandfather of 47, jogs (in imitation Adidas no less) into the decade emblazoned in platinum, a certified, public-endorsed superstar; a slight-figured, drug-and-booze-abused minstrel with greying sandy-colored hair drawn back in a ponytail, peppered beard and solo earring. Around his head, a pair of headphones tuned to some radio station (be it rock, country or middle-of-the-road), invariably playing one of his records as he goes about his daily regimen of five to eight kilometres wherever he happens to be: Austin, Los Angeles, New York, London . . . the White House . . . and, during the month of February this year, Australia, the latest country to fall under his "stardust" spell.

Once described as part Buddha, part Gabby Hayes (Roy Rogers' old-timer sidekick), he has spent the better part of his life on the run with no sign of the finish line in view until, with the winding down of the '70s, there it appeared. All the pieces of a life of semi-destructive mobility came together in a coherence that had eluded him for years. And there are no longer enough hours left in the day to do all that is on offer. Nevertheless, time is made for the religious jog — the after-effects of last night's bottle of tequila notwithstanding.

Texas' own (proclaimed by T-shirts which crow Matthew Mark Luke & Willie), the man *Time* tagged "a roughneck with a poet's soul", Willie



(as *everyone* calls him) is a wizened cherub with moist blue eyes shining out from a lined and leathery skin. One has a sneaking suspicion he's bemused at the irony of his position. Hell! — when you can pick up $1.5 million on a Las Vegas contract, mix with Bob Redford and Jane Fonda *and* the President of the United States, have a day and a line of jeans honoring your name, hear yourself touted as a possible state governor (Texas, of course), and be courted by audiences ranging from white-collar workers to the Hell's Angels without having to compromise your music one bit — a man has the right to be amused by it all, hasn't he?

Even more so when, in a few short years, he has turned around from being a music industry shut-out to a synthesiser of previously disparate strains of music — rock, country, jazz, blues. Some feat for a former used-car salesman, plumber's mate, vacuum cleaner *and* Bible salesman (separately), disc jockey, janitor and general all-round drifter of the first order. But now, here he is giving that other macho folk hero, Ernest Hemingway, a run for his reputation in *living* his art as his life, adding new strokes and textures with each passing day.

There can be no doubting that his life and his music are inseparable. One is indebted to the other. Ernest was into big game hunting when not at the typewriter; Willie aimed his barrage at man-made foibles within the music industry; one that successfully locked him out in the cold for longer than a man of his worth deserves — or so the story goes.

His life story abounds with exaggerations, distortions — the pockmarks of a life well-worn contributing to a "legend" in the making. There's the story of the fire in Nashville when he ran into the flames of his burning house to rescue a guitar case chock-a-block with top-grade Colombian marijuana so that (he swears) the firemen wouldn't find it and tip off the law. And the one about an attempted suicide outside a Nashville honky-tonk when, soaked to the eyeballs, he lay down on the road in anticipation of a passing car leaving its imprint on his body. Or, what about the night his first wife, Martha, took advantage of his drunken state, sewed him into a sheet and beat the living hell out of him with a broom handle! And . . . the time, also in Nashville, when, tired of complaining about country star Ray Price's fighting cocks molesting his laying hens, he blasted them into the Great Fowlpen In The Sky with a shotgun. Price vowed never to record another Willie Nelson song as long as he lived, then, last year, came together with Willie for one of the man's left-of-field albums, *San Antonio Rose.* Price was in good voice, particularly on the two Nelson compositions.

That's just it. *Everyone* wants to know Willie . . . wasted fighting cocks or not. But, as he told the *Chicago Tribune:* "Attention doesn't bother me. I've worked too long to get it."

He came out of a hard time, born in a small farming community, Abbott, Texas, during the Great Depression. He and his sister, Bobbie, spent their early life in the care of grandparents, their parents having split up within six months of Willie's birth on April 30, 1933. A blacksmith by trade, his grandfather took mail-order music lessons and handed on his guitar and his rudimentary skills to a boy already intrigued by his grandmother's knack for writing gospel songs and his sister's musical leanings.

Between the gospel songs moaned by cotton pickers he worked alongside in the fields (earning $1.50 a day doing a job he detested) and the *Grand Ole Opry* radio broadcasts, Willie underwent his rustic music education. Saturday afternoons brought him under the influence of a breed he has never lost a loving for, the singing cowboy . . . Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, and those not so hot with a tune as they were with a gun, Hopalong Cassidy, Buck Jones, Johnny Mack Brown. Yes, his heroes have always been cowboys.

*"He made the grade at 13 in a Bohemian polka band, saddling himself with a lifelong taste for liquor and hanging out with the boys."*

He made the professional grade at 13 in a Bohemian polka band, saddling himself with a lifelong taste for liquor and hanging out with the boys. At 16, he was out of school, into the Air Force, out of that, too, within eight months, and into a marriage to a full-blooded Cherokee Indian, a waitress, named Martha Matthews.

Their marriage could have been the prototype for *Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf:* a war zone where detente was made next to impossible because of his reluctance to accept the role of your average husband and father. One job followed another in quick succession as he lived mostly for nightlife, playing the honky-tonks where, more often than not, there was chicken wire between the band and his audience of bottle-throwing rednecks. Later, he said, he and the band were hired purely to drown out the noise of the big dice games. A night rarely passed without a fight breaking up their act (and the dice game), and in one joint alone two killings occurred. Sunday mornings as a Baptist school teacher should have eased the demons, but . . .

His wanderlust kept him on the move, as a disc jockey in Houston, San Antonio and Fort Worth . . . on up to Oregon where he released his first record, No Place To Go. Only there was, if he was ever going to satisfy his singing and songwriting urge. So he got behind the wheel of a '46 Buick, the down payment on which came from the $150 sale of his song, Night Life (a song that has since sold 30 million copies without a cent due him in royalties) and gunned the car in the direction of Nashville — away from three overdue payments. It was 1959. He had Martha and their three children in tow. The car gave up the ghost around the Tennessee state line. A man quick off the mark might have read the omen inherent in the demise of the Buick at that particular juncture, but as fellow outlaw Waylon Jennings commented in a song of recent times, "Willie's kinda slow".

Not as slow as Nashville, in many people's estimation, although it would be doing Music City, USA, an injustice to say it did entirely wrong by him. As a writer, Willie earned lucrative royalties from songs that were hits for other artists — Crazy (Patsy Kline), Hello Walls (Ray Price), Funny How Time Slips Away (big for Tom Jones) — and by 1962 he had his own top 10 country hit, Touch Me. He had to wait 13 years for another, Blue Eyes Cryin' In The Rain (his first number one), from his breakthrough *Red Headed Stranger* album.

In 1973 he was voted to the Hall of Fame by the Nashville Songwriters Association, marking the more than 800 songs he had written — songs recorded by people as varied as Elvis Presley, Edie Gorme, Ray Charles, Frank Sinatra, Roy Orbison, Doris Day and Perry Como. So the man was not completely ignored, though the stories of frustration and indifference by the Nashville power merchants might insist otherwise.

They tried, but in an era of music and social upheaval, Willie became something of a victim to the "well, that didn't work, so let's have a shot at this approach" line of thinking. Before arriving at his present label, Columbia (CBS in Australia), in the mid-'70s he left in his wake busted record contracts with United Artists,





# L O V E R S

Illustration by Pat Nagel

**"Okay slugger, now break clean — and no tickling in the clinches."**

Mercury, Plantation, Atlantic and RCA, where he formed the early huskings of what he has since become on the landmark album, *Phases & Stages*. In all, 18 bomb-out albums were recorded, unsold stock that was undeniable proof of Willie's failure in the marketplace.

Recording with Willie became a source of constant irritation to his producers, having to work with a voice that refused to conform to the Nashville formula. His phrasing has been compared to Sinatra's, the way he can edge himself against or behind the beat — when he is not rushing a lyric or changing tempo mid-song, holding phrases longer than a singer ought to without losing metre of the song altogether.

"No one was sure how to record me and what to do with me afterwards," he explained to New York's *Daily News*. "Nashville was taking their orders from New York so even if they tried to do something, it didn't matter without the New York okay. Only a few singers were getting the right kind of promotion out of Nashville. Marty Robbins was selling cross-over records (country hits that move on to the big sale top 40 charts) years ago, and there were a few other people who knew there was a bigger audience for country music. I knew it because I'd been living out there in Texas all those years."

What money he was making from his songwriting and touring as Ray Price's bass player was being spent on a lavish lifestyle befitting one who was already a star. "I was flying to all the jobs, renting penthouses and suites, buying everybody dinner," he told the *Daily News*, "while Ray was riding the bus with the rest of the guys. It didn't take me long to go through the first royalty cheques."

Poaching Price's band, he kept himself in reasonable shape on the road with his own act, testing the prejudices of his Southern audiences by shoving negro country singer Charley Pride at them as his opening act. It seemed he had to push any already-tentative situation to the limit. Somehow, he managed to survive those sensitive civil rights years and, with second wife Shirley Collie, living back in Nashville, continued to work at the "state of his art": touring, smashing motor cars (four in one year), boozing, popping pills, smoking dope, trying cocaine (and then swearing off it for life) and being a good-timing, two-timing tearaway. He had all the markings of a man on self-destruct.

It wasn't only Willie Nashville was having problems with. Fellow long-hairs and smokers Waylon Jennings, Kris Kristofferson, Jerry Jeff Walker ("whose lifestyle," *Time* quipped, "could qualify for federal disaster relief") were also champing at the bit, wanting to move all those toupeed rhinestone cowboys out of the spotlight and get Nashville attuned to music with a "relevancy". Broken hearts, busted marriages, booze and Baptist Sundays had served Nashville well, establishing it as the home, the shrine, of country music — but now its philosophies, its facile conservatism did not gel with the social tensions of a fast-changing world.

Conspiring to do something about the situation, these immediately-proclaimed "outlaws", with Willie and Waylon more or less nominated gang leaders, withdrew, regrouped ranks and set about mobilising an invasion on the sensibilities of contemporary country music.

Connie Koepke, a factory worker spied by Willie during a club gig, had replaced Shirley as wife number three, and with his ashed house standing as a metaphor of his Nashville years, he returned with her to Texas.

*"Willie threw a show at the Austin Hilton Inn, expecting 500 pals for a few beers. Two thousand turned up and the host made himself scarce."*

On July 4, 1972, after a couple of years honing his music style on the country fair and honky-tonk dance hall circuits around the state, Willie invited along a few of his fellow reprobates and threw an Independence Day country music picnic at Dripping Springs, Texas. To the people of America, the significance of the day gave the event, in retrospect, an importance not lost on those seeking historical landmarks in music.

The picnic, rough around the edges, deteriorated the closer one dared venture to the stage. After all, these were songwriters, singers and well-known heads, not businessmen, and any organisational skills were dependent on promoters and entrepreneurs, friends of friends: good ole boys who gave the word outlaw *true* meaning. In all, thousands of rednecks and hippies turned out and, fuelled on Lone Star beer and grass, witnessed a rag-tail open-air concert that somehow stumbled along into a semblance of musical coherence.

By 1976, what had become an annual event had improved little as witnessed by PLAYBOY contributor Larry L. King who attended the picnic on the pledge of a friend that it would be "an unfettered celebration of your basic freedoms. Free beer. Dope. Bonfires. Fist-fights." What King found was an erratic affair akin to Hunter S. Thompson's gonzo paranoias. Official promoter was, says King, "a bearded wiry little fellow" by the name of Gino McCoslin who carried a handgun in his belt that King described as being "no worse than a first cousin to your average cannon."

There was Gino "tossing off double vodkas like Prohibition might be coming back on the next train". The handgun, it was explained, was a mere precaution against any light fingers that might tamper with the gate receipts "and occasionally to negotiate with the unreasonable". A fat lot of good it proved to be when one of the official guards "grabbed Gino's head, trapped it in a wire fence and began to beat on it". It was that type of gig.

Willie threw a little show at the Austin Hilton Inn the previous night, expecting 500 pals for a few beers and a toke or two and the odd song. Two thousand turned up and the host made himself scarce. The day of the picnic he kept a similar "low" profile, confining himself mostly to his private trailer with Kristofferson, Jerry Jeff and company — although one witness swore to seeing him outside the trailer sniffing "what appeared to be baking soda", which prompted one who professed to be close to him to reveal: "Willie is always grinning. When you talk to him, he looks at you and grins and grins and nods and appears to be the world's best listener until you realise he is not listening to you at all."

The host and star of the day made erratic (and to critics, unsatisfactory) appearances on stage, and, according to PLAYBOY's King, "Gino McCoslin managed to make it sound as if the Willie Nelson concert had been an artistic triumph and a financial disaster. How was that possible, with huge multitudes paying what theoretically had to approach half a million dollars? Gino seemed to say that, while maybe 100,000 people had heard the wonderful music, pitifully few had paid for the privilege. He spoke of gate-crashers, counterfeit tickets, 8000 to 12,000 tickets allegedly stolen, receipts pocketed by security men, and expenses."

"Ole Willie's generous," he said. "Willie spent so much making sure his friends and fans would be comfortable that he probably lost his ass."

King wrote that, while Gino was painting Willie "as a goodhearted raggedy-ass who might have to sell his horses or find his wife a part-time job, . . . two pistol-packing cowboys came in. They grunted under the burden of several sacks, which they dumped on to a table. One said, 'Here's $40,000 from advance ticket sales from San Antonio'." King reported that "Gino had the grace to wince". He also recalled a comment Willie had made following his second picnic, another alleged break-even bash. Asked if he would hold another, Willie replied: "Hell, I guess so. I'd hate to throw 4000 thieves out of work."

Come July 4, 1979, past sins and mistakes had been replaced by a streamlined, efficient operation reflecting Willie's new status, culled mostly from the runaway success of his *Stardust* album, a platinum selling showcase of non-country standards that has since notched up sales of 250,000-plus in Australia after much hemming and hawing by radio programmers who were slow off the mark to recognise a hot, indefinable artist coming through.

Purchasing the Pedernales Country Club as a permanent site, the picnic was mounted under Nelson's control with every effort made to assure a standard of professionalism that was in keeping with the new respectability overshadowing past endeavors. Opening the show with a 65-minute set and closing with another two-hour performance, he impressed to the point where one trade pundit was moved to remark: "The 1979 July 4 Picnic will go down as the year Willie finally got it right."

A fitting overview for the year: when he got the whole box and dice *right*. *Stardust* served as an overture to a spate of albums, *Willie and Family Live* (a double set), *One For The Road* (another double set, this time with Leon Russell), *Willie Nelson Sings Kristofferson, Pretty Paper* (a Christmas album reaching right back to Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer). He followed his film debut alongside Redford and Fonda in *The Electric Horseman* (giving him a hit single My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys) with the starring role in the film (the story of which closely mirrors his own life) *Honeysuckle Rose*, during which he warded off rumors of a personal involvement with co-star Amy Irving, a sign that the rascal within Willie cannot be completely submerged.

If any further evidence was needed of the barrier-breaking inroads he was making, it came the night following the '79 picnic when he opened at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas, on a stage usually dominated by Frank Sinatra and Tony Bennett. A fitting tradition is being carried on through his music. Frank and Tony can rest easy though. Fortifying himself with generous swigs of tequila with beer chasers, and playing against the backdrop of a huge Texas flag, he gave the Las Vegas high-rollers the taste of a *real* winner.

"I believe in positive thinking," he said in a radio interview earlier last year. "That you gotta believe in yourself. Believe that you can do it. Keep believing it, keep thinking it and you'll do it. Once I found out how bad it was to think negative about anything, once I found out that one truth . . . well, then everything else kinda turned around for me. Wasn't how good it is to think positive as how bad it was thinking negative that I think snapped me around."

Tequila and beer is about as hard as he'll push it these days. After a jog, he will reach for orange juice or Texan pink grapefruit juice. Cocaine and anything harder is now *out*. For his "family" also. The rule — "If you're wired, you're fired" — applies to musicians, road crew and friends touring with him, usually 200-250 days of the year. There's "The Devil" (friend of 25 years, gun-toting drummer Paul English), "Poodie" (road manager), "Snake" (a keeper of tabs on Willie's whereabouts), "Beast" (chef), sister Bobbie (his pianist) and a whole bunch of southern Damon Runyon types: gypsies of the road purveying a simplistic, back-to-basics sentimentality; a balm for the uncertainty of our times when minds tend to wander to that other cowboy sitting in the White House, six guns at the ready . . .

*"After every tour," he confessed to* Billboard, *"I swear it'll be my last. But after I'm home for a couple of days, I'm ready to go back on the road."*

"After every tour," he confessed to *Billboard's* Gerry Wood, "I swear it'll be my last. But after I'm home for a couple of days, I'm ready to go back on the road." And since *Red Headed Stranger*, that road lengthens year upon year, with all of Willie's Army demanding a glimpse of their latter-day stardust cowboy.

*Stranger* was the first rule-breaker to make contact, a concept album that grew out of bedtime stories for his children. *Rolling Stone* senior editor Chet Flippo sensed the importance of the *Stranger* album when he wrote in *Texas Monthly:* "Willie Nelson . . . has recently recorded an album so remarkable that it calls for a redefinition of the term 'country music'." Another reviewer compared the work to that of Weill and Brecht, creators of *The Threepenny Opera*. Promoted into such *heavy* company, the honors soon followed.

*Billboard* magazine chose his next album, *The Sound In Your Mind*, as Country Album of the Year in 1976 and during the past five years he has notched up three prestigious Grammy Awards and four Country Music Association Awards (including Entertainer of the Year, 1979).

Success at those lofty heights is measured in very big dollars, and the newly-moneyed Willie is handling it very wisely.

With Austin a hotbed of enthusiastic fans, he moved Connie and daughters Amy Lee and Paula Carlene to Colorado where he owns 24 hectares complete with three-storey chalet and a separate 26-hectare ranch. Apart from the country club, his Austin holdings comprise the 1700-seat Opry House, the Backstage restaurant, an apartment block (80 units) and his old seven-hectare residence. He owns his music publishers (no more selling a copyright for $150!), and a record company, and has control over his concert appearances. When a man has spent as long as he has "getting it right", there's no reason on God's earth why a man shouldn't enjoy the proceeds. And his karma can cope with it very well, thank you.

"I've seen lots of people — including friends — who work all their life for something and then blow it," he told Robert Hilburn, *LA Times*. "It's often insecurities that do them in. Once they make it they're afraid of losing it. All of a sudden they've got a whole new set of problems and they're not equipped to handle them.

"One thing that has helped me is that I've had so many ups and downs in the past 30 years that I've learned to live with both. I can't get too excited over either. The successes are great, but they aren't going to last forever. And I've come back from a lot of failures."

For shotgun Willie, the stardust cowboy, there'll be no more "blue eyes cryin' in the rain" as he jogs steadily from city to city, country to country, instilling a sense of calm and goodwill through his music — until he turns to other challenges.

Now . . . what was that they were predicting about . . . governor? Hell, imagine what a man like Willie could do in the White House!

# CHILDREN OF THE GOD DRAGON

## after 1500 years, still wielding the blade of Quan

*Article by Geoff Pike*

THE WEAPON is called Quan Do. Quan — the name of its designer, Do — the Chinese name for knife. Its purpose was to scythe the heads off peasants from the back of a horse.

Quan, a prominent general in the Imperial Army of the late T'ang Dynasty (AD618-906), fashioned the weapon to deal with possible uprisings among the rural population. The T'ang rule was an oppressive one, its government depending on a feudal system that gave unlimited power to its chosen warlords. They were selected for their merciless devotion to duty and were richly rewarded for keeping the people under control.

Quan was one of the Emperor's favorites, a man of vision who had

Photograph by Pierre Vinet

learned much from the vassals he so effectively controlled. He realised that when they rebelled they fought well with whatever weapons were to hand: the scythe, sickle, billhook, pitchfork and flail; even the simple staff cut from the hedgerow. He set about modifying these traditional implements into military weapons to be turned against their owners with vastly more telling effect.

The scythe and billhook became the curved, finely tempered and perfectly balanced blades that were swung with such devastating results, whenever signs of revolt showed themselves. The humble pitchfork was the template for the fearsome trident, and from the rice flail evolved one of the most terrible instruments of all, the hinged staff (known today as the nanchuka) which when swung from the saddle could dispatch heads with a lightning speed and crushing impact greater than any medieval mace.

But Quan's greatest triumph was the dreaded blade to which he gave his name. A cunning combination, it possessed something of the shape of the chopper, the curvature of the scythe, the sweep of the sickle, and the weight and balance of the axe. Mounted upon a blackwood shaft stouter than any peasant staff, the Quan Do was held under the arm like a lance. Crimson bobbles, the color of dark blood and designed to distract and intimidate, danced at its slightest movement, as frightening as the wild eyes of a dragon bearing down on its unarmed victim.

But the T'ang Dynasty was a time of change. Among the ragged and frightened ranks of the farmers, the tinkers, the pedlars and tradesmen, there began to appear silent warriors of incredible skill and strength. They were often men of gentle appearance, agile as birds, faster than the most trained eye, always powerful and courageous as tigers. They appeared from nowhere to wrench the Quan Do from the grasp of the warlord and soldier, re-fashioning the captured blades to include a deflecting device that would arrest the downward strokes of sword and sabre, and unseat an attacker. They fashioned a lance head on the end of the shaft to pierce the fallen rider, and trained endlessly to perfect its use against the mounted charge. But more about them in a moment.

What is the Quan Do doing here in Sydney in 1980? It is taken from its rack before dawn each day and again each evening, to be turned once more against the sword, the staff and nanchuca. On the vast plank floor of a training area not a minute's walk from Central Railway Station are painted the symbols of Earth, Water, Metal, Wood and Fire, the eternal cycle of the five elements. Around them, barefoot and wearing the austere black garb of the Chinese peasant, 50 Australians train with machine-like rhythm and intensity in the traditional arts of the authentic "T'ang Shou Tao" or "Unarmed defence techniques of the T'ang Dynasty". Here, they are taught to control their breath beyond the normal human range. They learn to dominate and harden their limbs to standards of physical excellence far in excess of any conventional physical culture; even to regulate the vital functions of inner organs. Reflexes are honed to bullet speed and the will forged into a thing of steel. Above all, the mind is reined in to a stillness rarely found in the routine of city life.

"I went for a hole in one."

Arriving each day on foot, by bus or train, or parking their cars and motor cycles in the lane beside the gym, the members of the T'ang Shao Tao God Dragon Society of Australia train here. They are a direct link in the long chain of teachers and students of the Chinese martial arts that stretches back over five millenia. There is a quiet suburban chemist around 40, a journalist in his 50s, a laborer, a scientist, and a company director, a psychologist, a doctor, a bricklayer, an artist, a poet, and an advertising man. Among the 25 women members are a housewife, a photographer and a model. The youngest are six, 10 and 11 years old. In all, approximately 50 of the 200-odd members train regularly. Regular training means extreme discipline, daily periods of intense physical exercise and deep meditation.

Instructors, or high grades (red belt), are set a strenuous but carefully balanced pace under the watchful eye of Master Dean Rainer, who arrived from his long studies in the East to found the God Dragon Society in Australia in 1970.

The God Dragon is the closest thing to Supreme Being in the ancient Chinese pantheon. The poor and the defenceless looked to it for deliverance. What makes its followers here endure discipline far greater than that practised by the most dedicated athletes, and accept regimes stricter than those imposed by the harshest military or institutional training? To understand their motivations, the origins of Kung Fu, the father and mother of all martial arts, must be considered at this point:

Somewhere around 400BC, when the civilisation of China was already old, a blue-eyed Indian mystic crossed the Himalayas into China. He brought with him a great calmness, a great strength of mind and the teachings of a new God; a God, he claimed, who was greater, wiser and more compassionate than even the mythical spirits of the Tao or the wisdom of Confucius; a supreme being who sought only quietude and harmony, and whose love of all creation was as infinite as his enlightenment.

The mystic claimed to be a monk and to have travelled on foot from the plains of southern India clad only in a thin robe. Even the sages of the Imperial Court marvelled over the bitter summits he must have crossed to make such a journey. His name, he said, was Bodhidharma and he had been sent by the Great One, the transcender of Hindu Brahmanism, teacher of the ways of peace and harmony through internal strength and oneness with creation. He was summoned by China's Emperor and looked upon with little more than amusement. The mountains were then full of spiritual men, who were the disciples of the Tao, who followed the teachings of Lao-Tze or the beliefs of Confucianism. What harm could another unarmed prophet do against the established creeds and customs of the Middle Kingdom? They decided to call him Tamo or "Eyes of Eternal Summer" and let him speak and wander as he pleased.

Tamo made his way up to Mount Shung and the famous temple of Shaolin. There he meditated, while facing its walls, for nine years before entering to begin spreading the teachings of his master, Siddharthan Gautama Buddha. He called this new religion Buddhism. Bodhidharma is said to have been the greatest of all Indian yogis. His powers of breath control were a mystical and spiritual science coming close to the occult. Through his breathing techniques and methods of meditation, disciples could aspire to immortality, and to mental and physical powers superior to any ever before envisaged. His system of internal or tissue breathing brought about in those with the patience and discipline to devote to it a phenomenal inner power, a natural force. This intrinsic energy, Tamo claimed, was inherent in every human being. His own "health nourishing course" of breathing exercises developed this wellspring of physical and mental dynamism until it could be triggered and controlled at will. It could be directed into any area of the body to protect it from ill health and injury or released to generate an instant defence mechanism capable of lethal application. He called it prana. The monks of Shaolin called it Ch'i.

The novices of Tamo were chosen with extreme caution from the most devoted of the Shaolin priesthood and sworn by solemn oath to lifelong secrecy. On his death, they upheld his credo and handed down his teachings through several centuries without modification and in seclusion.

With the passing of time, the novices of Tamo themselves became masters, passing on their secrets to the chosen few who in turn devoted their lives and beings to the rigorous and spiritually demanding cause of self-enlightenment. Travelling the length and breadth of China, they spread the word of Bodhidharma and the eight pure paths of Buddhism. Most of them enjoyed life spans into their '80s and beyond.

By 1368, the Buddhist religion that had rivalled the ways of the Tao and the philosophies of Confucius for so long had taken such a hold on the Chinese mind that an ex-Buddhist monk named Chu Yuan Chang was able to use his strange powers to rise to greater and greater heights. The people revered him for what they saw as a supernatural strength of body and will. He dispatched those who opposed him in such a convincing manner that even the soldiers began to consider him heaven-sent and to be quite indestructible.

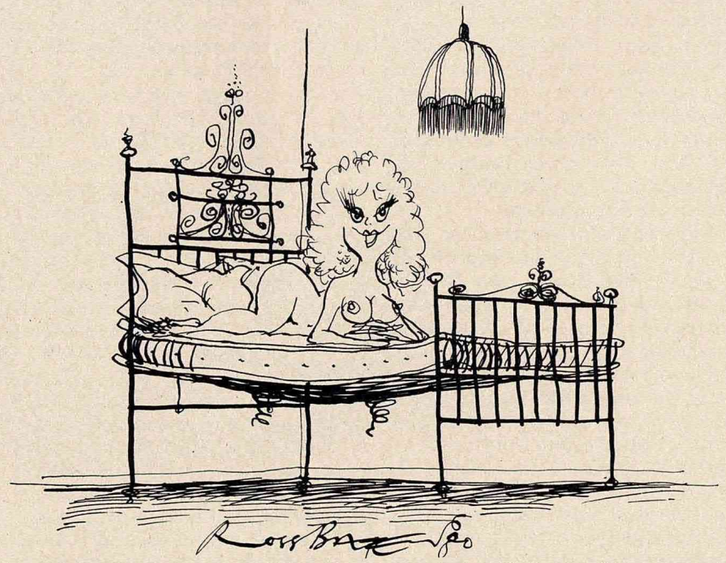
Chu Yuan Chang formed the Ming Dynasty, recruiting more and more monks into the ranks of his personal guard and turning them to the task of teaching the cream of the soldiery techniques of self defence that had by now become known as Temple Boxing. Devotees were later to become known as "The Boxers". The new Emperor used his might to drive the Mongols out of China and to settle a more benevolent system of government over the land.

By the 15th century, western imperialism was fast gaining ground outside China, extending to Korea and Burma. Emperor Chu had rebuilt and extended the Great Wall to 2500 kilometres of granite across North China and the southern edge of the Mongolian Plain from the Province of Kansu to Ching-Wangtao in Hopeh province. It had managed to protect the Middle Kingdom from further Mongol attack but it could not contend with the more subtle infiltration of the Barbarians. Despite strong opposition, European settlements were set up in Macau and Canton, and Christian missionaries penetrated into the hinterland and western ideas were brought to the Ming Court by men such as Matteo Ricci. Scholarship, literature and art flourished from the contact and the era became renowned for its exquisite porcelain. But greed also flourished. Oppressive taxation and factionalism in government paved the way for the Manchu conquest of China.

With the great unrest that spread through the warring regimes of Ming and Ching even the sanctuary of Shaolin was in danger. Constantly the innocent victims of bandit and warlord alike, the brotherhood set about perfecting their powers of combat. They studied the birds, animals and insects of their isolated domain. All were predators or prey, victors or vanquished. It was the law of survival. The lion and tiger ruled through strength and daring, the monkey escaped by agility, the snake applied the lightning strike, while the crane faced and bested any attack through the unexpected strength of its graceful resistance. Even the praying mantis was seen to out-think and overcome by standing its ground and out-manoeuvring its assailants with clever retreat and deadly grasp.

Gradually the monks arrived at the famous forms they called Tiger Claw, Eagle Beak, White Crane, Monkey Boxing, and Mantis. It was the Monks of Shaolin and those that they chose to teach who appeared from nowhere to confound the cream of the Imperial cavalry. Huge prices were put upon their heads until one unarmed Shaolin priest was considered to be worth 10 fully-trained soldiers and the chargers they rode.

With the secrets of Shaolin no longer confined within the Temple walls their purity and reverence were no longer under strict control. Temple



"Bed is the Staff of Life."

Boxing in all its renegade forms had become part of Chinese life. When the Ming were overthrown in 1644, the Manchus formed the Ch'ing Dynasty and extended Chinese Imperialism beyond Amur in the north, and south through Indo-China. On its way, the Manchu army, many of its soldiers well schooled in the martial arts, routed and burned the Shaolin Temple, killing most of its priesthood and with them the authentic forms of what by now had become known as Pai Shou (Plain Hands). One of the forms that had survived the period intact was the essentially Taoist "Tang Shou Tao", the unarmed defence techniques of T'ang Dynasty China. The secrets of the God Dragon survived even further. When the Ch'ing government, which totally opposed sea-born foreign trade, was forced by the Opium Wars to reluctantly open its ports and give extra territorial rights to western powers, Masters of the God Dragon Society went underground. They continued to teach the time-honored methods of self defence throughout the Sino-Japanese war until 1898 when Emperor Kuang-hsu's Open Door Policy was opposed by the Dowager Empress and ignited the famed Boxer Rebellion.

Since then, the three main forms of the T'ang Shou Tao God Dragon Society have been handed down from teacher to student, even through the forming of the Republic of China, following the 1911 revolution that ended China's dynastic era. The new Republic (1912 to 1949) condemned the old master-student relationship and when Mao Tse Tung's communist forces took over in 1949 many renowned teachers and their disciples fled the mainland and found homes in Taiwan, Hong Kong, through South East Asia and even as far afield as the western world. It was only then that famed exponents of the God Dragon Society found themselves confronted with the undreamed prospect of teaching a new kind of student . . . the "Gwailo" or Foreign Devil.

Why would a westerner adopt such an exotic discipline? The experiences of David and Frank, two Sydney recruits, are typical. David has been a keen student since 1975. He came to the society as a 19-year-old dropout unable to hold down a job; in his own words, "a long-haired layabout with nowhere to go and nothing to aim for". He had been fired from his job as a railway signalman for sleeping on the job. "I was a menace to myself and everyone else." But the real reason David came to the God Dragon Society was because he had been set upon and beaten up by a gang of youths. "It was late at night, and I was waiting for a train. They just came up for the hell of it, knocked me down and started kicking me. It was the humiliation more than the pain. I swore it would never happen again."

Since then David has spent two years in Japan where he taught himself to speak, read and write the language, while studying the ancient Chinese form of Hsing-I (shing-ee) in Tokyo, and he travelled widely to train in various schools. From there he went to Korea, where he worked for Encyclopaedia Britannica's Language Training Research Institute while studying in the hard schools of Pa Kua (barkwah). He added Korean to his languages before presenting himself to the God Dragon Society headquarters in Taiwan. There he settled down to research the martial arts in total, looking into all the schools of the authentic Grand Masters who had long ago fled the mainland. He reported all his findings to his Sydney society and kept in constant touch throughout his five-year pilgrimage. Now back home, a quietly spoken landscape gardener, he joins the other high grades to pass on what he has learned to the students. Above all he has proved himself to himself, and even more important, to his master in the society.

*"Many begin martial arts courses with self defence in mind, but it doesn't take long to learn that there are even greater goals."*

Frank is an advertising man with a flair for poetry. He began with three years in the hard schools of Karate, and since becoming a red belt high grade has successfully competed in the Kung Fu competitions in Taiwan. His reason for joining the society six years ago? "With me it was a matter of confidence. It seemed to me that everyone was going somewhere except me. I was pushed around and just didn't know what to do about it. I knew just how those T'ang Dynasty peasants felt. Many people begin martial arts courses with self defence in mind but it doesn't take long to learn that there are even greater goals, far more important things than self-protection or notions of revenge."

"T'ang Shou Tao" training is tough by any standards but the rewards can be great: glowing health, complete personal confidence, the humility that goes with it and a clear understanding of oneself. But it takes dedication and strength of character. Self-discipline is one of the rarer human attributes in our day and age but it is no good considering the martial arts without it. Those that come to the society must train hard in the fundamentals for two years before they are accepted and trusted to begin learning the mystical aspects. As the student progresses he must learn to eat with the seasons (certain foods at certain times of the year for maximum nutrient). He must learn to fast for 40 days each year — 10 days for each season — and discover the medicinal qualities of certain foods and herbs. He will come to know his body as completely as a physician, learning to manipulate and to rejuvenate the internal organs through deep "tissue" breathing exercises, controlling and distributing the Ch'i (intrinsic energy) at will. There will be an hour of total meditation between 3am and 5am each day, and also before retiring, and he will train hard for two to three hours each day.

It is easy to see why the God Dragon Society of Australia has a large turnover of serious students. Only the chosen few can take the disciplines that lead to blue, green and red belt status. But those who do are self-chosen. That seems to be what it is all about. There are many Kung Fu clubs, schools and classes around Australia. In Sydney alone there is the White Crane Society, Tung Kune Do Society, Kick Kung Fu Society, Double Dragon, Tai Chi Tuan, Wing Chun, the Tung Soo Society and others. Thirty legitimate schools are registered with the four-year-old NSW Kung Fu (Chinese Martial Arts) Association and there are perhaps 60 unregistered. In addition to these, there are also the Japanese schools of Judo, Jiu Jitsu, Aikido and Kendo, plus the Korean arts of Tae Kwon Do — hundreds of clubs in all, with thousands of members.

Martial arts in Australia is a phenomenon that has only appeared and grown over the past decade, most in the past four or five years. Along with the gradual understanding and acceptance of other Asian techniques of physical and mental betterment such as acupuncture, moxibustion, Oriental massage, meditation, internal breathing, herbalism, chiropractic, osteopathy and naturopathic practice, the rigid self-discipline and self-evaluated goals of the ancient and classical forms of martial art are available to everyone.

**"Hi. Did you send for the mail-order condoms?"**

# THE BLOOD

*times had changed — the holocaust which brought so much death now sought out and succoured life*

*fiction by Rob Mowbray*

POISONED AIR filled the valley. Luminescent with radioactivity, it glowed softly in the dark crevasses beneath the ruined castle. Heavy with nerve gas, moist with defoliant, it seeped and flowed through the soil and its fissures.

The dank air of the unsealed dungeon stirred as the first pale green finger of gas floated down, paused, and eddied over the lidless coffin lying on an outcrop of rough-hewn rock, as if sensing more life to destroy.

Dimly he felt it. So lost, so far away, so buried in blackness, he did not know that he perceived at all; yet it seemed that a fresh breeze had entered his universe of night and death and stillness.

Slowly the pale gases pooled upon the floor, lighting it with spectral ripples. Then, gradually, the vapors deepened, creeping with the patience of eternity up the face of the rock, eating at the vestigial slime of the centuries, rising to the coffin and the undead corpse. The ancient timber frame of the leaden casket absorbed the defoliant and crumbled. The quilted lining and the shroud had long since fallen into a gentle dust. Only the flesh remained unchanged. And the great aspen stake that pierced the chest and stilled the mighty heart.

When the coffin side crashed to the rock floor, waves of ghoul-green air poured in over the corpse as if to feast upon it.

Help is coming. The thought had its own volition, for the mind and brain were paralysed in the death grip of the stake.

Still hardly more than totally unaware, it seemed that the blackness had become an even richer dark.

The radiation penetrated the flesh, attacking strange organs with the atom's fire. The body absorbed, as if

Illustration by Frants Kantor

hungering for more. The nerve gas invaded through the nostrils and the coagulated chest wound. Tissue that once would have rejoiced at its taste lay inert, for the sundered heart withheld the life.

The meld of chemicals that could take the oak, the redwood, the pine or the yew and, within hours, convert them into decayed statues awaiting the slightest wind to send them falling in sawdust and ruin to the forest floor, embraced the aspen stake.

The prayers and curses had long since died and the stake that had kept the lonely vigil was only what it was: bitter, blood soaked, ancient wood. It crumbled and fell as the unnatural gases forced its molecules into new impermanent combinations. The stake dissolved and vanished in the green-shod night.

The torn heart trembled.

Something flowed that was not blood. The flesh of the heart quivered once more and the torn sides reached to each other, sealing their ragged edges, healing the ancient wound.

The gaping chest closed in a spasm and a long, moaning scream came from the dried lips as consciousness grew and pain grew and memories of pain returned. The scream became a thunderous gasp, a call on life that shook the tiny cell. The air, made to destroy life, was called on to succour it.

He remembered how he had died: hiding from the forbidden Sun, sleeping in his coffin bed, waiting for Earth to turn her face to the night; the sudden awakening to the smell of garlic, the chant of priests and then the dreadful, pointed pressure on his chest; then the smashing blow of the mallet that drove the stake through his chest, through his heart, through his soul.

He screamed again, the scream that had died on his lips as the stake drove home and the humans ran in fear and relief.

The pain of healing was worse than the pain of dying for it offered no relief, no oblivion. His body shook and twisted, limbs flailing, fangs extending and retracting.

But the poisoned air acted as a nourishing broth. The radiation energised his cells, the gas that would instantly have paralysed a man, vitalised his nervous system.

The pain subsided, the spasms stopped. The secret organs of his body were reactivated and he surged with new power.

He sat up and looked about him.

The pale light gave easy visibility to his night-sharp eyes. He saw where the walls had split, how the ceiling hung precariously on the further side. The rock door, that he had always thought was a safe secret, had been thrown from its hinges by some gargantuan force. But the stairway beyond it was now jammed with rock and rubble.

He uttered a high-pitched call and directed it around the cell, listening intently to its echoes. As he varied the pitch, he received back the information he sought. The crack in the wall under the fault in the ceiling led into a natural rock fissure. At the end of this there was only soil to dig through and he would come out on the side of the hill, below the castle that had once been his home.

He swung his feet to the floor and stood up, but his legs failed and he collapsed across the rock that had held his bed for so long.

He realised how hungry he was.

Although the air had the power to revive and heal him and had set him free from the terrible stake, yet it could not nourish him. Only one thing could assuage his hunger and return him to his natural state of power. He had to have the blood, human blood, his rightful food, his only complete and true sustenance.

*"He would kiss her lips, kiss her throat and, to tease himself, move his lips to her breasts or stomach. But he always returned to the throat."*

He recalled blood feasts he had shared with the few others of his kind who had still lived on the planet. Wild orgies of ripped throats and torn bodies. He remembered discussions, comparisons of blood types, whether fear added flavor. Was the blood of a woman better than that of a man, or a child's tastier than that of an adult.

His lips and fangs worked in memory, his mouth slathered, dripped with saliva.

He remembered gentler killings. Times when he had pretended that seduction was his aim. A young, soft woman, naked in his arms. He would kiss her lips, kiss her throat and, to tease himself and extend the pleasure, as his hunter's mouth prepared to strike, move his lips to her breasts or on to her stomach.

In those days he could afford to play such games with his victims.

But he always returned to the throat. And as they whimpered in fulfilment, he would sink his fangs into the great artery and drink their life away, sending them to a death of fear and ecstasy.

He laughed at his aroused feelings of sexuality. He had no time for such games now. He needed food.

Sliding to the floor, on his hands and knees, he drank in the heavier vapors, drawing them into his lungs and stomach. When he stood erect again he was stronger, his legs held firm. But his hunger grew.

The wall moved slightly as he pushed through the crack and the ceiling fell behind him, grazing his shoulder. He took little notice of the brief, sharp pain and the wound immediately began to heal.

He squeezed and struggled through the split and splintered rock, tearing his flesh as the way grew too narrow. But, although it was too narrow, he passed through, for it was the only way and he could not return.

When he reached the outer skin of soil, he knew that soon he would be free. With no thought of rest, he attacked the hard-packed clay.

Suddenly the soil before him collapsed. The glaring light of day smote his eyes like a whip and, instinctively, he crouched to hide from the Sun. But there was no place to hide, no roof to give him shelter from the dreadful rays and he could not struggle back into the soil again. He stood up to face his enemy and accept the inevitable conquest.

But the sky had changed. Instead of giving him death, it gave him life, for the weapons of humanity had ruptured the Earth's magnetic defence system and the entire planet bathed in hard radiation.

He raised his arms to the skies and laughed in elation. At last he could conquer the world. No longer would he be forced to run from the Sun, hide from the light. Now he would hunt his prey in broad daylight, swoop on them as they ran, kill them as they fled.

The hunter would have his chase.

He stood wide-legged and stretched his arms up and outward. Black energy flowed from his hands and arms. It billowed behind him but his will directed it to the sides of his body, his legs and feet.

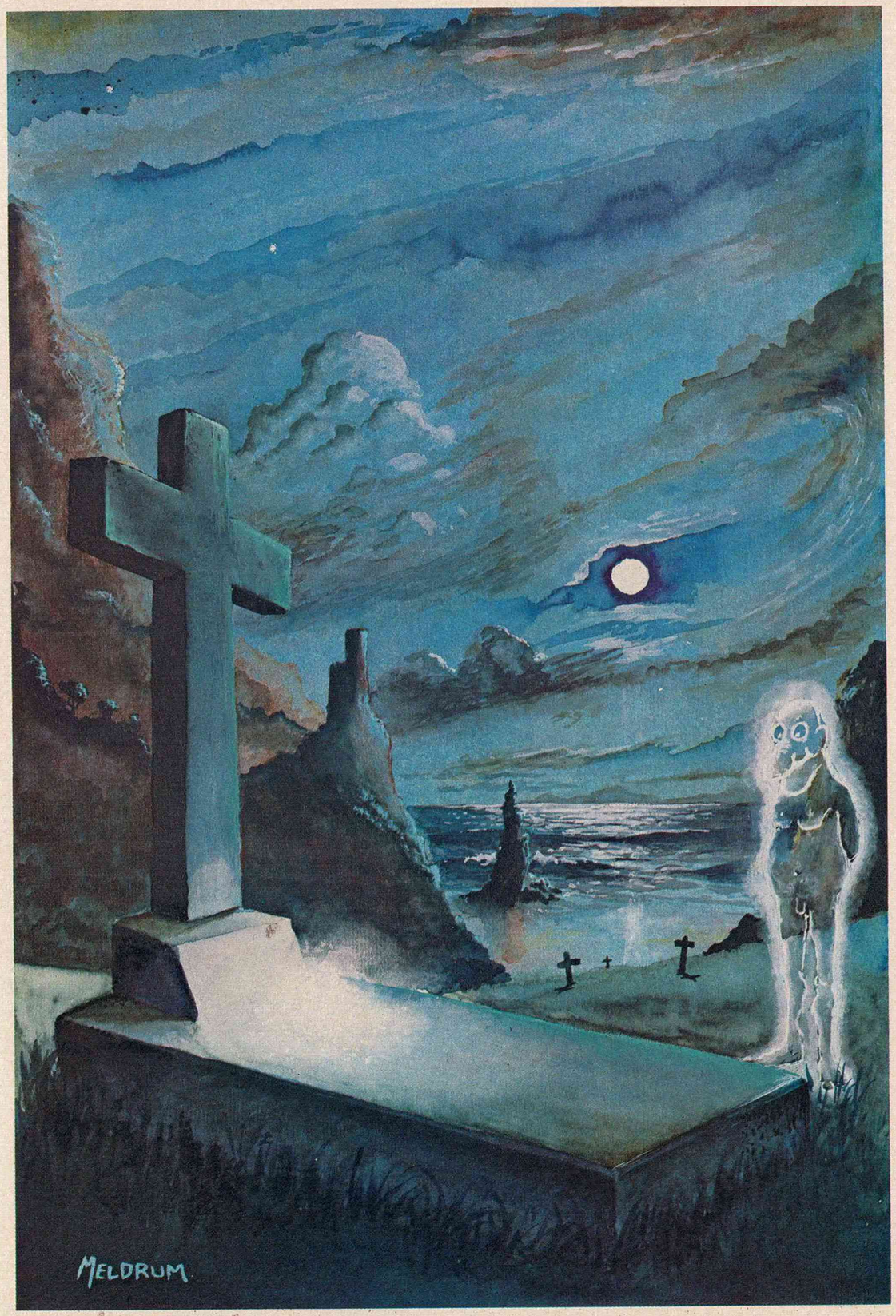
Once more he had his wings.

With a leap he was in the air, catching a breeze, climbing up, up until he circled the ruins, higher, up over the valley, over the mountains.

His exhilaration was keener for his hunger. Now he would find blood.

As he searched for prey, his hunger grew with anticipation. And as his hunger grew, his cries became more shrill, the only sound of life on the dead planet.






"It's all right for you. I was cremated."

*serenading lovers, surfing, scuba-diving or sunbathing, this shy and beautiful siren by the name of kym herrin can almost always be found in her favorite place . . .*

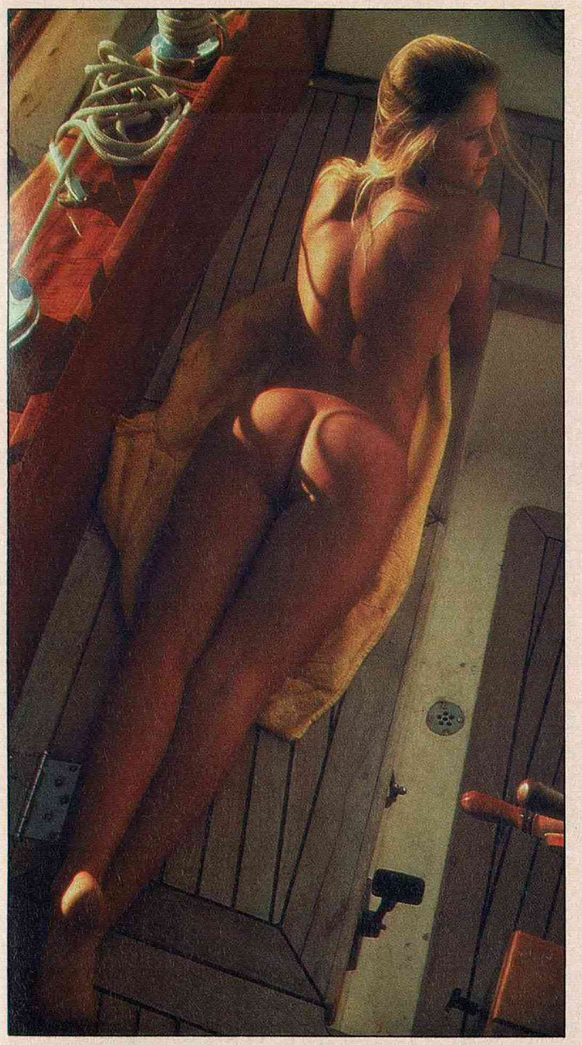
# ON THE BEACH

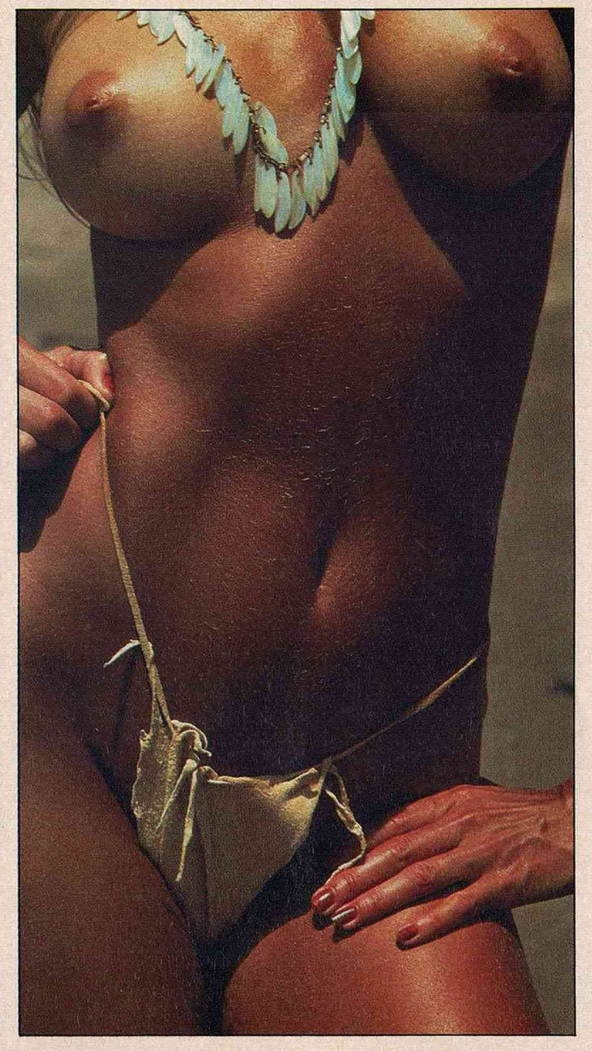
*"My favorite time to make love is the afternoon. I get so much energy from it that I want to go out and do something."*

If you've ever strolled with your lover along the edge of the water on one of our northern beaches at sunset, chances are you were treated to a one-woman concert by Kymberly Ellen Herrin. "I used to ride my bike down to the beach when I was a student, just when the sun was going down, and practise playing my flute. People walked by, different couples, and I'd play music I thought fit them. If it was an older man and woman, maybe in their 50s, I'd play a song like Moon River. When a young couple, or a single girl, came past, I'd play something like The Girl from Ipanema. I like to be alone with my flute because, really, people who believe in music are never alone." Kymberly also plays guitar, harmonica, piano and a dab of sax. She can surf like a

*"I like to rise early and play my flute for a little while. The music seems to turn me on for the rest of the day."*

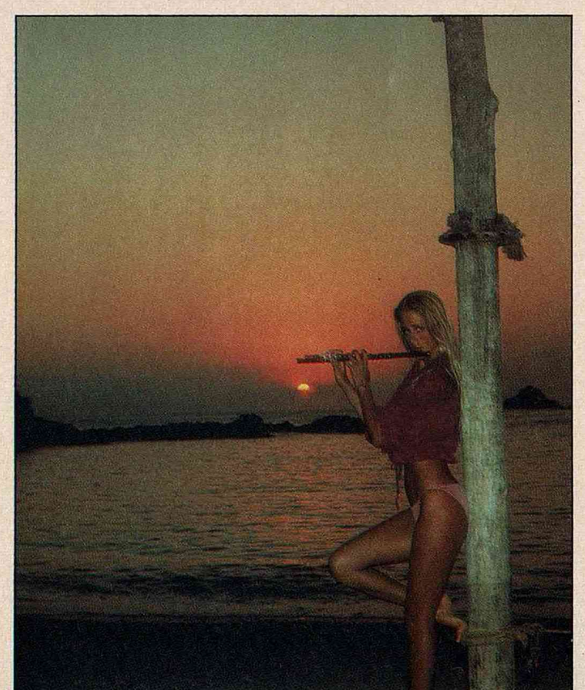
Photography by Arny Freytag





*"I like tall men with broad shoulders, but I'm not attracted to body builders who are muscle-bound."*

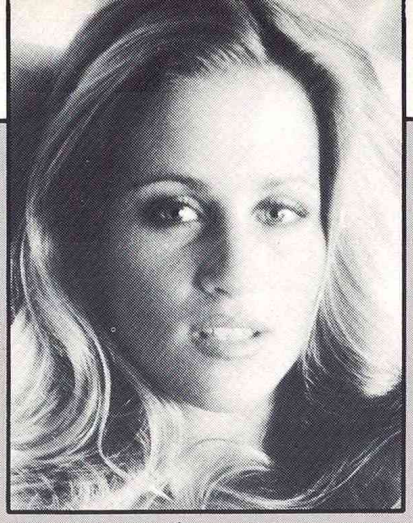
*"Even before you meet, you can tell how it's going to be when you and a man are alone."*



water sprite. She now lives in a rented house near the ocean where she shares the space with an ever-changing family of rabbits. ("The seven new babies are so cute — they look like tiny Volkswagens.") There's also a collection of rare birds, one of which is a parrot named Paco who dive-bombs her in the kitchen shrieking, "C'mere, baby." Kym's shy, and says, "I feel even *more* shy if I really like a person. If it's a man, I get very nervous. It's hard to look him in the eyes. I always lose in a staring contest because I think he'll see the lust in my heart reflected in my eyes." You might say she's unusually shy for such a beautiful and talented woman but, then, she's a late bloomer. Kym's spent more

of her life being awkward, too tall and too skinny than being graceful, leggy and just right. "It all happened one summer. In just two months, I gained nine kilos, all in the right places. My mother had been away during that time, and the day she came home, she barely recognised me. Suddenly I had a nine o'clock curfew. Before that, when I was a scrawny little nothing, I was allowed to stay out until midnight." Even more than animals and music, Kym loves the surf. "I climbed up on to my first surfboard when I was 15, and I've been getting better ever since." Kym's talking about riding the waves, but we think of some other charming assets.

MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Kymberly Herrin



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kymberly Herrin

BUST: 36" WAIST: 24" HIPS: 36"

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 124 SIGN: Libra

BIRTH DATE: 10·2·57 BIRTHPLACE: Santa Barbara County

GOALS: To live long, laugh often, travel the world and to one day build my own house.

TURN-ONS: Live entertainment, fresh snow, Mom's home cookin', hot-oil massages.

TURN-OFFS: Critical people, Cruelty to animals and the saying "You're pretty good for a girl."

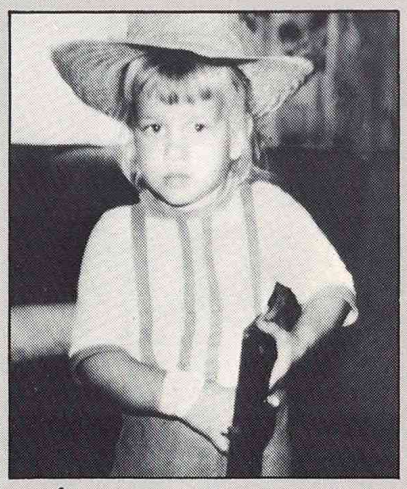
FAVORITE MOVIES: The Black Stallion, the Godfather, Heaven Can Wait, Doctor Zhivago, Papillon.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Centennial, Huckleberry Finn, Siddhartha, Notes to Myself

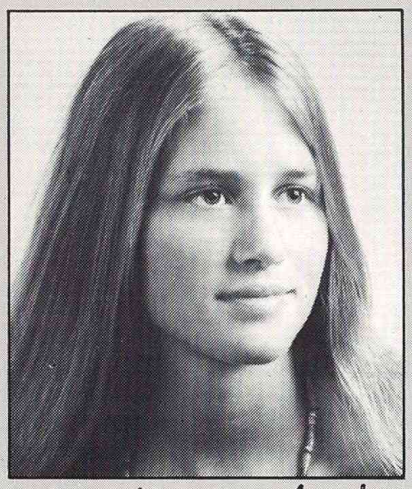
FAVORITE MUSICIANS: George Benson, Earl Klugh, Chick Corea, Gap & Chuck Mangione, Stevie Wonder, Doobie Brothers.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Surfing, snow skiing, scuba diving, racquetball, volleyball, motorcycle riding.

Age 2. My first modeling job



Age 8 - Daddy's little cowgirl



Sweet 16 - already been kissed.

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When Superman didn't show up for the monthly meeting of the Justice League of America, Batman started worrying. Suddenly, Superman flew in, his costume torn in tatters. "What the hell happened to you?" asked a puzzled Batman.

"Well, I was flying over Wonder Woman's house when I accidentally looked in with my X-ray vision . . . and there she was . . . lying in bed . . . beautiful . . . completely naked! I just couldn't resist her, so I crashed in and immediately started super-screwing."

"Obviously," laughed Batman, "you gave her quite a shock."

"Yeah," he said, "but not half the shock I gave the Invisible Man."

The Australian ambassador, newly posted to an exotic oriental country, called on the emperor to present his credentials. The palace abounded with comely nude maidens — which somewhat upset the ambassador. But, continuing to act nonchalantly, he managed to address the emperor. "Your Highness, when do you customarily have elections here?"

The emperor winked and said slyly: "Evly morning before bleckfast!"

*There was a young sailor named Bates,*
*Who danced the fandango on skates,*
*A fall on his cutlass,*
*Rendered him nutless*
*And practically useless on dates.*

The wife was antagonised and unhappy over her husband's constantly going out every night. His departing words, which enraged her, were always: "Good night, mother of four."

One night, she could stand it no longer. When he was putting on his coat and heading out the door, calling cheerily as usual, "Good night, mother of four", she answered, "Good night, father of one."

There's nothing like a girl with a plunging neckline to keep a man on his toes.

Arriving home unexpectedly from a business trip, the husband found his wife in bed with his best friend. "Say!" he exclaimed. "Just what do you two think you're doing?"

"You see," said the wife turning to her lover, "I told you he was stupid."

Three ugly prostitutes worked out of a Paris brothel. The first wore a string bathing suit, the second sported short shorts and the third wore only a brassiere and panties. One night, three foreigners visited the establishment. The German selected the stringed strumpet, the Englishman hired the babe with the short shorts, and the American had the dame in the unmentionables.

The next night, the men returned. The Englishman took the bathing ugly, the German got the shorts while the American had the bra broad again.

On the third night, the Yank was given first choice. He decided, "I'll stick with the lingerie freak. She's the only one that makes my equipment rise."

The moral of this story is: An American always stands for the undie dog.

The young feminist was filling out an employment application form in one of our larger public relations agencies. She had no trouble with the questions until she came across the question headed: SEX.

She hesitated for a moment, then wrote down: "twice a week".

A ship captain, on leave, went for a night out on the town and ended up in the local red light area where he picked up a call girl. After a while, he asked her how he was going.

"Well," she replied, "you're going at three knots."

"Three knots," he inquired, "how did you work that out?

"Well," she said, "you're knot in, you're knot out, and you're knot getting a refund."

Have you heard about the girl who sent her absent boyfriend a French letter full of ink? She reasoned that if he couldn't come, he could at least write.

One of our colleagues says that his mother-in-law once had an ugly growth on her stomach, so she went to the doctor and had it removed. Eighteen years later, he married it.

But Robert!" complained the teenaged girl. "Why are you parking here when there are so many nicer spots further up the road?"

Robert stopped what he was doing long enough to mutter: "Because I believe in love at first site."

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian* PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*

# AND THE BATTLE GOES ON . . .

*the contenders for the title of premier city of australia both pack heavy punches, but in this match, sydney looks like beating melbourne on a technical ko. horace walpole acts as referee*

THE DECLINE of Melbourne can no longer be dismissed as propaganda from Sydney. It goes beyond complaints about the climate and the social life that reminded Jilly Cooper of the Brompton Cemetery. It is a matter of a city's vitals.

As Australia embarks upon a decade of rivalry and realignment, Melbourne is plagued by hesitant leadership, introspective politics and an economic structure that looks more

Illustration by Alan Ewart

and more provincial. Melbourne's style is out of date, but its problems are contemporary.

A hundred years ago, the Victorian Statistician predicted a Melbourne of eight million people by 1990. "This," concluded the Melbourne Sanitary Commission, "is beyond the dreams of even Melbourne, which will probably rest content being no smaller than, say, London, New York or Paris."

Melbourne is not now mentioned with London, New York and Paris, save on some optimistic fashion labels. Less and less is it mentioned in tandem with Sydney. And the boast that it was only a matter of time before Melbourne again was Australia's pre-eminent city is now hardly heard.

Sydney is the cosmopolitan and outward-looking city. It is the point of departure and arrival, the preferred city of foreigners, and increasingly the home chosen by overseas companies. In all this, its rivals will be Perth and Brisbane, not Melbourne. The "Queen City of the South" has become a dowager, living off her capital.

Melbourne has lost confidence. Her *belle epoque* was a century ago, and her last good fling was in the '50s and '60s when the migrant ships turned up at Station Pier with their industry-fodder, when woolgrowers are said to have danced on the table at the Menzies Hotel, when those dirty words, Toyota and Datsun, had never been heard at Fisherman's Bend.

There is tentativeness everywhere. Is that an arts centre, or not? There is a gallery built on Melbourne lines, long, low, discreet — a functional, unfussy and, when you think about it, a not-so-new gallery. But an arts *centre?* Where are the theatres, where is the concert hall? Where, oh Phallus, is thy spire?

Sydney frittered away millions on a froth of architecture beside the harbor, a scandal of a building that has come to represent Australian culture to the world. An extravagance, the Opera House, in which you can't even stage a proper opera. But better, for all that, than frittering away millions on a hole in the ground from which a less distinguished building will rise at an unknown date for a greater price.

Public dollars are sloshed around Melbourne in a haphazard search for monuments. The landmark competition: everyone won but no one will build. The casino: on, off, on, off. And the City Square. Oh, the Square! Only a city unhealthily preoccupied with itself could have worried so much about a square, just as a shy girl will spend hours at the mirror where a confident girl will flounce off to the party. Then there was the sculpture in the square, a controversy fanned by the description in the Melbourne press of its creator as a Sydney artist, with its unspoken provincial corollary, "Are they having a lend of us?"

Treating these and Melbourne's other planning disasters purely as a matter of style — and there are other ramifications, as we shall see later — they speak of a city that is over the hill. There is nothing in Melbourne's new buildings to lift the spirit. Architecture may say many things about a society, but it talks, first of all, about confidence. While Melbourne wonders whether it should have a mall, and draws stripes on the ground instead, Sydney closes off Martin Place to great effect. While Melbourne dithers about its Phallus, Sydney builds its magnificently gaudy Centrepoint.

It would be wrong to portray Sydney as a model of efficiency. Look at the battles of Victoria Street; at the Housing Commission flats in The Rocks; at the Queen Victoria building. The late and unlamented Sydney City Council could hardly hold a meeting without calling for reinforcements. Local government in Sydney has not often been free of scandal; nor, for that matter, has State government.

*"It would be wrong to portray Sydney as a model of efficiency. But, to echo Mayor Daley's remark about Chicago: 'It works.' "*

But in response, the administrators of Sydney like to echo Mayor Daley's remark about Chicago: "It works." Nowhere does Sydney work better than in that vital civic sinew: public transport. Nowhere is the decline of Melbourne more evident. There are three elements in a congenial cityscape: buildings, spaces, people. Despite its best efforts, Melbourne does well on the first two; missing, at any time other than working hours, are people. One of the elements in this must be public transport.

Sydney's trains and buses are reliable. Just as important, they are well patronised late into the night. Melbourne's trams and trains are not. Security may not be a problem on the trams, but the after-hours trains are a notorious risk. Business is good for business in public transport. And if you are not careful — and the Victorian Railways has not been careful — a loss of business can lead to a further loss of business as you cut back service and follow your tail in ever-decreasing circles down the plughole of history.

Melbourne set the trap itself by disregarding the lessons of a score of cities and plodding ahead with freeways. As city after city in the United States discovers the problems of freeways (and even a haven of aggressive capitalism like Houston has relented and begun a bus service), while oil prices probe new stratospheres, and as people everywhere learn to count the social cost of the car — in the face of all this, the idea is seriously canvassed in Melbourne of pulling up railway lines and throwing their right of way over to . . . freeways!

Houston found that traffic on urban freeways increases to fill the road available. The reason is simple: a motorist doesn't pay the full cost of his trip. He doesn't pay for the road, nor for the costs he imposes on others. That is the argument for carrying public transport deficits. Freeways can bleed a public transport system white, and thereby debilitate a city. The cities with well-developed freeways systems are not cities, but collections of suburbs. They may be pleasant suburbs, but suburbs do not make a city. Look at the freeway-less cities: New York, Paris, London and Tokyo. Terrible traffic flows, but wonderful cities. They are bunched-up cities, where people are forced to travel by cab, tube or on foot. They are cities of the future.

A city has to nurse its systems — water, sewage, trains, gas, power, parks and buildings — and tend them as though they were plants. They can't be taken for granted; the moment they are left alone, trouble starts. At some stage, Melbourne forgot this. The Housing Commission got its high-rise flats, the Gas and Fuel Corporation got its Bass Strait leases, the railways got their underground, the Lower Yarra Crossing Authority got its bridge, the State Electricity Commission got its new power station and the Board of Works got its new building. Was there someone in charge, seeing how it all fits together: whether the West Gate Bridge has anything to do with the Tullamarine Freeway; whether either of these has anything to do with the underground railway; whether all three connect to the World Trade Centre; and whether, should the Trade Centre or the Olympic Games put the spark under a Melbourne renaissance, Victoria could supply the power to keep it all going?

•

In the Library of Congress in Washington, DC, there is a collection of turn-of-the-century Australian

**"Half time . . . hot dogs, condoms, sex aids and assorted ticklers!"**

photographs. They were deposited there to protect the copyright of a St Louis firm that made those quaint stereoscopic viewers. There you can see pictures of Aborigines, emus, kangaroos and the achievements of European man in Australia in the 19th century, all in 3D. The collection portrays urban Australia almost solely through shots of Melbourne.

You fall upon the pictures eagerly, but what do you find? The trees are shorter; the people are in fancy dress; there are horses and carts. But Melbourne is otherwise the same: here is Flinders Street station; here is the Town Hall; here is Parliament House, the Post Office, St Paul's, Bourke Street, the Exhibition Building.

Had these St Louis proprietors thought Sydney worth photographing at length, no doubt we would have found some equally familiar sights. But they would not have represented the city as completely as these photographs have represented Melbourne. Eighty years ago, the best of Melbourne was in place. There is hardly a photograph to be taken now that flatters the city more. Of course, this might be taken as a tribute: Melbourne conserved before conservation was in. But did she do anything else?

With that splendid stock of civic capital, with railways and cable cars as well developed for a city its size as any in the world, Melbourne for long hardly felt the need for improvement. It still feels comfortable today. Once you are that far in front, it is hard to believe you could ever fall behind.

Melbourne felt doubly safe. Not only was its fortune the greatest in Australia and possibly of any city in the British Empire, but it was founded on Protectionism. You can still see the stamp of it in Melbourne's cautiousness and conservatism, its dislike of flamboyance and risk. Sydney, the free-trade city, enshrines the Australianism "have a go".

Melbourne was a little England. Its society was more willing to ape the English than was Sydney's, and still is. Melbourne's public schools are more pukka, its Society is Higher, and its respect for things like hats, gloves, waistcoats and dressing-up for dinner, if thinner than it was, is still very much greater than Sydney's.

For most of this century, Melbourne has been a very nice place to be rich in. It has had the virtues of Edwardian Britain — comfort, civility, culture, charm and class — and much of the same flimsy base. By the time Britain reached the age of boater hats, motor cars, flannels and tea and ices on the lawn, the tide was running out. Britain had stopped being innovative and competitive; it had retreated into producing for captive markets and living on foreign investments.

Victoria has come similarly to rely on industries that sell into protected markets. It is the logical outcome for the Protectionist State. Victoria has more than half Australia's textile, clothing and footwear workers, and by far the largest share of its car industry workers. No industries are under greater threat from imports. The Industrial Revolution in Asia — the most significant global event of the past 25 years — is aimed directly at the heart of Victorian industry.

Victoria has had its interests protected in Canberra (though not well enough to prevent a decline in these industries). It has valuable friends there, including a Prime Minister. But how much longer can Canberra hold the line against cheaper imports on Victoria's behalf when Victoria is steadily losing ground to the booming areas of the north and west, areas that are complaining more and more about the cost of the commodities they must buy? Queensland and Western Australia — and not Victoria — are now the home of political conservatism, and it has a nasty free-trade edge to it. Despite the stark choices facing the State, it has fallen into the hands of tepid leadership, addicted to the doctrine of "muddling through", and often ending up by simply muddling.

Victoria has lost more to the north and west than ideas. In the past five years, Victoria has had a net loss of more than 50,000 people to the other States — notably to Queensland, New South Wales and Western Australia. This has been more than made up by the number of migrants from overseas settling in Victoria. But the departures seem to be rising. The Bureau of Statistics says 44,000 Victorians went interstate in 1978-79 while only about 30,000 moved in the opposite direction. Compare this net loss of 14,000 with the 1974-79 average of about 9000 a year and the 1966-71 average of a shade more than 5000.

Figures like these are crucial, because eventually votes and Canberra dollars go to where the people are. Victoria's numbers have been kept up by the arrival of South Australians and Tasmanians, and Melbourne's by the drain of people from Victorian country areas. Ultimately, the population of the State and the city will be determined by foreign immigrants, immigrants who, more than ever and with the encouragement of Canberra, will head north or west for the big money.

And Melbourne is losing its financial leadership. Once, Melbourne could be confident of getting a share of the national prosperity, wherever it was generated. A gold mine in Kalgoorlie and a sheep station in the Riverina alike would line pockets on Collins Street, because Collins Street was the citadel of Australian capital. The citadel has fallen. The graceful and urbane world of Melbourne finance, the world of Baillieu and Collins House, has been invaded by barbarous men from out-of-the-way places, like Mr Alan Bond and Mr Robert Holmes a'Court, doing deals with such totally un-Melbourne-like people as Mr Rupert Murdoch and Sir Peter Abeles, men who make bids out of the blue for reputable companies, brash men, Sydney and Perth men. The Melbourne *Herald* rushed in fright into

**"Gott in Himmel! Something terrible must have happened!"**



the arms of its Sydney and Brisbane friends, but Ansett fell. Melbourne may not have been particularly fond of Sir Reginald Ansett, but he was one of theirs. It was a Melbourne Trinity: Ansett, the *Herald* and Henry Bolte. None of them are what they were; who are the replacements?

•

Sydney is the rich bitch of Australian cities. She doesn't wear a bra or give a damn. Her deep secret passion, her love of loves, is herself. She is loose and lovely, and says to the world: "Take me as I am." Sometimes in the roar of the surf, you only hear the first two words.

Sydneysiders really have only one demand of their city: it must work. Politics hardly ever comes into it; ideology never does; and probity is something they would like to see, but don't insist on. There is not the affinity between city and State that there is in Victoria. Sydneysiders regard the Premier of New South Wales as their own property. He is, really, the mayor.

Neville Wran has said there is only one thing a New South Wales Premier *must* get right: public transport in Sydney. That is headache enough, but it at least gives a starting point on the vast and otherwise formless job of running a city.

Once you have decided to maintain the trains, buses and ferries and to give the cabbies a break, you start asking different questions. Instead of trying to make the railways pay, you find ways of paying for the railways. As a result, Sydney echoes to the refrain, "When I win the lottery", a song that drives churchmen mad, the jingle for perhaps the most aggressively marketed game of chance in the world. It is pitched perfectly at Sydney's primary aspirations: money to allow you to sail more, swim more, eat more, drink more, and to attend to other pleasures of the flesh. But for the Government, the lottery has a far more serious purpose: it keeps the trains and buses rolling.

This connection, which seems to have eluded Victoria, highlights another point. Sydney achieved glory under three great fixers: Joe Cahill, Bob Askin and Neville Wran. To get great things done in a big city — an Opera House built or a transport system revived — you can't use the conventional routes of consultation and consensus. You need someone who can overcome all resistance, either by sheer force of personality, like that great mayor of New York, Fiorello La Guardia, or by the ability to do deals that stick, like Chicago's Daley.

Wran doesn't race around town with the fire brigade the way La Guardia did, but his face is always there when a benefit is being handed out. Wran lets his colleagues announce the bad news. He knows that to win you have to look like a winner.

And he has shown he can make a tough decision stick. A lot of flak was fired at his lottery plan, by his party and by the Fairfax press. But it came off, and there is no sign of anyone running it except those he originally designated to do so.

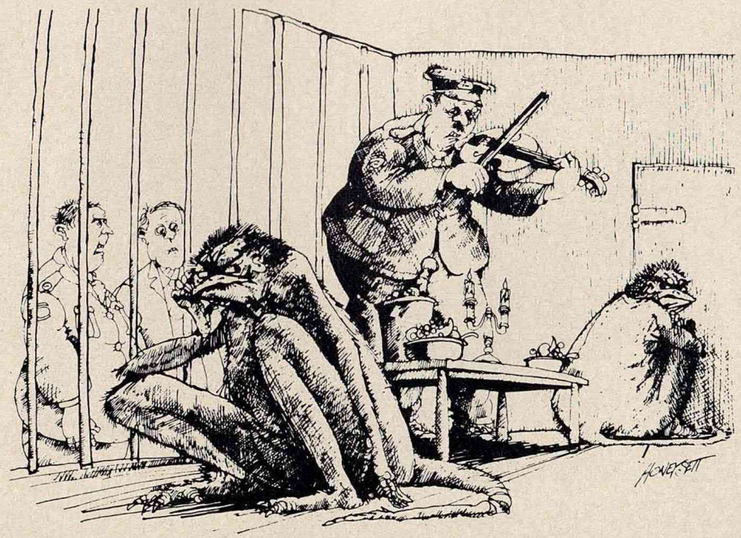
In Melbourne, projects are announced, to be later cancelled, postponed or modified. Nothing seems to happen without a federal case being made of it. Melbournians know the litany: the casino, the Landmark, roofing the railway yards, the World Trade Centre, Newport, the underground, Loy Yang, the Arts Centre, the Square. In Sydney, on the other hand, some things can happen with amazing speed. It took only a few days for lights to be put in at Sydney Cricket Ground for night games.

Part of the difference lies in the style of the Hamer Government. It is committee government under a cautious man. Hamer himself defined his style: "You don't hire a dog, then bark yourself." It is the classic statement of the delegator. Some of Hamer's dogs, especially authorities like the State Electricity Commission, have been on a long leash. Wran keeps his reined in tight, and maintains his own "shadow" Government in his office as his eyes and ears. Neville's dogs don't do much barking.

Hamer's style is nicer and more democratic, but it is less effective. It leads to less control and more backing-and-filling. Who would say, in the face of Melbourne's monumental problems, that it helps prevent mistakes? Things have reached the stage where people wonder whether they need less of a philosopher and more of a king.

•

Melbourne has spent years and wasted untold millions of public funds in its futile search for a monument. It has bits and pieces scattered over the landscape, but all they commemorate is the crassness and gullibility of the people who commissioned them. Melbourne's true monument has been there all the time: itself. If Sydney is too much in love with itself, Melbourne is the opposite. Compared to Sydney's site on the ocean and the harbor, Melbourne's is plain. People like Robert Hoddle understood, as a successful woman does, that there are many paths toward beauty. The city he helped design is spare, blue-grey and massive. The lines are horizontal and the distances are great (you almost need to pack a lunch before setting out across one of those broad avenues), but the whole thing is softened by a kinder light and by those glorious trees. The Sydney skyline is exciting — a mini-Manhattan — and Melbourne's attempts to match it have not succeeded. But why should one city throw up spires to match another? Melbourne should concentrate on being Melbourne, and relax, just as the manuals say. The city, like the State, faces difficulties, but so far the thrashing around trying to solve them has only made them worse. Melbourne's charms may be out of date, but fashion is a wheel.



**"It's very difficult to get this species to breed in captivity."**

Power from a wide variety of engine types is producing 200-plus km/h top speeds and under-12-second standing quarter times in the superbike zone. Suzuki's 100hp four-stroke DOHC, four cyl GSX1100E (inset, right) represents a peak in the technological approach of the Japanese, but our feature bike, the BMW R100RS, proves that Europeans still show pointers in refinement. Harley-Davidson's 1340cc OHV V-twin Wide Glide (inset, left) underscores the range of supercycles.



# THE ENDLESS CYCLE

*from superbikes to the 50cc: playboy's guide to the two-wheel world*

*article by Rob Luck*

MOTORCYCLES SALES tend to turn full circle from boom to doom to boom about every seven years.

Few in the industry can pinpoint the reason. It could be a result of "fadding" — advertising jargon for getting the market excited about a product's image, resulting in "cult" buying rather than genuine consumer purchases. This is supported by one industry theory that says as many as 70 percent of trail bikes bought never get dust on their "wires".

Another view blames the second-hand market. Cycles generally have a usable lifespan of five to seven years. Only when the mass of bikes from the previous boom period hit the cycle graveyard does the market recover.

The last boom and bust has been blamed on Japanese industry over-producing in the wake of OPEC oil hikes. Contrary to expectations, the American market (where most bikes were headed) failed to turn away from the juggernauts, and the cycle boys were left hanging by their bike-stocks.

The more pragmatic observers in the industry finger the "real" and "now" market pressures — the rise in cost of four-wheel motoring and fuel, a new respectability for motorcycles, a better safety image. Whatever, the last "seven year itch" has just been scratched — motorcycles are on the move again.

Of all the cycles sold, NSW, due to a happy coincidence of climate, conditions and population, enjoys a disproportionately high percentage of the market — sometimes more than 40 percent. Reflecting the staggering

Photography by Howard Archbold

The immortal name of "Kwaka" is represented (inset, above) by Kawasaki's 750 — built after the style of the cycles that started the original superbike revolution. The 750, forgotten five years ago, has had something of a revival of late.

Yesterday's superbikes are today's mid-range. And they're now the fastest-growing section of the market. Tearaway up-front costs, plus general operational, running and maintenance costs, and the sheer size, bulk and weight of superbikes have caused the market to turn away from them in favor of the "adequate" performance of the motorcycles which range in capacity from 350 up to 900cc. Yamaha's magnificent XJ650 shaft-drive, featured below, is in this category with variety being injected by Laverda's classic race-bred 500cc (inset, above).

nationwide sales growths of the past two years, NSW registration figures rose almost 70 percent last year.

Market preferences seem to shift with the wind, and the new trends are just as outstanding as the boom itself. "Dual purpose" is the word of the moment, and the "mode is on/off road machinery. The top-selling registered motorcycle in NSW in 1980 was a machine designed primarily to be ridden off-road — the Honda XL250, a combination trail/road bike, which includes full road-going hardware such as lights, turn indicators, etc. (not fitted to outright competition machinery). Most of them never see the dirt, or so the salesmen say. This is not a one-off story — off-road application machinery has a stranglehold on the "registered-cycle" market, nicking seven out of 10 of the top-seller spots last year. There were months when it was very hard to find a real street machine on the best-seller sales charts.

Another flick through the figures produces a second vital clue to market trends — some months there wasn't one cycle with an engine capacity greater than 250cc.

The market force in this case is legislative — a triple-pronged attack in the form of registration charges, insurance premiums and licensing of motorcycle riders.

The last one is foremost. In most States, you can't get an L-plate or a provisional licence to ride any cycle with more displacement than 250cc. New South Wales permits a cute contradiction, in that fully-licensed car drivers can get an unrestricted cycle licence, presumably based on the premise relating to "experience".

Registration charges are based on complicated formulas and vary widely from State to State, and even within the States themselves.

Insurance is the final cruncher, and the permutations and combinations available over the range of cycles, States and riders is too terrifying even to contemplate here.

Having wheelied through the mass of data associated with these little preliminaries, the potential motorcyclist is confronted with an array of machinery which is difficult to sift through without a computer's aid.

Our list is neither all inclusive nor is it exclusive to other views, but it may serve as a quite quick basis for filing through the brochures.

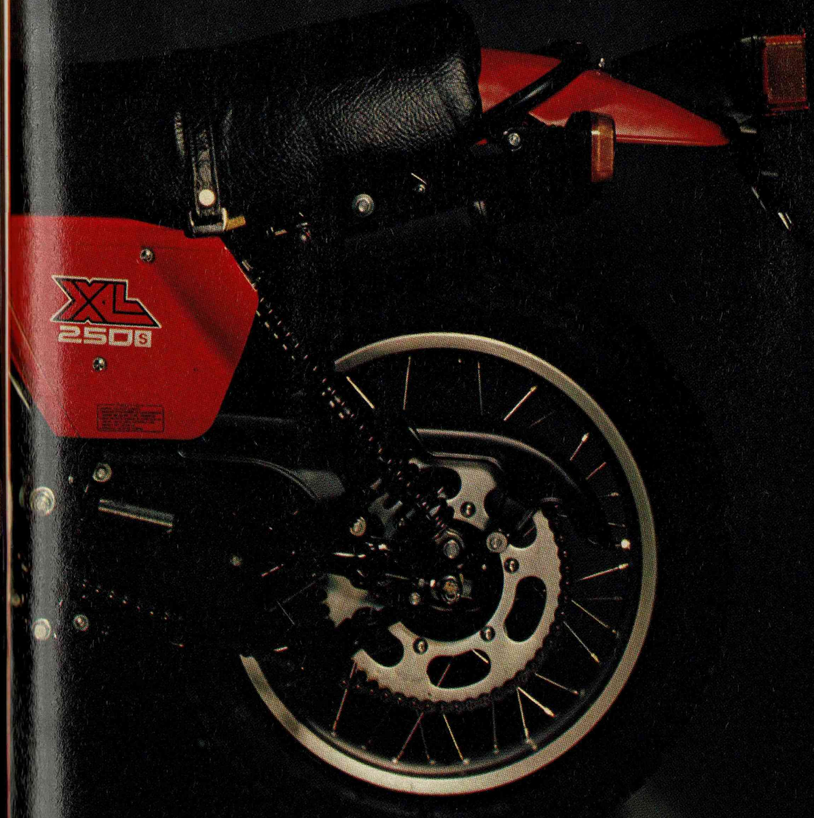
Top of the list is the current basis of the market — the dual-purpose machinery, which means on/off road. Capacities range up to 500cc (and occasionally over), but the market has

already established the practical range at 175 to 250cc, and there are certainly few riders who need or can handle more powerful machines in this particular category.

If you're not on a Honda in this category, then you're already in the minority. That doesn't mean you're not riding on a winner. *Two Wheels* magazine nominated the Kawasaki KL250A3 tops in this category last year and the bike barely scraped its way into the best-seller list. There is a range of half the famous names you've ever heard of in this category, all the way from the high volume end of the market (Yamaha and Suzuki are up there with Honda) down to the hardly-mentioned Husqvarna, Montesa, Maico and so on.

Under the shadow of the registered/registrable dirt motorbikes is the competition machinery. This is occupied by machines with various specialised competition applications and abilities, including motocross (sprint-off-road racing), enduro (work

Symbolising the cycle revolution is the "new wave" of dual-purpose machines — mostly road-trail combos. Such cycles account for as much as 70 percent of the total market, with Honda's XL250, featured below, dominating the field and the total market — it is the largest selling motorcycle in Australia, regardless of brand or category. Most volume-selling cycles in this range are also road registrable and can be ridden by P-platers. Sales figures don't exist for the unregistrable "hard-core" competition machinery, but soft-competition like Yamaha's XT 250 (inset, right) and Suzuki's PE250 have a good slice of the market although aimed at the serious off-road rider.




that one out for yourself) and trials (which is cross-country riding with an emphasis on difficulty rather than on the bike's speed).

The machinery is widely different and some studied application is a prerequisite to purchase if you are planning competition. Start by filling in subscription forms for motorcycle magazines like *Revs*, *Motorcycle News* and *Two Wheels*. And attend race meetings. Be a pit pest.

A large number of people opt simply for "commuter bikes". This covers a wide range of types and capacities, with the top-end cut-off generally observed at 250cc.

Fierce competition has injected some real verve into this market, with unusual machinery like the Honda CB250RS (it is almost a scaled-down racer) competing with Yamaha's way-out SR250 (a sort of semi-chopper), and a brace of littlies thrusting on to the local scene in the form of step-thrus, pseudo-Mopeds, mini-cycles and irrepressible scooters (most of which are 50-90cc).

The glamor market in Australia has always ridden with the superbikes. Ten years ago, a superbike was 650cc or 750cc. Now it hovers around the one-litre mark. Considering the smallness of the market, the range of vehicles is overwhelming. So is the level of sophistication. So are most of the price-tags.

The superbikes are exemplified by the marvellous shaft-drive Suzuki GSX1100, but no less by more race-developed thoroughbreds like the Ducati 900, and distinctive oddballs like the Harley-Davidson — the "laid-back" superbike.

The rapid escalation in the size, bulk, performance and cost of these machines has opened up a market area that seemed forgotten five years ago and is loosely called the mid-range.

This group encompasses cycles with capacities ranging from 500 to 750cc (the old superbike category), but may be interpreted as extending downward to the 350cc area where the manufacturers like Laverda, for example, have some outstanding performance machinery.

The tearaway costs and impracticalities of the superbike market have led to a revolution in this category, now swarming with the big bikes of yesteryear (Triumph for example) as well as the Japanese super mid-rangers (Yamaha, Kawasaki, Honda, Suzuki, etc.) and the thoroughbreds of Europe (Ducati, Laverda, BMW all have bikes in this range).

As the top end of the market gets more top-heavy with performance, the

mid-range gets stronger in the marketplace. And although performance is generally considered to have peaked in the superbikes, the refinements continue to produce more power and more technical innovation. Now this has spread downward, throughout many manufacturers.

Suzuki, Yamaha and Honda all have turbo-charged production cycles under development. Suzuki's may hit the roads this year. And Yamaha's 1980 range recently announced in Japan (in Australia before mid-year) features some ground-breaking ideas. For example, the XS1100 runs a unified braking system (push the pedal and both front and rear brakes get a simultaneous but balanced brake application), the 920RH features an enclosed chain drive (lifetime seal is claimed), the 125 Motocrosser uses liquid cooling to give maximum power delivery, the Seca 750 offers anti-dive front suspension.

Not that sophistication has been lacking in cycles. Far from it. The back-channelling transfer of technology from competition to consumer machinery operates much faster in the cycle industry than in this country's automotive industry.

Race-developed cycle technology, ranging from cross-drilled disc brakes (most big-bore cycles now have three), to adjustable shockers/suspension, cast wheels, aerodynamic shields, oil-coolers, four-valve-cylinder heads and sealed electronic ignition, are now commonplace on motorcycles.

The industry has developed some of its own technology too, and builds bikes for the public with a bewildering variety of engine options — straights, vees, flats, featuring two/four stroke operation and air/water cooling, with their cylinder counts ranging from one to six.

Detail refinements are following the automotive trends with fuel gauges, quartz clocks, cancelling turn indicators, quartz-halogen lights, full instrumentation and the computer-monitor systems.

As with any other technological evolution there have been some trade-offs. The widespread use of cast wheels on road bikes is blamed for the increase in write-offs (spoke wheels allegedly absorb the shock better by not transferring the impact to the frame/engine/driveline). The corollary between this claim and resultant deaths/injuries among riders hasn't been fully documented, but another aspect of the problem has — for the NSW Traffic Accident Research Unit (TARU) has proved deaths-per-capita among cyclists is dropping (courtesy of the compulsory crash helmet legislation). Injuries however are rising — as more riders avoid the morgue but live to see the outpatients' department. And TARU is concerned about a medical escape clause that allows some riders to take liberties with the compulsory helmet laws. The gaps may soon have to be plugged much more securely.

But with the overall picture not much worse than for cars, the cycle has gained a new respectability in safe, reliable commuting. This has been urged along by the increased refinements (including comforts), quietness, smoothness, sophistication and multi-role application of cycles. Not to mention the superior flexibility and more suitable design of today's cycles in relation to the type of road environment that exists today.

If you're still on four wheels and you don't know what we're talking about, you've never driven in the traffic. Move over, there's a two-wheeler coming through. You've been left behind. Again.

Commuter bikes, up to 250cc, range from mild to wild. The bottom line includes such cuties as the Honda CB250RS (inset, left), which is almost a mini-factory racer. Yamaha's excitingly different SR250 (inset, right) is a real "chopper-style" cycle.

The Gilera is the only "really truly" Moped (motor-pedal) in the class. The pedals on this automatic CBA model are used to start the cycle and the 50cc engine will power the machine to 50mph (80km/h) or up a gradient of 18 deg (which means it will climb almost anything). The Gilera's fuel economy is a staggering 188mpg (1.51/100km).

# GRAEME CROSBY

## The world superbike king

*he's our other world champion, an expatriate new zealander adopted by australians, a talented extrovert on and off the big bikes he loves*

*profile by Brian Cowan*

LENGTHENING shadows heralded the end of another late-summer day, but for the crowd lining the fences of the Le Mans circuit, the weekend of motorcycle racing they'd come to see was only beginning. Tomorrow would see the start of the 1977 Bol d'Or 24-hour classic.

Dominating the field were the magnificent Honda RCB endurance racers. Purpose-built for the job, the 1000cc RCBs had pulverised the 1976 Endurance Championship with their $5 million Japan-based assault. Still factory-controlled, the 1977 effort had been mounted by teams from France, Britain and Germany.

The flag marshals stationed at the right-hander two kilometres out from the start/finish agreed that the only incongruous note to the upcoming event was the crazy Australians. Or were they New Zealanders? In any event, the madmen on the privately-entered Yoshimura Kawasaki 1000. With such a powerful motor, 95 kW without a doubt; perhaps even more than the RCBs. But then to put it in a stock frame! And no racing streamlining, or clip-on handlebars, or experimental suspension systems.

But what riders! In standard road form the four-cylinder Kawasaki was no great handler, yet here were these two, racing around on a stock frame stiffened by the addition of no more than a few plates. With so much power, and huge racing tyres, wobbles were inevitable. But would these riders back off? Never!

All eyes turned to a hump in the straight before the right-hander, over which had flashed a red and cream Kawasaki, its exhaust note sounding an exultant howl which suddenly switched to a series of rasping, staccato barks as the rider changed down for the second-gear bend.

Watch when he accelerates. The bike starts to wobble . . . (to the apex now, the front forks still compressed from the braking force of three huge discs, the engine sidecover and the knee of the blue leathers — already bound with tape where they'd worn through — skimming the pavement. For all his concentration, the rider is also perfectly relaxed as he begins to wind the throttle open, accelerating hard in second gear, the engine once again howling its 10,000 rpm song, the speed approaching 150 km/h. The bike is still cranked hard over, because the corner, tight at first, opens up only gradually as the track curves around the hillside) . . . and he's going to fall . . . no! . . . yes! . . . no! . . . incredible . . . how did he get away with it?

Even the blue-suited rider was tempted to ask himself that question as he sped out of their view.

He had been getting wheelspin every time through that particular bend. At the same time, the bike's idiosyncratic steering would start to weave as the front end grew light. This time, a harder than normal burst of acceleration had caused the rear tyre to step more out of line as it clawed for traction. Simultaneously, a savage steering wobble to the right compounded the problem. In an instant, the bike was pointed 40 degrees off line, aimed at the inside of the track.

To shut the throttle suddenly was to invite disaster in the form of a "highside", in which the big tyre suddenly regains traction with the machine sideways to the line of movement and flips the bike on to its side, catapulting the rider on to the track ahead of it. Instead, displaying the enormous talent he has for feeling what a bike is doing underneath him, the rider kept the throttle on and began to apply opposite lock.

When the tyre did grip, the bike hurtled across toward the inside margin of the track. Within an instant, the rear wheel was hung out to the right, the tyre had again lost traction, and this time the machine was headed for the outside of the track! Through four gigantic slides it shook and banged its zig-zag way down the track. Any one would have unseated most racers, but the man in the blue leathers was equal to the challenge, shifting his weight in response to lightning-fast instinctive commands being fired from the depths of an unconscious reservoir of talent, playing the throttle in an attempt to control the forces which had the 200kg projectile arching and snapping like a marlin on strike.

Crosby had arrived.

Three years later, Graeme Crosby remembers the Le Mans incident: "It was close. A highside is a bad thing; there's no good way to crash, but that's the most chancy. But at the time I didn't think too much about the danger, I was just rapt in handling it. And then I came round again and the crowd was waving and pointing at the tyre marks. It was great."

Three years on, Graeme Crosby is more aware of the safety angle of motorcycle racing. But that was inevitable. In that time he has leapt from relative obscurity (in a world sense) to a position as factory rider for the giant Suzuki company; winner of the 1980 World TT Formula One championship; winner of the 1980 Suzuka eight-hour race, Japan's top endurance event; winner of the 1980 Superbike race (for highly-modified road machines, similar to that used by him and Tony Hatton at Le Mans) at the Daytona meeting in the USA; winner in 1980 of the premier event, the Senior (500cc) TT on the world's most famous course, the 60-kilometre Isle of Man mountain circuit.

Acknowledged by most to be the world's best rider of the 1000cc four-cylinder four-stroke machines used in TT Formula One/Superbike/Endurance racing, Graeme is also in the top bracket of riders of 500cc GP two-strokes, the motorcycle equivalent of Formula One cars.

In his first GP season, he rode the factory RG500 Suzuki to eighth place in the world 500cc championship, and won the Isle of Man Senior event. He has two ambitions: to win a national GP, one of the 10 rounds of the Championships; and then to win the coveted title itself.

His first target he very nearly realised in August last year when before a crowd of more than 100,000, he finished second to Italian ace Marco Lucchinelli on the German Nurburgring. Both targets are a very real possibility in 1981. Cros is one of the handful of riders tipped to be battling out the 500 title. The works Suzuki RG500s are promising to be more than competitive against the arch-rival Yamaha YZR500s and Kawasaki's new KR500.

His debut GP season would have been even more auspicious had it not been for the demands of his Formula One/Superbike contract with Suzuki. While the World 500 title has the tradition and prestige of being the highest honor a road racer can score, the bikes used have little in common with catalogued road machinery. On the other hand, a win in the four-stroke classes, with their road-derived engines, has immediate relevance on the showroom floors of the world.

The Japanese are traditionalists, and their factory budgets for the 500 GPs are big. They are also smart businessmen: their budgets for the four-stroke classes are gigantic.

As the world's most successful practitioner of that side of the art, Graeme Crosby knows he'll be under pressure to stay with the Formula One bikes, but he's not too concerned.

Crosby's common touch became his hallmark in three hectic seasons of racing in Australia. Arriving from New Zealand in 1976, the rag-tag 20-year-old with the straggly moustache, gap-toothed grin and perpetually scruffy look proved that his reputation as a top production-bike rider was well merited. By the end of the year he had stamped himself as a force to be reckoned with in Australian production bike circles. More importantly, he had begun an association with Ross Hannan and the Yoshimura Kawasaki 1000 which was to become part of local racing legend.

For two years, Cros and "The Beast" made the Australian superbike scene their exclusive playground. At the same time, they threw many a scare into the top 750cc "pukka" racers, an unheard-of presumption. Nowhere else could a road-based superbike come within cooee of a purpose-built two-stroke racer, yet here was Cros, placing sixth and seventh among world-class company, winning the crowd totally with his irrepressible cheekiness and spectacular wheelstands.

Wheelies were the duo's trademark, from a quick elevation of the front wheel midway through the Esses at Bathurst which made the blood run cold with the sheer audacity of it, to his "special", a giant 300-metre, three-gearchange pawing at the sky which would send the crowd at Sydney's Oran Park into a frenzy.

Consequently, his whirlwind entry on to the British scene in 1979, pitting the superbike against the more sophisticated TT bikes, had the same effect on the crowds: they loved it.

"My riding in England during 1979 was deliberately sensational," says Graeme, revealing that, although it comes quite natural, it's far from uncontrolled. "It got me the job, but now I'm changing that image. Being a piss-drinking, unshaven lair with buttons off your shirt and your fly open is okay to attract attention, but it's not promotable. Now that I'm in, I'm making myself promotable."

The missing tooth has now been replaced, the clothes and haircut are neat, the face smooth-shaven.

But the same devil still gleams in the eyes. And he's still loving every minute of it.

Photograph by Graham Monro

# WINNING AT POKER WITHOUT LOSING FACE

*poker is the world's most popular card game. it is also a money market and a psychology lesson. playboy shows you how to play to win*

*article by David Spanier*

EVERYONE KNOWS a little about Poker, if only from seeing the card game played in cowboy movies. But few people realise that it is a game of great skill. Even those who know that there is more to Poker than just catching the right cards at the right time do not always appreciate the degree of talent involved. Certainly it is a gambling game; certainly you can have long runs of bad luck. Poker, nonetheless, is a game of much skill, like Backgammon.

In Poker, the best players take the money and the losers pay. Money, in fact, is how you keep the score, unlike other games, in which you have points or tricks or goals to decide the result.

Contrary to appearances, Poker is neither simple nor easy. It is a rough, tough game for the brave and the free, designed to separate the mugs from their money. It merely poses as a friendly game of cards. This is not to say that "family Poker" played for matchsticks is not good clean fun. But the essential qualities required in a successful Poker player are patience, cunning and aggression in about equal proportions, plus a streak of sheer ruthlessness. The aura of excitement which surrounds Poker games in westerns is authentic; but behind that lies cold analysis.

A sound knowledge of the theory of Poker is the first step to ensuring that you will become a winner whatever variation of the game you may choose to play. We will assume that you know the basic rules and terminology of the game (and if you don't, a kind friend can acquaint you with them in 10 minutes, or you can look them up in the nearest library). What this article will teach you to do is to win at straight draw Poker, by far the most popular form of a game that is played throughout the world.

### Judgement

Three factors need to be taken into consideration when playing your hand: the cards, the money in the pot, and your position in the deal. These are all concrete factors, and once understood can be rationalised to form the framework of your game. Later we come to psychology and bluffing, which will show you why and how to vary your game.

### Cards

Before the draw, two pairs, though encouraging, is not all that special, and one pair very common. Aces are far better than kings, kings are better than queens, and so on. The reason is not simply that aces, as the highest pair, will beat all other pairs; it is that when you come to the draw your hand is more likely to improve to a better hand than anyone else starting with a lower pair; aces up are better than any other two pairs; and if you make trips, you will beat anyone with three of a kind, too.

So while it is useful to know what the average distribution is in gauging your position at the start, it is even more important to know what your chances are of *improving* in the draw, and this is the key to the game. You may have only a small pair before the draw, or a four-straight or four-flush, which are no complete hands at all, but by taking new cards there is a chance of improving the best hand. The single pair could be promoted to trips, or a full house, or even four of a kind — it's a long shot, but these thing do happen — while the odds against catching the right card to make a straight or a flush are very often worth taking.

The chances of improving your hand are set out in the table on page 112. A "kicker" means a side card, which is retained for purposes of deception or sometimes, if an ace, in the hope of making top two pairs. An "open-ended four-straight" is a hand, such as 10-9-8-7, that can improve at either end; whereas an "inside straight", such as J-10-8-7, or a "one-ended straight", such as A-K-Q-J, can be made with only one card. Similarly, a four-flush which is also an inside straight, is a hand such as 7-5-4-3 in suit, which could make a low straight with a six in addition to its flush chances and even straight flush chances (with the right six).

### Money

Take by way of example a starting hand such as two pairs. The chance of improving to a full house is about 11-1 against. That may not seem very good. But the chance does not exist in the abstract — it exists in relation to the pot, which you are trying to win. This is where *money* comes into the reckoning. If there is $11 in the pot, and you can get in for $1, you have on the face of it fair value; especially as, if you hit your full house, you can count on winning further bets after the draw. But if the pot is worth $11 and it is going to cost you $5 to draw because of a raise by a previous player — you are getting little more than two to one for your money.

This kind of calculation, known as "pot odds", or measuring the possibilities of your hand against the money you can win, is central to

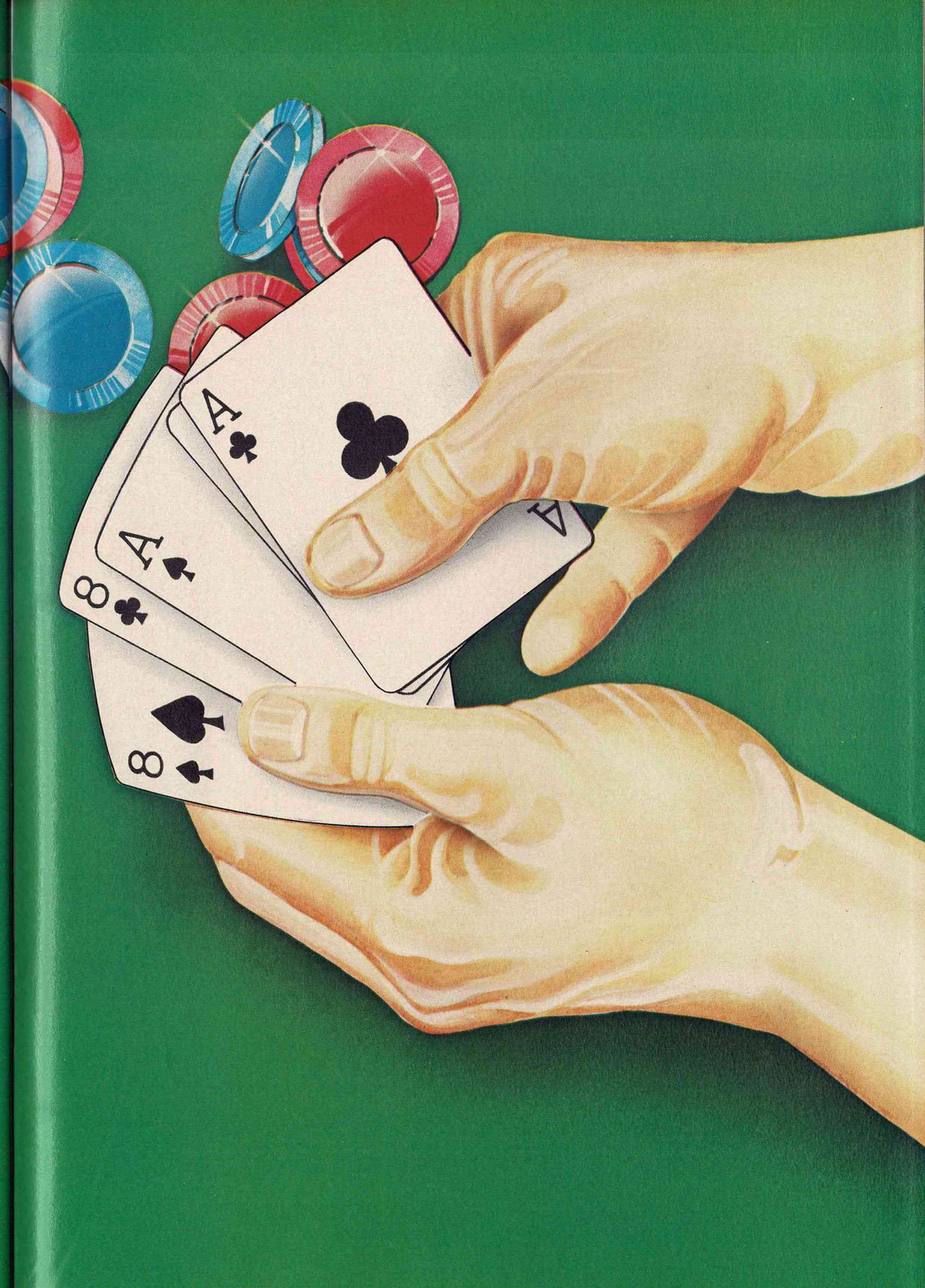


Illustration by Steve McHugh

Poker. Likewise, drawing to a four-flush, you must be certain you are getting proper value; if the chance of improving is 4-1, you need to win four times your money on the one time you make your hand to compensate for the four times you should lose. You can shade the odds a point, if you reckon that after the card draw you will get another bet from your opponents, because the extra money to be won, known as the "investment odds", makes up for the shortfall in the pot before the draw is made. But if you consistently pay to hit hands when the money value does not justify it, you will most certainly end up broke..

**Position**

It is often overlooked at Poker, but where you sit around the table in relation to the dealer is of crucial importance. The player next to the dealer has to act first — hence the expression "under the gun". As the betting goes around the table, the players in later positions have an increasing advantage because they have more information about the other players' intentions. In a game with seven players, the average best hand before the draw is a pair of aces. Thus it is advisable to hold at least aces in the first seat, because you need a stronger than average hand to take the lead. My recommended opening and raising requirements are listed in the table below. If you open in the early seats with just a pair of jacks, say, it is likely that someone around the table sitting behind you has you beaten at the start, and will raise you; if you stay in you will be "drawing short", ie, trying to improve to beat him. In the later seats, you can shade your opening requirements, because the assumption is that those ahead of you haven't got anything very much, and with fewer players left to act after you, the danger of running into a higher hand is that much reduced.

In other words, if everyone has passed, a player in late position can open on a weak hand, such as a low two pairs, to try to "steal" the pot; the fewer callers, the more chance of winning on such a hand. (I leave out for the moment the possibility that someone is sandbagging to lure the others in.)

I mentioned sandbagging above; obviously, if you make a very strong hand in the draw, such as a full house aces, you would want other players who have been drawing to their straights and flushes to bet them for all they are worth; in such a case you might delay raising the pot, and try to give an impression of weakness.

**Psychology**

Acquiring a feel for these three elements of the game — cards, money and position — is not difficult, and it takes only a couple of games to get the rules straight. The decisive element, though, is *psychology*. Every Poker game group is made up of different personalities, and every Poker game is correspondingly slightly different. It is in judging your man that the real test of skill comes. I do not mean simply the art of bluffing, which will be discussed later on, but the style of the play and the character of each individual at the table. It is said that if you want to get to know someone really well, the Poker table is one of the best ways of finding out. But it does take time.

The rule applies in two ways: first of all, every player has certain standards of his own — hands that he thinks are good enough to play on or raise on, hands that he would play in a certain way, hands that he might bluff on. By steady observation of the hands when they are shown down, you can form an idea of each player's personal frame of reference. Secondly, all players, in one way or another, reveal their playing habits through their conduct at the card table in, mannerisms, gestures, tone of voice; reaction under excitement or stress; self-control when losing or elation when winning — there are myriad pointers to players' thoughts and intentions that you must be alert for, while disguising all the time your own conduct. Ultimately, knowing your man is even more important than knowing the odds.

Opening and raising requirements in jackpots (as in straight draw) vary according to position, and my recommendations for a seven-handed game are listed in the table below. Any such recommendations, however, should be treated only as a rule-of-thumb, for if you don't vary your game you will be a sitting duck for the other players.

**The Golden Rule**

A cardinal principle of Poker, in effect the golden rule, which it is prudent if not essential to respect at all times, is: *if you start with the best hand, you are likely to end up with the best hand.* Naturally, you cannot be sure that you start with the best hand; even if you have three aces or a pat hand, someone could easily be better. The point is that on the average you will be best, and can take the initiative.

The table below lists what I regard as the minimum opening and raising requirements at jackpots for a seven-handed game. The point of this grading of hands is (as in straight draw) simply to offer a guideline for coming in before the draw with the best possible hand. If you open on the minimum in an early seat, you are asking for trouble. You will almost certainly be raised, and if you call you will be a bad second favorite: better to throw your hand away. In particular, beware of two small pairs: this is a real sucker hand. Before the draw, they may nominally be best and may be bet in order to frighten others out. But if any other player comes in, he almost certainly has a higher pair, and will be able to punish you if he can improve on his hand.

Raising standards are equally important. If you raise the opener, you are telling him, in effect, that you think your hand is better than his at that stage. That is why you need two high pairs to raise (trips in early positions), and trips to re-raise. Raising the pot also helps to deter the players with "four-straighters" and "four-flushers", by making it costly for them to come in on an unmade hand and then draw out on you. Let them pay for the privilege.

After the draw, playing the hand is far more a matter of judgement than of mathematics. Everyone has seen how many cards each of the other players has taken. Someone drawing three cards is obviously drawing to a pair. A two-card buy is harder to read: has he already got trips, or is he keeping a kicker? In a tight game, most players will take just one card. This implies they are drawing to two pairs, or trying to make a straight or

**Recommended minimum hands for opening, raising and re-raising at draw in a seven-handed game**

| Position | To open | To raise | To re-raise |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st seat | A-A or K-K-x-x | — | Any threes |
| 2nd seat | K-K-A* or Q-Q-x-x | A-A-x-x | |
| 3rd seat | K-K or J-J-x-x | K-K-x-x | |
| 4th seat | Q-Q or J-J-x-x | K-K-x-x | |
| 5th seat | J-J† | Q-Q-x-x | |
| 6th seat | 10s up | J-J-x-x | |
| Dealer | Pair 10s or A-K‡ | Low 2 pairs § | |

x-x signifies a pair. * Not necessarily to keep as a kicker, but it lessens the chance of A-A against you. †Average top hand in a five-handed game. ‡Better openers than 9-9 or less, because low pair is weak if anyone calls. §A defensive raise to discourage four-flushers, etc.

**"Something to break the ice?"**

flush; though conceivably a player could already have three of a kind and is keeping an extra card to conceal the strength of his hand.

Such judgements at Poker are always difficult to make: the size of the betting, the demeanor of the players, and your position around the table all provide clues as to the right course of play. These kinds of decision, which come up on almost every hand you play, lead to another basic principle in playing draw Poker: *never (well, almost never) bet into a one-card draw.* It is too dangerous. A one-card draw implies that the player has already got something, or he is trying to make a good hand. You may have reason to call an opponent's bet, but it is very risky to jump in, offering him the chance to raise you back, unless you hold a powerful hand yourself as a counter.

**Bluffing**

Up to now I have been describing draw Poker in the rather mechanical terms of the opening requirements, position around the table, pot odds, and so on. All this is important, but it represents only the substructure of Poker. You need to know these things and you have to respect the logic behind them, but you also need to know their limitations. Bluff upsets all of the rules and regulations of "correct" play. As I have said, if you opened and raised only and always on the hands as recommended, it would not take long for the other players to read your cards as if they were face up. It is essential to vary your play, never doing exactly the same thing twice running, always keeping your opponents guessing.

To take a simple example, if you have aces up in an early seat, you should occasionally check them when it is your turn to bet, and then raise when the betting comes back to you, after someone else has opened. This indication of strength might induce the opener to fold at once, in which case you win the pot without more ado. Suppose, though, that he raises you back, then draws two cards. He is marked for trips. At this point, presuming you are beaten, it is a long shot (11-1) to throw one card and hope to hit a full house. Better to *throw away your second pair as well,* and give yourself a 7½-1 chance of catching the third ace. If he comes out betting after the draw, and you fail to improve, you would throw away your hand. But if he checks, you can check with him, and see for nothing, while if you are lucky enough to catch a third ace, you can raise any bet he makes with some confidence.

On the other hand, if he simply calls your raise and draws one card, you should stand pat and bet. Most likely he will fold, but he may well see you with two lower pairs, just to "keep you honest".

Once this play has been seen by the rest of the table, it gives you the chance to check and raise with, say, a four-flush. When you draw one card, most people will read you for two pairs. If you hit, you will win a good pot. Against one opponent you should bet out even if you miss the flush. Remembering the previous aces up, your opponent (especially if it is the same player), may fold two small pairs. If you win on a bust, once in a while show it to the rest of the table! This will certainly encourage callers next time, when you will be sure to have the hand you represent.

Obviously players are going to suspect this kind of play, particularly when you are sitting in last seat. Better, therefore, to hold two pairs when you try it, in order to have some defensive value if the opener decides to call your last bet holding, say, a high pair.

Remember, though, the chances of pulling off this sort of coup depend very much on the strength of your opponents. The experienced players might find this play rather obvious. And, paradoxically, such a manoeuvre is often wasted on very poor players, who will call anything.

But suppose you tried this tactic of raising the opener and standing pat sitting in the second or third seat. Because you are in such an early position, the other players would certainly assume you had a strong hand and might fold, especially if you have a reputation as a tight player. Don't try to get away with it holding absolutely nothing. If someone raises you back before the draw, or the opener re-raises, you can change your mind and draw to your hand. This sort of bluff should only be tried against one opponent. It is usually too hard to push out two players, certainly at limit Poker.

Though bluffs like this may often succeed, there is no use deciding in advance that on the next deal you will definitely try it on. To be successful, any kind of stratagem at Poker must fit into the run of the play; it must be in character. The art lies in seeing the opportunity — either because a player has indicated weakness in his hand, or you think you can exploit a favorable position, or someone more or less gives his hand away.

If a player who has not bet all night suddenly jumps in with a raise, he has obviously got a good hand, and this would be a foolish time to bluff. Whereas if someone has just lost a big pot, he may be wary of committing himself and can be bluffed out. A big winner may be inclined to play too tightly, to hang on to his chips; but conversely, a loser may plunge in recklessly to try to get even. Such observations at the table give you the cue to play your hand in different ways. Although people think of raising and betting and derring-do as the very stuff of Poker, the most important quality in draw is patience. Thus if the right cards are not coming, you have to throw in your hand, and keep on throwing it in. Why come in with a short pair or a wild long shot like a three-flush, when you know for sure you start a long way worst? And yet you have to mix your play, to deceive the opposition. So, sitting in last seat, you might try to break a long drought by raising with an apparently hopeless hand like Q-J-10-x-y. You know that the cost of the bet is low, because there is no one sitting behind you. And your motives, though you expect to lose, are various: (1) You might just hit a straight (22-1 against), or possibly a queen and a jack to make two pairs — if you do hit a straight, everyone will be so surprised that they will call you on future occasions when you do have good cards; (2) If a general sense of weakness at the table comes across, you have a chance to bluff and win: for having raised and drawn two cards, it looks as if you hold trips; (3) You want to advertise the fact that you are a loose player, inclined to punt on almost anything, in the slight expectation that your luck is about to turn, so if you fail to improve in the draw, you deliberately turn your hand over for others to see how "badly" you play. If a man always plays tight, everyone gets to know his play, and when he does catch a hand, he will not get any action on it. Conversely, if a man always plays loosely, he will always be seen, and never get away with any sort of bluff. The right technique is to gear up and gear down, always trying to keep the opposition moving the wrong way.

**The Reverse Bluff**

Bluffing when you have a weak hand to drive out a stronger hand is fundamental to Poker. But there is the reverse kind of bluff, when you happen to hold a strong hand, and want to encourage a player with a weaker hand to bet against you.

Suppose at draw you happen to be dealt an extraordinarily powerful hand like four nines. If someone opens the pot and another player raises, just call. When the draw comes, you take one card. If the opener checks, check along with him. Give someone else the chance to raise. By looking weak, you may induce a bluff against you! On no account raise unless or until you are last to speak. Once in a while, of course, no one will bet at all, and you will be left looking silly when your powerhouse hand merely picks up the antes. But this cheap win will be paid for many times on the occasions when someone tries to bet or bluff you out.

Stakes are an important factor in any Poker game. There are two ways of playing. The first is by *fixed limits,* in which the ante, the opening bets, and the bets after the draw are fixed in certain proportions: eg, 25 cents ante, $2 to open (and $2 raises), and $5 after the draw. In this kind of game, the players know where they stand, in the sense that even if a man makes a mistake, he is not going to get caught for more than an extra bet of $5. The same principle applies even in very high limit games, as they might play in the casinos at Las Vegas, let us say $10 ante, $100 before the draw and $200 after. The limit still keeps the game within bounds.

The second way of arranging stakes is *pot limit,* which leads to more swings and more action, and is generally popular in social groups. The idea is to make the betting progressive by allowing bets up to the total amount in the pot.

Pot limit Poker games are usually controlled by the system known as "table stakes"; that is, a player can bet only what he has on the table in front of him. This means that despite high betting, each player can limit his risk. If he has $100 on the table, that is all he can bet on any given hand. When a man is "all in", for all his chips, he is competing for whatever proportion of the pot he has paid to play in, and other players with more money on the table fight it out for the side pot separately. For example, player A has $50 and goes all in for a pot worth $150; players B and C, each with more money, go on raising each one another in a side pot. When the showdown comes, A has a full house of kings, B a full house queens and C an ace flush. A wins the main pot, but B takes the side pot, even though A has him beaten.

In table stakes, a player can put more money up if he has no money left on the table, or is "tapped out", but not in the middle of a hand. It is also normal practice to prohibit winners taking money *off* the table — for if they do, the losers have no chance of winning it back. Note that it is not unusual for the side pot to be larger than the main pot.

There is one other type of game, which usually occurs only among the millionaires of Nevada. This is "no limit". Players can bet whatever they want, at any point, without regard to the pot. This is far beyond the scope of ordinary Poker and is not recommended unless you happen to be in the millionaire bracket too.

From THE GAMBLER'S POCKET BOOK published by Mitchell Beazley and distributed in Australia by Macmillan Australia Limited. Recommended retail price $10.95.

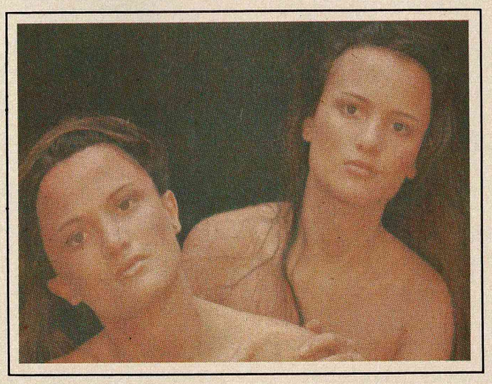
**Odds against improving in the draw**

| Original holding | Discards | Improvement to | Odds |
|---|---|---|---|
| One pair | 3 | Any improvement | 5-2 |
| | | Two pairs | 5-1 |
| | | Threes | 7½-1 |
| | | Full house | 97-1 |
| | | Fours | 359-1 |
| Pair and a kicker | 2 | Any improvement | 3-1 |
| | | Two pairs | 5-1 |
| | | Threes | 12-1 |
| | | Full house | 119-1 |
| | | Fours | 1080-1 |
| Pair and ace kicker | 2 | Aces up | 7½-1 |
| | | Other two pairs | 17-1 |
| Two pairs | 1 | Full house | 11-1 |
| Three of a kind | 2 | Any improvement | 9-1 |
| | | Full house | 15-1 |
| | | Fours | 23-1 |
| Threes with kicker | 1 | Any improvement | 11-1 |
| | | Full house | 15-1 |
| | | Fours | 46-1 |
| Four-straight — open-ended | 1 | Straight | 5-1 |
| — inside or one-ended | 1 | Straight | 11-1 |
| Four-flush | 1 | Flush | 4-1 |
| Four-flush, open-ended straight | 1 | Any improvement | 2-1 |
| | | Straight flush | 23-1 |
| Four-flush inside or one-ended straight | 1 | Any improvement | 3-1 |
| | | Straight flush | 46-1 |

**Odds against being dealt a particular hand in draw**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Royal Flush | A♥ K♥ Q♥ J♥ 10♥ | 649,739-1 |
| Straight Flush | 9♠ 8♠ 7♠ 6♠ 5♠ | 72,192-1 |
| Four of a kind | 8♦ 8♥ 8♠ 8♣ | 4164-1 |
| Full house | Q♥ Q♠ Q♦ 4♦ 4♠ | 693-1 |
| Flush | A♦ J♦ 7♦ 6♦ 3♦ | 508-1 |
| Straight | K♦ Q♥ J♣ 10♣ 9♥ | 254-1 |
| Three of a kind | 10♠ 10♦ 10♣ | 46-1 |
| Two pairs | J♥ J♦ 6♣ 6♥ | 20-1 |
| One pair | A♠ A♥ | 1.4-1 |
| Bust | K♥ 10♣ 7♥ 4♥ 2♠ | evens |

# DOUBLE EXPOSURE

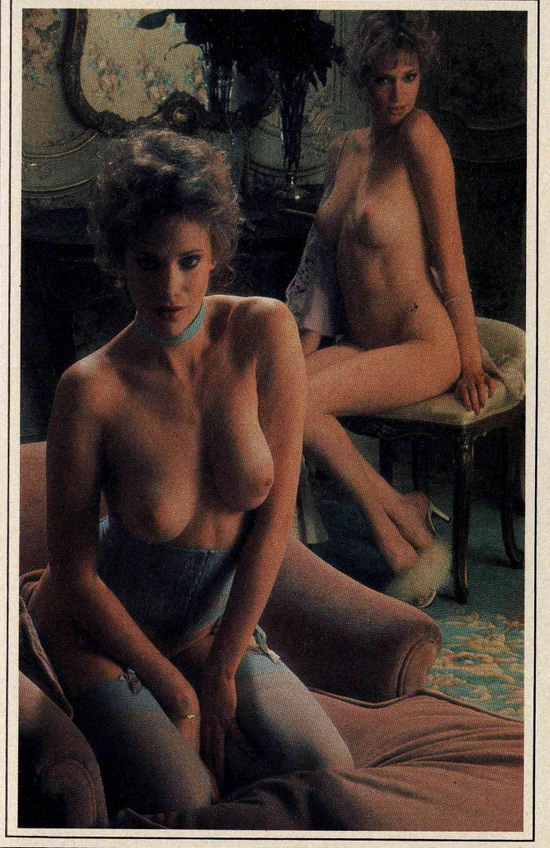


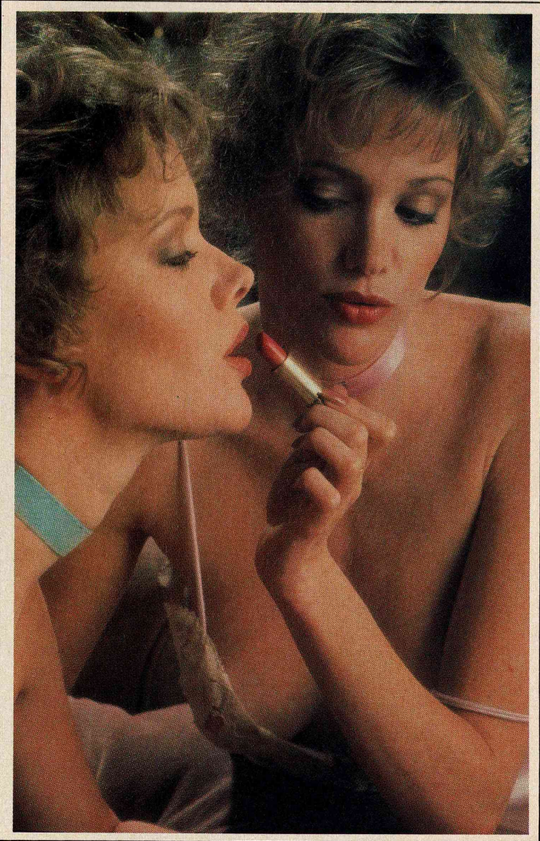
*"are there any more at home like you?" is a standard come-on line to a pretty girl, but it's also logical, because beauty often comes in pairs . . . as these pages amply prove. and now the bad news: for those of you who have always dreamed of dating a duo, all of the twins admitted having different tastes in men*

The five double visions (clockwise, from above) are: Anne and Helen Willoughby; Sheila and Moira Stone; Tricia and Cybil Barnstable; Linette and Leigh Harris; Piper and Tara Perry.

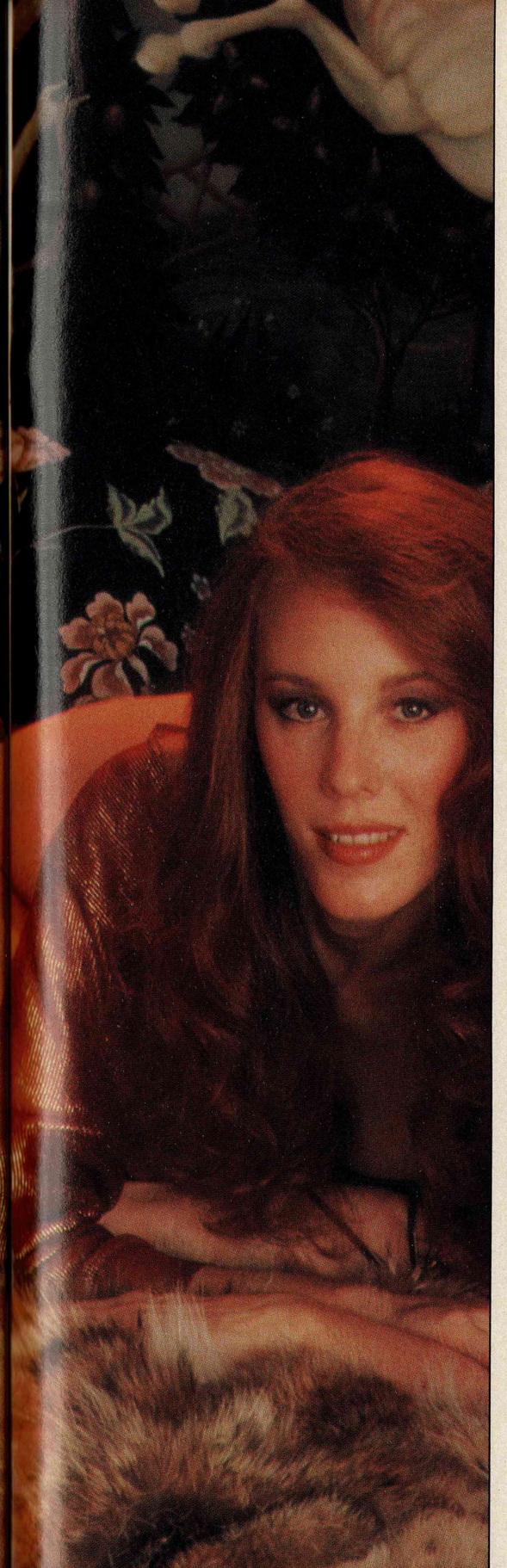
Cybil and Tricia Barnstable (shown at right) are two of the most photographed twins in the world, having appeared on *Love Boat* and in a host of TV commercials.

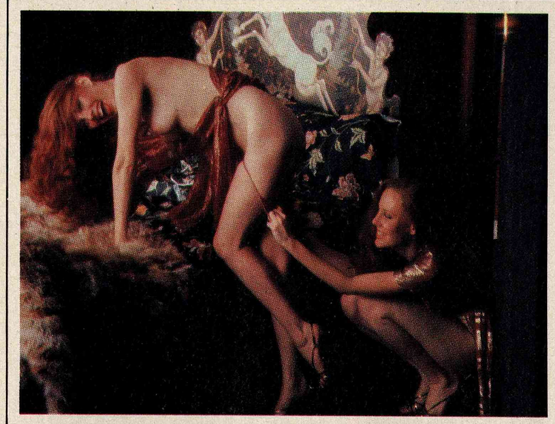
Linette and Leigh Harris (this page and left) are so psychically attuned that they often experience each other's aches and pains. The sisters aspire to someday star together in a movie titled *20.* Leigh describes herself as a "little more extroverted" than Linette . . . who agrees, and says that she spends most of her spare time getting Leigh out of mischief. One of the twins' favorite pranks with double dates used to be leaving the table at a restaurant, going to the ladies' room and exchanging clothes, then returning and switching dates. "It was easy to fool the guys," Leigh says, with a smile, "because we wear the same perfume."



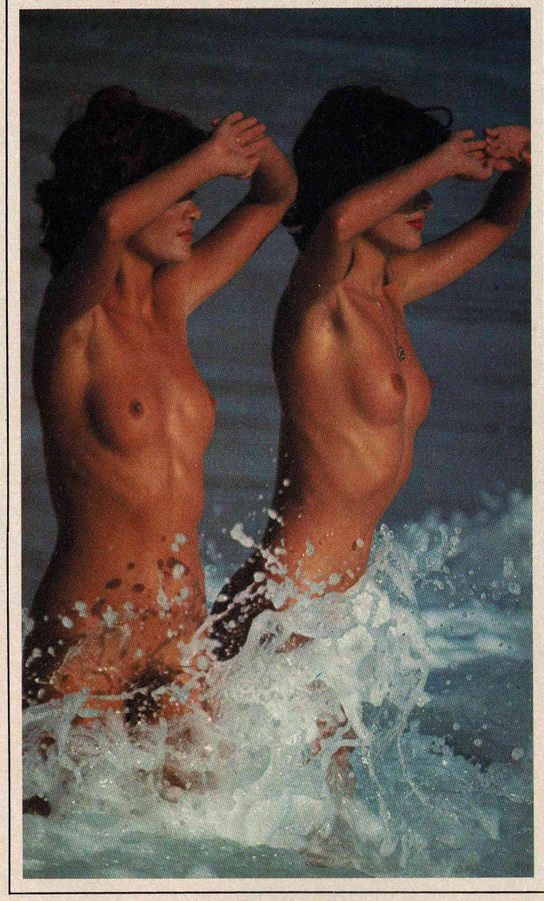


The Stone twins, Sheila and Moira, are 22 years old and mostly legs. Below, that's Sheila (180cm tall) opening the door, and 178cm tall Moira leaning against the wall — and as you can see, their lissom gams make up the, ah, better part of them. Both girls are dedicated and proficient pinball players, and it's the rare ball that makes it past their action on the flippers.





Piper and Tara Perry, Bunnies in LA, are as alike as peas in a pod. The only difference, says Tara, is that, "if you look closely, you can see that Piper has a beauty mark on her left cheek." While you're looking closely, you'll see that one of the things the Perrys have in common is a walloping good time in bed . . . with pillows, of course. And the winner? Like their looks, the game was an even match.



The story on split images couldn't possibly come to an end without another glimpse or two of the Willoughby twins. Anne and Helen first appeared in Australian PLAYBOY in August, 1979, and the response to their satiny appeal was so great that we found them again, lazing in a tropical island paradise, for last November's issue. So, twice over lightly: Anne and Helen Willoughby.

## Stars aren't the only ones who suffer, as Karen Hughes learnt when she entered...

# THE CRAZY CUT-THROAT WORLD OF OZ ROCK PROMOTERS

LOUNGING BY the luxury hotel's private roof-top pool, $100 bills bulging from the pockets of his immaculately-pressed Fiorucci jeans, one of Melbourne's more egotistical, newer rock promoters said smugly to his girlfriend that he considered himself an archetype of today's aristocracy: a mogul with a mini-dynasty of local music industry holdings, record stores, booking agency, pub, theatre lease, record label — *and* a comfortable inheritance to springboard his daredevil gambles on the big money circuit of the international rock concert stakes.

If he pushed himself hard enough, he said, contorting his well-kept body to catch a better angle of sun, with a little borrowed energy (only the purest quality, imported commodity, naturally) to brace him through the rugged nights of international negotiations across the

Illustration by Michael Farrell

ISD cables, he just might be able to make enough money to protect himself against the prospects of World War Three — or any other kind of holocaust.

But then again, he just might not make it to World War Three.

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The life of an international rock promoter, prey to superstars' whims and the fickle public's taste, is a dance on the high wire. It is not for the faint-hearted. When the right conditions prevail, a million dollars can be fleeced from a two-week major Australian cities' tour. With the slightest miscalculation, even more can be lost. It is a high-capital 100-percent-risk, 24-hour-a-day business that has little in common with the aristocrat's sense of effortless leisure.

Armed with hot tips gleaned from the pages of *Cashbox, Billboard* and the *Kent Report,* the wind of a *Countdown* discovery, and sales figures leaked from record companies and retail outlets, you often find these invisible men who wield the backstage power and control the waves of sound that lap our shores aboard their favorite haunt — the first-class lounge on the night flight to Los Angeles, New York, London.

Each one averages six trips a year to the international meccas of artist management. Waiting faithfully may be a girlfriend or "understanding" wife, but their heads and hearts are already committing adultery with the carefully calculated figures that fill their diaries: "... odds-on favorites Doobie Brothers are a safe bet with an album charting high" ... "but perhaps outsider Iggy Pop could come home stronger with the right marketing" ... "British stayers the Kinks are in a starting position to double any punter's money but dropping steadily in the Religion Stakes" ... "the battling American troubador Bob Dylan looks a high risk though he could break even on his past records" ... "Stevie Wonder's platinum record sales give him a head start but his starting fee could better buy the Rolling Stones" ... "with low odds and sure returns the best bet of the day have got to be the English sprinters, the Pretenders ..."

On landing, they will check in at the Beverly Wilshire, the New York Plaza or London's Montecalm. Forgetting their jet lag, they will hire a limousine and head straight for the agents' offices — referred to by one promoter as sharkpools. On four hours sleep and three espressos, they will brunch, lunch, sup, sail and smooth-talk their suppliers, brandishing their greatest weapon, a bottomless cheque account.

Being seen on the marketplace is as important as doing the seeing. "If the agents don't know you, they just don't want to know," remarks Pat Condon, a former Nine Network executive who secured the Bob Dylan, Neil Diamond and Beach Boys tours for the now-defunct AGC-Paradine organisation. Condon, who left AGC-Paradine in early 1979 to go solo, has just recently utilised his persuasive powers to sign Liza Minnelli, Supertramp and the Doobie Brothers to his roster for the coming year.

Seven companies — Australian Concert Entertainment (ACE), Duet Productions, Frontier Touring Co, Garry Van Egmond Promotions, Kevin Jacobsen Concert Promotions, Pat Condon International and the Paul Dainty Corporation — all compete in the one arena to siphon their bit of summer concert madness. The demographics make it such that Australia's rock promoters are becoming victims of each other's elbow tactics as well as outlandish bidding wars initiated by foreign

*"Often the artists are bought for inflated prices which ripple back to the comsumer in tacky venues or increased ticket prices."*

agents who know all too well that the ball is secured firmly in their court. It means that often the artists are bought for inflated prices, far beyond their current market value elsewhere, which ripple all the way back to the consumer, either in tacky venues or increased ticket prices.

A Melbourne-based entrepreneur since 1974, Garry Van Egmond, 42, known for his taste and integrity, sees the situation differently. "Sure, because the overseas agencies and managers know of the number of promoters out here, they can ask for four or five offers from different promoters and, if you're not careful, start a bidding war.

"But it really depends on what you feel, *yourself,* the attraction's worth. I've bought attractions and other promoters have said, 'You've spent much too much for that one.' But I believed that that was the right price at the right time for the right business that attraction could do. For example, we totally under-estimated what Bette Midler could do — from guaranteeing her six concerts in Sydney, we ended up doing 14. Every deal is totally different. One might buy an attraction delivered or share air-fares with the Japanese promoter. I see what I think a band can do business-wise, and I judge my offer on that and leave enough short on ticket sales so that I feel safe and can get out of it. I always allow for 10,000 ticket sales less than I budgeted for, so I'm still all right even if it's a break-even situation.

"I think my best skill is as a negotiator. I always try to present the managers or the agents with a tremendous amount of detail — every point is covered — so while there might be three other promoters bidding for one attraction, that detail gives us the edge."

Last year, this former insurance salesman and restaurant owner's four-man operation grossed $4½ million. Underlining his clout are the gold and platinum records lining the walls of his office — a token of the record companies' appreciation of sales spin-offs from the 30 or more tours he has done. Rosie, his wife, calls to ask when he'll be home for dinner. "It takes a toll on family life more than on health," he says wistfully. "I've had to pull out of a family holiday to go to the US at the end of the week."

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Accountant Phil Jacobson is, along with local music industry whiz kids, Glenn Wheatley, Michael Gudinski, Michael Chugg, Ray Evans, Steve White and Frank Stivali, one of the names behind the newest promotional company, Frontier. When their most immediate competitor ACE was hit by heavy losses at the end of 1979 with the Rockpile and Graham Parker tours, Frontier invaded their territory by exploiting the volatile, popular new wave market that older promoters often squeamishly avoid. Frontier has grossed more that $1 million since its inception in January, 1979, and the men involved, either individually or collectively, have interests in two major booking agencies (Melbourne's Premier Artists and Sydney's Harbor Agency), plus Mushroom Records. The international push behind Little River Band, Wheatley Bros Entertainment, meant Frontier already had strong overseas connections — and thus was immediately accepted into an otherwise closed circle.

"An agent is interested in two things: money and reputation," says Jacobson drily. In that order.

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For a neophyte wishing to enter the exclusive boys' club of rock's upper echelon, the initiation isn't easy. There are three ways of going about it. The first is to outbid all opponents by a long shot and hence walk a financial tightrope — like the Sydney man who recently came into an inheritance and, with no previous experience, bid a cool million for Kenny Rogers. Another is to make it worth the agent's while with a little payola under the table to find out how much the others have bid, and then go one higher. Failing the credit to do this, there is always the well-tested phantom bid ploy to fall back on: one well-known Sydney promoter is known for wiping his opponents from the track with a rash of deliberately over-priced bids, then returning later to a clear course and easy game. The third is to be content with leftovers, see cod as caviar, and do an excellent job that will earn that all-important one-to-one relationship with the overseas agent and another shot at the big time.

ACE started out with leftovers and finished with a $200,000 profit on their first tour in March, 1977. Israeli born Zev Eizik, a dynamic 31-year-old staunch Zionist with a degree in criminology, who says he could have committed himself with an equal conviction to athletics or charity work, had a useful tool in a chain of Melbourne import shops, Gaslight Records, which he owns with partner Michael Coppel. When agents went through the "Who have you done before? No one? Don't call us, we'll call you routine", finally a friend, Berl Heckman at the US's William Morris Agency, offered him a punt on a little-known cult act: Jackson Browne. Sales figures from Gaslight indicated Browne had a strong and steady following although this never surfaced on the top 40. ACE took the punt.

"Nobody wanted to know about it," recalls Zev Eizik with amusement. "Several people involved in the recording business tried to stop me getting the tour because of my import stores, calling me a bootlegger. When they couldn't stop me on that basis, they started sending cables to Joe Smith, chairman of Electa-Asylum, saying: 'This guy's mad! Jackson only sold 48 copies in two years, he could only do small venues, no bigger than 1000 seats.' American agencies called up Garry (Van Egmond) and Paul (Dainty) and said they didn't know who the act was!"

That time, Jackson Browne sold out three concerts at Melbourne's Festival Hall, four at Sydney's Hordern Pavilion and three at Adelaide's Festival Theatre for starters.

"If you're able to detect a band before it gets into the *Cashbox* Top 100, then the advantages are quite numerous," reveals Eizik, who says his company has short term goals. "You tend to buy them on the up, and as you always buy for six or nine or 12 months in advance, you have to try to project their popularity to the time when you're gonna get them. So basically you have to offer them more than what they're earning at that current period of time and less than what you think they could be worth at that later date. Therefore you're not paying inflated prices, and if you succeed, your reward is higher."

Another time Coppel and Eizik's record stores came to their rescue was Rodriguez. Two albums released in the '60s by the Mexican-American songwriter Sixto Rodriguez were heavily in demand and, when the album rights came up for tender, the ACE team quickly snapped them up, forming the Blue Goose record label to add to a growing empire that now includes shares in Melbourne booking agency, Nucleus Attractions, Macy's pub and the lease on Sydney's very lucrative Capitol Theatre. Then when the *Coming From Reality* and *Cold Fact* albums went gold, ACE was able to lure the shy Detroit student, for

*"The tightening of overseas contracts keeps out a lot of people who might get into it for one hit, bail out, and leave the band stranded."*

a fee of $150,000, to conduct a phenomenal 17-concert tour, earning profits in excess of $100,000.

In the second week of February, 1979, the shock $2.6 million collapse of Harry M. Miller's Computicket dealt our entrepreneurs a savage blow. Two of the more powerful promoters — Duet Productions, acting on behalf of Rod Stewart's manager, Billy Gaff, for the Rod Stewart tour, and the man who has probably contributed most to rock promotion in Australia, Paul Dainty, with the Linda Ronstadt tour — were heavily hit with losses of $283,000 and $188,000 respectively. And so it went on down the line. Overnight, international agents were alerted to the precarious nature of antipodean touring and began to want to see up-front cash, trust accounts and financial guarantees. This meant that unless you had somewhere in excess of $100,000 hard cash to mount, you were virtually out of the race. "The tightening of overseas contracts is quite a good thing actually," believes Garry Van Egmond, who worked with Harry M. Miller for 12 years before Miller opted out of the rock promotion business after incurring heavy losses with a David Cassidy tour in the early '70s. "It keeps out a lot of people who might be those flaky promoters who get into it for one hit, thinking it's easy money, and then bail out and leave the band stranded in Australia or wherever."

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Then there are the others who deplore the Computicket crash of 1979 when the booking system failed. "Up to two years ago, we had a wonderful relationship with the overseas management companies," laments Kevin Ritchie, a ruddy-faced, grey-haired, softly-spoken Sydney-sider who left an executive position with EMI in 1974 to form Duet Productions, a company which mainly contracts tours by working on a relatively safe percentage basis with Elton John's manager John Reid.

"Unfortunately, when Computicket crashed," Ritchie says, "our credibility went downhill. It's a shame because it more or less put us back. There's no trust now, and it took us years to build that trust."

Ritchie, who looks older than his 50-odd years, has undergone a quiet period with Duet since Computicket crashed, undertaking only two sure winners — the Elton John tours of November, 1979, and December, 1980.

But he hasn't put all his money on the one horse: he also looks after the business affairs of country singer Slim Dusty and manages the Australian branch of Reid's Rocket Records.

Times have changed dramatically since the boom years of the mid-'70s when Ritchie hit the scene and more still since the late '50s when, as an EMI office boy climbing the record company ladder, he saw the dawn of rock 'n' roll in Australia.

American-born jazz entrepreneur Lee Gordon dominated the mushrooming '50s scene with rough and ready tours by Bill Haley and The Comets and Freddie Bell and the Bellboys. Recalls Max Moore who worked for Gordon and now works as tour manager for Kevin Jacobsen: "A week before an act came into town we'd ring up AWA and they'd supply us with four big horns to put on each corner of the stage, four mikes, one amplifier and that was it."

As the infant industry began to acquire teeth during the prosperous post-war years of the Menzies' regime, the burgeoning, upwardly-mobile teenage market began to define itself as one that could be exploited in terms of fashion. And music was fashion. Attracted by the prospects of quick and easy money, a swarthy swarm of fly-by-nighters and second cousins of criminals descended for the kill,

leaving the scene by the late '60s, burnt out and sporting a blazing trail of debts.

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From the other side of the world, a 22-year-old Englishman, Paul Dainty, dreamed that a regular, professionally-marketed supply of classily-presented acts was what was needed to form an ongoing business that would line his pockets with gold in the Lucky Country. Dainty, now 33, an elfin-faced sharpshooter with the midas touch, fast became a pacesetter as far as the production and the presentation of Australian tours were concerned. With $5000 of his own and a $71,000 loan, he left his job with a London theatrical agency to begin importing acts like the Hollies, the Kinks, Cat Stevens, the Bee Gees, the Rolling Stones — knowing that if he kept his artists supplied with limousines, French champagne and party girls, the audience would benefit. Until the mid-'70s, Dainty reigned virtually unchallenged, seen driving the streets of Sydney, pretty women in his canary-yellow Rolls with the initialled number plates, upping the standards of rock tours, expanding his personal kingdom to Melbourne and Mayfair, and creating a steady market for rock touring.

It couldn't last for long. Others wanted to reap the benefits of the public's awesome eagerness for all things imported. Garry Van Egmond became Dainty's first competitor, with a second Bee Gees tour in 1974. This was followed by Kevin Jacobsen, who had been touring international artists in the clubs during the '60s.

Michael Barnett, a stocky, bearded man who sits in the managing director's seat of the Paul Dainty Corporation, becomes inexorably tight-lipped when the subject of money is raised. Like his boss, who now spends a good part of the year rubbing shoulders with the London showbiz elite and plotting a further 10-year plan in the world of theatre and film production, Barnett is known for playing his cards close to his chest.

"We don't talk about money. That's why we're the best," Barnett mutters, tightly folding his arms as if mentioning the dollar sign would prise open the mysterious green-tinted glue that keeps it all together. He does, however, disclose that, whereas three years ago the Dainty Corporation was grossing in excess of $10 million per annum from its rock attractions, the last financial year (a year that included tours by Fleetwood Mac, Leonard Cohen, Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers, Sky and The B52s) gross barely hit the $2 million mark.

The repercussions of their Computicket losses and the current congestion on the marketplace have temporarily squelched the corporation's plans to go public in 1981. Barnett suggests two solutions to the present high risk, low turnover conditions that prevail. One is to up ticket prices. "Whereas ticket prices have only doubled in the past five years, airfares have gone up 200 percent, and hotels and trucking expenses have more than doubled. All this makes it harder to get any money out of these shows."

The second tactic is for promoters to band together more (as they have as members of the Theatre Managers and Entrepreneurs Association, a body which represents the rights of the employer before the arbitration court) for the bigger tours, to beat the overseas agents at their own game. "Most American agents and managers want to crucify the promoter. As far as they're concerned, you're not entitled to make money. Neil Diamond is quoted as saying that no promoter's ever made any money off him and he's quite pleased about that. A terrible thing to say!" cries Barnett, who came of age on the Melbourne dance circuit making his dollars from rock 'n' roll and, like all the Dainty executive staff, works on a percentage basis.

"I'd like to see promoters talk more and tie down some of these acts. Kiss are the classic example — the way they played every promoter off to a point where they told a promoter his offer was nothing like Paul Dainty's and Paul hadn't even put an offer in!

"With a situation like that, which is on the open market, I'd like to see all promoters get together and say: 'Okay, this is what *we* consider the act's worth.' Then one promoter will go buy the act and the rest will put their money in and be silent backers and share at the end of the day.

"That way I think Kiss would have been bought for two or three hundred thousand dollars less than they were."

Yes, but whose name would appear in small letters at the top of the bill?

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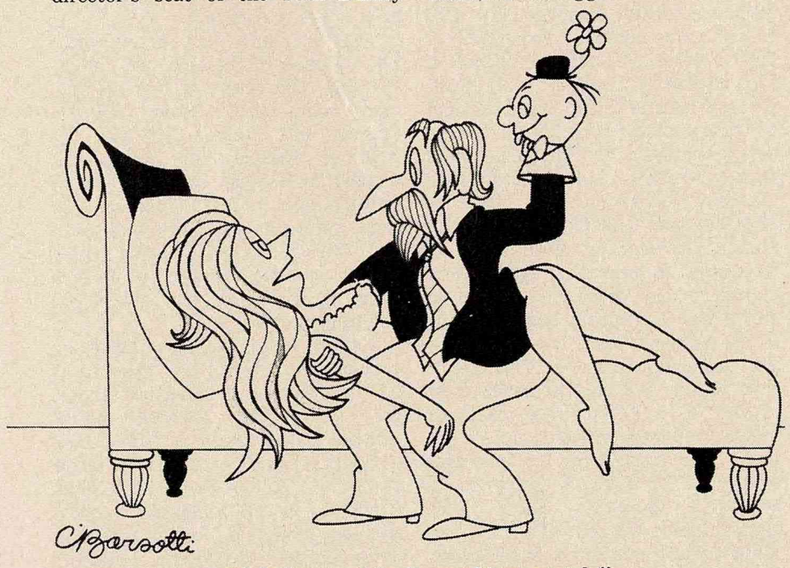
Kevin Jacobsen, a 45 year old, tall promoter with wavy ginger hair, is a proud Labor voter who provided his own studio ATA to help fund the "It's Time" jingle which heralded in the Whitlam era. As keyboards player in his brother Col Joye's band, Joy Boy Jacobsen had a ready in with the cream of the *Bandstand* set — Olivia Newton-John, Peter Allen and the Bee Gees — which obtained him Andy Gibb and early Bee Gees publishing rights as well as later allowing him to secure tours with Allen and Newton-John. Though Jacobsen, a generous man, gives the impression of being somewhat vague, this is deceptive — things usually work his way.

When in New York City last May, Jacobsen decided to test Barnett's strategy on a smaller scale. Both he and ACE had their eyes set on New York proto-punk band, the Ramones, for a winter tour. He phoned Zev Eizik in Melbourne, and after discussions, was left with the impression that the two parties had agreed to put in a joint bid of $17,000 which, when you add on tour costs, meant a good chance of breaking even. The next morning, Jacobsen walked the few blocks from his Plaza Hotel suite to the offices of his friend, Ramones' manager, one Gary Kurfurts, and triumphantly announced the bid. A surprised Kurfurts then produced an




**"I don't care. I don't want him to watch."**



offer that had come in earlier that morning for a $25,000 contract on behalf of ACE: Eizik's partner Michael Coppel had moved faster.

Just as conciliation, flattery, and keeping all options wide open until that final signature appears on the dotted line is second nature, so is an ego that says that name should be, preferably, only their own.

As it turned out, the Ramones incurred heavy losses, playing so badly that Eizik was embarrassed to watch, and Jacobsen had all the more to invest in the monster tour, Kiss — the promotional coup of the decade, at least in terms of publicity.

Kevin Jacobsen's wrist now displays a century-old Cartier diamond and gold watch presented to him by the members of Kiss in appreciation of the four months of solid clockwork that went into mounting the biggest and most expensive tour ever staged in the land of Oz. Ironically, the watch's value probably beats the returns Kevin Jacobsen Concert Promotions will reap for all their sweat and slog. Roadshow licensing and the 45 manufacturers given the rights to produce Kiss products in Australia — from jewellery to shrinky dinks — most likely made more money from the Star-Faced Four than did Jacobsen. His freak-outlay of $2.2 million to keep a crew of 99 people on the road for two weeks, was calculated to yield a high risk profit of around five percent. Only the most benign forces of nature pull it off. Jacobsen trusted his luck, but didn't reckon on the train workers of Sydney taking time off to assess their wages or the gods conspiring to end the agricultural drought in Brisbane, Adelaide and Wellington, diminishing the expected crowd turn-up in some cases by half. While his books, in the international concert department of his multi-media operations, remain in a state of delicate balance, this eternal optimist puts it all down to experience, wonderful experience.

•

But the securing of a tour is only the beginning of the obstacle course.

The signing of an artist means that the promoter will now be subjected to two months of tedious and exhausting pre-tour hack-work for which he will pay a heavy tab. Visas have to be diplomatically extracted from a stubborn Immigration Department; national publicity and advertising plans must be strategically co-ordinated; and venues have to be secured, so that a band and 40-piece entourage won't be found trekking illogically from Perth to Brisbane to Adelaide to Sydney. If playing outdoors, stages have to be erected, seating, sound and lighting equipment contracted, and backstage riders that detail the artists' various requests for unobtainable niceties filled to a tee.

All this to put a few people on stage to live out their adolescent fantasies for 90 minutes a night.

When the act arrives, the pace intensifies. Displaying a high degree of human tolerance, he will become the scapegoat and miracle healer to the star who provides his source of income. An upset artist often means a premature finale and, as Paul Dainty sussed out long ago, keeping the party happening is the nucleus of a tour.

If creating the rarefied atmosphere to maintain a tour's delicate life support system means jetting Alana over to perk up a flagging Rod Stewart, filling the Kiss portable dressing room with thornless red roses, supplying Gary Numan with his exclusive diet of Big Macs, fries and Coke, Fleetwood Mac with a limo each and a curious daily diet of imported limes, and Elvis Costello with things more interesting, the promoter who wants to keep his name up-front will unassumingly foot the bill and brunt the legal risks involved. Even though today there doesn't exist the fear of the kind of vice squad drug bust that put an end to Joe Cocker's 1972 tour, one of Melbourne's more respected promoters must have succumbed momentarily to severe duress last year when a well-known American group snorted cocaine on-stage as part of their act.

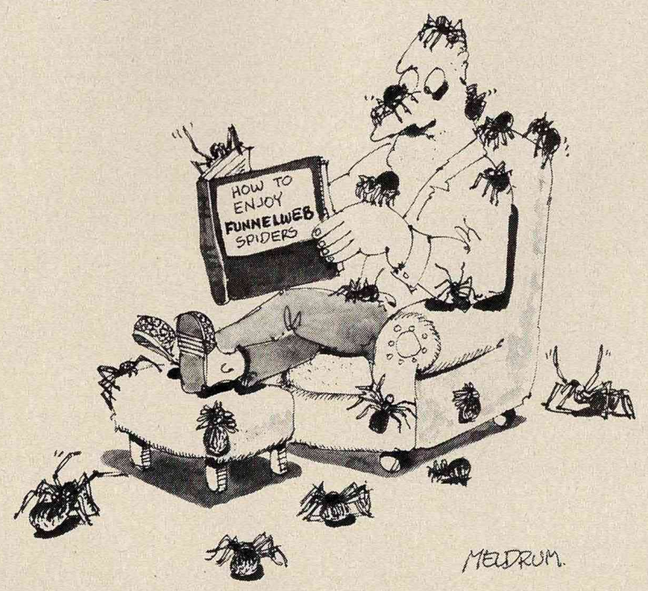
Thirteen-year-old girls' blazingly irate fathers have been known to present more of a legal threat. It happened on one recent tour, and happens often. Keeping the band constantly supplied with women, as Pat Condon says, is never a problem. "Although the road crew usually scores the groupies, band members can get off a plane alone and walk out of the airport with two girls on each arm. They attract them like magnets. I've seen them picking out who they want for the night when they're on stage — their eyes do all the work."

Ironically, while the star is unwinding after the show with his supply of pleasures and the catch of the night's legs wrapped firmly round his neck, the only thing blowing in the promoter's ear is a voice on the phone, where he's hustling his next job.

"There has been a time," says Zev Eizik, "when we had three acts in the country at the same time in three different cities. It got to the stage where I was staying in two different hotels and having dinner with two different acts purely to keep the one-to-one relationship."

But the ultimate thrill for Eizik is standing side-stage surrounded by the results of three or four months of mental, financial and physical input. "I get the same buzz as a musician does, knowing I've chosen an act that can satisfy 5000 people and I've brought those 5000 people there by marketing it properly and making all the circumstances right."

The broadening of tastes through FM radio, an inevitable increase in ticket prices and an opening up of the Asian and Pacific tour circuit could well see Australia's rock promoters bathing in Perrier water in the future. But however rich these mavericks get on rock 'n' roll — you can be sure the hardest deal they get is their own. And that they've paid for it dearly.



# VIDEO DISC

## The next revolution

*sounds and sights the world has never dreamed of are fast approaching*
*feature by Dennis Lingane*

IS THE electronics industry about to kill the entertainment goose of the '80s before it's had time to lay the golden egg? That's the question being asked by factions in the industry wounded by the many battles of the past decade.

In less than five years there will be an estimated five million video disc players on the market.

When that figure is reached, according to a spokesman for MCA Universal, movies will be released for cinemas and video discs simultaneously. You will have the option of going to the cinema to see your favorite movie, or buying the disc for about $20 and viewing it in your home on your own giant television set. Even now, some films are being released on video cassettes and video discs within months of joining the cinema circuit.

You will be able to buy not only the latest movies on disc, but also pop shows to enable you to hear and see your favorite artists in concert in your living room.

The freeze frame and the instant frame search system of the Pioneer optical video disc also mean it will be a terrific educational aid. The complete *Encyclopaedia Britannica* can be recorded on one optical disc — 54,000 frames each side.

In Pioneer's Melbourne head office there is a video disc machine, projection television, and a hi-fi system all linked together. Such a home entertainment centre will be a reality next year when the video disc is released. A recent demonstration made me realise

Photography by Luis Martin

just how incredible an entertainment centre it will be.

Managing Director Les Black invited me to drop in and see "something special". The something special was a video disc of an opening night of the Metropolitan Opera in New York. The music was reproduced from the video disc through a hi-fi system and the picture produced on 65cm television. The music was so powerful and dramatic that it overshadowed the TV picture. But when we switched the picture to a giant projection TV screen the opposite happened. The picture was larger than the sound and the urge was to turn up the volume.

The demonstration was a dramatic example of the power of marrying a video disc, hi-fi and projection television together. Sitting in front of that giant television with the full stereo sound of a pulse code modulation recording was better than being in the front row of an opera house.

When the video disc is on the market there will be a whole new dimension to the art and entertainment world. Operas, films, rock shows and dramas will be all eventually available on disc.

We won't have to wait for theatre companies to stage plays to see a particular favorite. Probably, we will be able to hire it from our local library. Nor will we have to wait for international artists to visit Australia.

Production houses will be set up around the world to put the best of opera, theatre, and drama on to video disc. Schools, learning institutions, theatre companies, theatre buffs and a great many other sections of the community will have access to these through libraries and art groups. Schoolchildren studying Shakespeare will be able to see top actors and actresses performing right in their own classrooms. Actors and actresses wanting to study the techniques of the famous will be able to do so at home and replay a gesture or phrase over and over again to analyse it closely.

And while theatre buffs and culture vultures learn more and more from this new medium, schoolchildren will be able to sit at home and watch their favorite pop stars. Sports fans will also benefit. Much of this could, one might argue, be put on to a video cassette. The only snag is that videotape wears and, after it has been passed across a head 200 times, you finish up with a black and white picture. Video cassettes are also far more expensive. A film costs about $70. Video disc equivalents will be about $20. And the sound will be far superior to the video cassette. The optical video disc never wears and is virtually indestructible.

So, the '80s will see the curtain raised on the biggest entertainment phenomenon since the advent of television, but there are storms on the fast approaching horizon.

Ever since the Japanese manufacturers came of age, the great eternal triangle has been Europe-versus-America-versus-Japan. For years the Japanese were the copiers, while Americans survived on the brain drain from Europe.

America has periodically taken the initiative, but it eventually lost out to European ingenuity (such as the Philips compact cassette system for car sound), and to the Japanese ability to build things faster, cheaper and usually better than both the Americans and Europeans. And all the time Japan was refining mass production, it was also funding the most intensive behind-the-scenes development program.

There is no doubt that, although the Americans currently lead the world in microprocessor development (the chip), within a year or two the Japanese will dominate the market with their own micro-computers. They are just so much better at mass production processes.

But, fortunately, they are human and, while the Japan club might put on a united front, to date the ego of the different companies has guaranteed that they have stood divided in the market place.

When four-channel sound systems were introduced, for example, JVC, Sony and Sansui fought bitterly for world rights; a couple of European four-channel systems didn't even get to first base.

We have seen the same battle in the video cassette market and the same rivalry is now about to hit the video disc market.

On one hand there is Philips (European) with its laser system, supported by Pioneer and Sony, and on the other hand RCA (America) has a mechanical system. Completing the triangle is JVC's (Japanese) VHD adopted by Matsushita with its part-optical, part-mechanical system.

But whether the battle for the video disc market is going to be to the consumer's advantage isn't known.

Certainly Philips and Pioneer have been given a promotional hurry-up by the decision of the Japanese to support the Matsushita-JVC camp.

Pioneer developed an industrial laser disc player, and General Motors in the US ordered 13,000 for dealers around the country as an information, training and marketing system.

The same unit is now on offer to GMH Dealers in Australia for $4000 including cabinet, hi-fi sound system and TV monitor.

Approximately a year ago, Pioneer developed a domestic video disc unit which is complementary to the Philips Magnavox system but which has two advantages over it — faster access time for random program search, and remote control. Both use the same video disc software.

This was sold last year in the US on a test market basis alongside the Philips Magnavox system. But this year Pioneer is getting serious. More than 100,000 video disc players will be shipped to the US in a big push to make the optical system market leader. Pioneer and Philips have only a few months to establish the optical player. RCA and Matsushita plan to launch their respective systems in the US this year, and, if they meet their deadlines, the beginning of 1982 will see the most aggressive three-way battle in the industry's history. Hundreds of millions of dollars are riding on the outcome.

Software (programs) is a vital criterion in this market, as the manufacturers found in the four-channel battle. Not sure which format to support, the record companies decided to sit back and adopt a wait-and-see policy. The result was the four-channel market collapsed while everyone was waiting.

So this time the manufacturers of the hardware went out and made sure that they had signed up software companies early on. Pioneer joined forces with MCA Universal which controls more than 50 percent of the entertainment industry in America.

Then MCA Universal and Pioneer Electronics formed a joint company, called Universal Pioneer, to develop and promote the video disc.

It looked like an ideal marriage. They were using a European system, made by a Japanese company, and also using American programs. But toward the end of 1979 MCA Universal sold 50 percent of its share in Universal Pioneer to IBM.

This has meant that IBM has 25 percent, MCA Universal 25 percent and Pioneer Electronics 50 percent. The IBM and MCA Universal shares of the company are held through a holding company, Videodisc Corp.

The speculation in the Japanese press at the tie-up put "problems with software" as the reason for bringing in IBM.

This has since proved to be true. The complex system used in making the optical video discs has created quite a headache for the Pioneer/Philips conglomerate.

While Pioneer took on the challenge of taming the highly complex techniques of the laser disc player, MCA was to solve problems related to disc production. But, according to sources in Japan, things did not go well and Pioneer built a disc production factory in Japan to try to iron out the production problems.

These laser disc problems have encouraged the opponents of this system to develop mechanical RCA and VHD video disc systems.

But Philips may have the trump card. It says that it has developed a new photographic system for producing video discs for the optical system. Philips is building a factory in the UK to make the discs for countries, such as Britain and Australia, which use the PAL television system and another factory in the USA to make discs for Japan and America which use the NTSC system.

Pioneer has more to lose than anyone else in this entertainment gamble of the '80s because it has invested millions of dollars in developing the optical video disc. So it has formed yet another company to pursue software, called Pioneer Artists.

A spokesman for Pioneer in Japan says Pioneer Artists signed six contracts in its first three months of operation. But the really big movie companies and big recording artists elude Pioneer. They are fighting shy, planning to hold out for the biggest offer from the three competitors.

The RCA and JVC video discs can be produced in conventional record factories. Hence they are cheaper and easier to make.

RCA uses a conventional record system with a continuous track, like a conventional record and stylus. But this, according to JVC, will eventually wear. It also does not allow random access to frames.

The JVC system on the other hand allows random access using a piezo crystal which is part mechanical and part electrical, so wear is minimised. Contact is made, but not via a groove.

While you can stand soaking wet beer glasses on the optical disc, and you can even chuck it on the ground and stamp on it with no effect on its playing ability, the VHD and RCA systems are more delicate. They may be easier to produce, but they are also easier to damage, and a micron of dust is all that is needed to spoil the reproduction. That is why they are both held in a "caddie", a sleeve similar to an LP record sleeve. But instead of taking the disc out of the sleeve and putting it into the player, you put the "caddie" into the player. When you remove the caddie, the disc is left inside the player. To remove, you simply push the caddie into the player and the disc is then re-loaded into the caddie and both are removed. At no time is the disc exposed to the open air.

RCA will of course use material from its own massive entertainment empire to its own format. Where then will Matsushita get programs?

The "we'll take the best offer" attitude by the big entertainment companies in the USA now means that the VHD Japanese system could be a potential threat to the optical system. If Matsushita is prepared to pay the price it could also get a superb line-up of product for its disc system.

And what will the players cost? RCA is talking about $500 for its mono player in the US, while the Philips and Pioneer units sell for a little more than $700. Matsushita is expected to launch its VHD system at a price somewhere between the two.

We are unlikely to see Japanese players here for two to three years.

Philips is expected to launch its PAL player in the UK on a test market basis later this year. I believe that Pioneer, too, will take the opportunity to produce a PAL version at that time and we could see that sold in Australia in limited numbers by the end of this year.

Whatever the outcome, the next five years are going to be exciting for industry and consumers alike.

**"I wouldn't leave the watch on unless it's shockproof."**

**"Of course it's not boiling. You haven't plugged in the bloody thing."**



Australian Playboy March 1981

# THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF DICK PULLER & DAVE THE RAVE IN A LITTLE TRIP DOWN... "MAMMARY LANE"

SATIRE BY HARRISON.

IN THESE TIMES OF ECONOMIC UNCERTAINTY EVEN THE OLDEST BUSINESS IN THE WORLD HAS ITS..." BACK TO "BACK TO THE WALL." THIS MONTH DICK & DAVE, THOSE TWO EROTIC "TIME & MOTION" EXPERTS, ARE IN KINGS CROSS, WHERE A PRICE-CUTTING, DISCOUNT WAR HAS PUSHED THEIR OLD FRIEND, ANNIE CROTCH'S SEX EMPIRE TO THE BRINK OF BANKRUPTCY!

♪ HI HO, HI HO, IT'S ...♪ OFF TO WORK WE GO

A 35 HOUR WEEK! I'M STILL WAITING FOR OUR UNION TO GO FOR A 35 CUSTOMER DAY!

GO ON, SHOOT THROUGH MATE, I'M NOT INTO "YAMAHA ORGANS"

I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... THE GIRLS IN NEWCASTLE NEVER CHARGE FOR IT!

I LIKE YOUR "KISS" MAKEUP!

WHY DONT YOU TURN UP THE MUSIC... THEY CAN'T HEAR IT IN WOLLONGONG!

ACTUALLY I'M A SOCIOLOGY STUDENT..

HERE COLLECTING MATERIAL FOR A THESIS I SUPPOSE?

NO.. WORKING MY WAY THROUGH UNI!

YEAH, THE BOSS GAVE IT TO ME!

ADULTERAMA

THE FRENCH CONNECTION

SMACK BAR

MASSAGE

BED & BAWD

PEEP SHOW

CABARET

DARLINGHURST RD

MAMMARY LA

SKID ROW

THE PUNK PUSSY DISCO

ANNIE'S BACK-ROOM OFFICE WHERE SHE KEEPS A PECUNIARY FINGER ON THE PULSE OF SYDNEY'S SEX LIFE...

BOYS! BOYS! YOU'VE GOTTA HELP ME! MY BUSINESS THESE DAYS IS ALL TURNOVER... AND NO PROFIT!

YEAH, WE'VE BEEN GOING DOWN SO MUCH WE'RE ABOUT TO GO UNDER!

MEN! I DUNNO, IF ONLY THEY'D PUT THEIR MONEY WHERE THEIR MOUTHS WERE!

HERE'S A 24 HOUR FREE PASS SO YOU & DICK CAN LOOK THE JOINT OVER & TELL ME WHERE I'M GOING WRONG.

HEY! HOW DO TWO BIG KNOCKERS LIKE THAT MANAGE TO STAY INSIDE SUCH A SKIMPY LITTLE TOP?

OH, I JUST PUSH 'EM IN & LET 'EM FIGHT IT OUT BETWEEN THEMSELVES!

© T. HARRISON DEC '80.



HEY... NO QUEUE JUMPIN'!

WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED EXAMINING SOME OF THE... FANCY OVERHEADS... I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET THE CASHIER.

HI, I'M BLANCHE, I ALWAYS RELY ON THE KINDNESS OF STRANGERS... AND IF THAT DOESN'T WORK!

$2 UNCOVER CHARGE

... SHE HANDS 'EM OVER TO ME!

WE DON'T LIKE BEING RUDE... SO DON'T ASK FOR CREDIT!

COIN OPERATED TURNSTILE

IT WAS IN THE WAITING ROOM THAT THE BOYS CAME FACE TO FACE WITH ANNIE'S EFFORTS TO SURVIVE THE DISCOUNT WAR...

MOST OF 'EM GO FOR THE "MEET 16 PEOPLE IN 2 HOURS- MULTI-BED" TICKET. WHAT THEY DON'T REALISE IS THAT THEY'LL MEET MOST OF THOSE '16 IN THE WAITING ROOM.

ALL THINGS COME FOR THOSE WHO WAIT

THANK YOU FOR NOT SNORING

THANK YOO FOR NOT SMOKING.

THANK YOU FOR NOT JERKING OFF... YET!

HI, I'M A MATCHING GIRL, I GO WITH ANYTHING!

I'M SICK OF BEING REFERRED TO AS... 'GOODS INWARDS!'

WHAT YOU HAVE TO REALISE IS THAT PEOPLE DON'T COME HERE TO GET OFF ANYMORE... ALL THEY WANT TO DO IS LIVE OUT THEIR FANTASIES.

OH, YOU MEAN LIKE ALL THESE PEOPLE HERE IN FANCY DRESS?

OH NO THE PEOPLE IN FANCY DRESS ARE IN THE NEXT ROOM. THESE PEOPLE HAVEN'T CHANGED YET!

THIS IS ANNIE'S OWN VERSION OF MASS MARKETING.

I CAN'T DETECT ANYTHING GOING TO WASTE IN HERE.

I CAN... ME!!

AAA-HA AAAGH!

NO, MY ZIP'S CAUGHT

IS THAT ECSTASY?

HOLD EVERYTHING FOLKS... I THINK I'VE LOST MY RECEIPT!

WHAT'S YOUR FANTASY?

OH, I'M JUST PRETENDING I'M GETTING MY MONEY'S WORTH.

YEAH, WE REALLY GET SOME WEIRDOS IN HERE... ONE OLD GUY JUST WANTED TO COME IN AND PUT HIS FEET UP!

WHIP ME? HURT ME? KICK ME?

I WOULD IF YOU'D UNLOCK THE DOOR AND LET ME IN!

AND I S'POSE THIS IS WHERE YOU SHOW A FEW BLUE MOVIES?

YEAH... IT'S GOOD TO SEE A FEW NEW FACES IN THE AUDIENCE!

THERE'S SO MUCH WHIMPERING GOING ON IN HERE... I BET THEY MUST BE RE-RUNNING "LASSIE COME HOME!"

YOU KNOW BOYS, I THINK IT'S OUR DELUXE SERVICES THAT ARE REALLY PUSHING US... "INTO THE RED!"

YEAH, EVER SINCE WE INSTALLED A 24 HOUR "HOT LINE" TO THE SEAMEN'S MISSION THIS PLACE HAS BEEN MORE LIKE THE LIBERIAN CONSULATE!

...LIKE OUR CULTURAL EXCHANGE VISITS TO SHIPS BERTHED IN DARLING HARBOR...

THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT SAILORS... OVERSEXED... OVERPAID... AND USUALLY OVER ME!

THE PARTY'S IN 206, GIRLS!

...OR OUR LATE NIGHT, HOTEL-MOTEL "TUCK-IN" SERVICE...

...AND THEN MOMMA BARE SAID TO BABY BARE.

THE THREE BARES

AND EVEN OUR OWN NRMA... THE NATIONAL ROAD MOLLS ASSOC'...WE HAVE SERVICE CARS CRUISING THE WESTERN SUBURBS... JUST IN CASE SOMEONE HAS A PSYCHO-SEXUAL BREAKDOWN!

THERE'S A CALL COMING THROUGH NOW!

IT'S AN EMERGENCY!! I'M STRANDED ON THE PARRAMATTA BY-PASS WITH DIP STICK PROBLEMS!

WELL BOYS, I'LL LEAVE YOU NOW SO YOU CAN DO A BIT OF "PRIVATES INVESTIGATING!"

I WISH SOMEONE WOULD CHANGE THAT MUSAK TAPE..I'VE HEARD "STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT" SIX TIMES IN THE PAST HALF HOUR!

ACTUALLY...I'M INTO B&D!

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A TART & A MOLL IS QUITE SIMPLE. A MOLL GETS OFF WITH ANYTHING... WHEREAS A TART ONLY TRIES TO!

GEE, I'VE NEVER HEARD OF "ROLLER DOOR" SEX BEFORE!

THE NEAREST THING I'VE SEEN TO AN ERECTION IN THIS JOINT IS... RISING DAMP!

COME ON FRED, MAKE UP YOUR MIND! IS IT A BUSINESS OR A SOCIAL CALL?

VICE SQUAD

I REALLY HATE IT WHEN THEY EAT IN BED... I ALWAYS END UP WITH... SESAME SEED BUNS!

IF YOU ASK ME, THAT CHINESE LAUNDRETTE NEXT DOOR MAKES MORE OUT OF THIS PLACE THAN WE DO!



IN THIS LINE OF BUSINESS THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE CAUSING TROUBLE...

QUICK GIRLS, SOME OLD GEEZER'S HAD A HEART ATTACK ON THE JOB!!!

OH WELL, HE WAS A REAL MAN... HE DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON!

NO HE DIDN'T, HE DIED WITH MY BOOTS ON!

OH NO! NOT OLD CLIVE... WE HAD AN ARRANGEMENT, WE SCREWED ONE NIGHT EVERY YEAR!

WHAT NIGHT WAS THAT... HALLOWEEN?

JUST THINK, 10 MINUTES EARLIER & IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MY FAULT!

FAN-TASTICO! DAVY BOY... NEXT ON THE LIST IS THE ASSISTED SHOWER...

WOW...THIS MUST BE WHERE DEMAND OUTSTRIPS SUPPLY!

FEELS MORE LIKE A COST PUSH-PRICE PULL SITUATION TO ME!

WHATEVER'S IN MY MOUTH IT SURE AIN'T "SOAP-ON-A-ROPE."

THEN A DIVE INTO THE SPA TUB...

...BUT I AM THE EXERCISE MACHINE!

DO YOU WANT AN ALL OVER MASSAGE OR WILL I CONCENTRATE ON ONE SPOT?

THAT TOILET'S BEEN FLUSHING SO MUCH TONIGHT I'D SWEAR IT WAS PLAYING A TUNE!

...AND THIS IS THE RECOVERY ROOM... FOR ALL THOSE TYPES WHO AREN'T AS GOOD AS THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE!

DRINK HERE OR TAKE AWAY?

YOUR AFTA-SCREW CUPPA COFFEE

SELF SERVE

YOUR AFTA-SCREW FAG

COIN IN SLOT

WHEEZE

GASP

PANT

WELL BOYS ... WHERE AM I GOING WRONG?

ANNIE, WHAT YOU'RE SELLING AIN'T SEX... IT'S PURE THEATRE!

WHY DON'T YOU DO A DIRECTORS COURSE AT NIMROD. I'VE ALWAYS BELIEVED WE SHOULD GET SEX... OFF THE STREET... OUT OF THE BEDROOM... AND BACK ON STAGE... WHERE IT BELONGS!

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# THREE CENTURIES AGO ONLY ONE OF THESE NAMES IN SCOTCH EXISTED:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ainslie's | Cream of the Barley | Highland Queen | Long John | Red Hackle |
| Ballantine's | Cutty Sark | Holts Buff | McCallums | Robbie Burns |
| Bell's | Dewar's | House of Commons | McNab | Royal Gold |
| Benmore | Dukes Own | J. & B. | Mackinlays | Royal Scotch |
| Black & White | Glen Grant | John Begg | Macleay Duff | Scottish Cream |
| Black Douglas | Gold Thimble | Johnnie Walker | Menzies | Tayside |
| Bonnie Prince Charlie | Grand Macnish | King George IV | Old Parr | Teachers |
| Carlton Club | Grouse | Kings Choice | Old Smuggler | Vat 69 |
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Today: Haigoodlookin'.

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# THE CAR FREAK'S PACKAGE TOUR

*travel by Jim Murcott*

IMPULSE TRAVEL doesn't have to be a slightly crazy, impossible dream. Provided you aren't flat broke you can quickly organise a package tour overseas to combine business and pleasure. In my case the business was driver-training and the place was North America.

I made a last-minute decision to visit America and Canada about mid-June last year. The purpose of the trip was to conduct a study-tour of driver training establishments and to supplement the type of work that I had been doing in this field in Australia for more than 10 years.

There were 16 driver training establishments I wanted to see, so I smashed my little piggybank against the old garage door, stole my wife's life savings, threatened my friends, blackmailed the leasing company and pleaded gently with my bank manager. Then I persuaded my (father-in-law) Poppa George that he should do the same rapid planning.

The tour took five weeks of planning and it ran amazingly smoothly.

We had no car rentals organised, no motels or accommodation booked and the contact with the driver training organisations was done by writing in the first instance, then spending a lot of time making a series of quick confirmation telephone calls to the United States and to Canada.

Basically, Poppa George and I spent time like this:

• Arrive in Los Angeles. Hire a car and drive to San Francisco via the coast road, then to Sacramento and back to San Fran.

• Fly San Fran to Chicago and hire another car. Drive through Detroit to Toronto then Montreal, Boston, Hartford, New York, Baltimore, Washington and Columbus (Ohio) for a one-week conference. Back to Chicago where we returned the car and caught a flight back to San Francisco.

• With most of our calls behind us now, we had a week to relax and spent four days in the fabulous Yosemite Park before driving on to LA for the flight home.

It was five weeks jammed with driving point-to-point, then sliding round on skid pans, or operating a driving simulator while emergency situations flashed realistically on the screen ahead. Poppa George soon got the hang of driving on the "wrong" side, which allowed me to catch a few zeds between appointments. In fact he revelled in the task and actually enjoyed his fight with other traffic from one end of mighty New York City to the other.

*instant planning and instant success — thrown together in a fast tour of north america to study driver training*

The driving courses that I attended were also enjoyable, but of an entirely different nature. Here is a run-down of the training techniques:

At Bryte, near Sacramento, the CHIPS fellows rush around a relatively tight "highway patrol" section, wearing the cadets to an harassed frazzle to a point where they chuck it in or can drive to a required standard. This course also includes a simulated street chase through "suburban" areas, where cars and pedestrians keep popping out on to the road and the bewildered cadet has to decide whether to continue his chase, or abandon it for the safe-keeping of the "public". Among these is a series of sessions on a polished-cement skid pan, where the treadbare tyres on the V8 patrol car give you lots of action with not much traction.

Near Montreal, a skinny little bloke called John Powell screamed and shouted "Give it shit! Give it shit!" as we practised braking techniques in a Chevvy V8 . . . in half an inch or so of water . . . again with bald tyres . . . from 140 km/h. It's fabulous, blood-pumping stuff that makes you want to try again and again. Then on to the nine-hectare triangle of bitumen — yes, nine hectares of solid, uncluttered bitumen — where you can play games until your arms feel like they want to fall off and your teeth ache from the enjoyment of it all.

Then it was on to New York, arriving at the driving academy to find a group of six cadets following an instructor — all on little Vespa-type scooters — at less than walking pace on a series of tight manoeuvres in and out of the trees beside the car park. Then we went to meet chief instructor Eddie Unz, but gaped at the sight of uniformed police walking to and from shooting ranges with immense machine-guns and fearsome pistols in their grasp.

In truth, these are privileged areas which the majority of tourists will not be permitted to visit.

The accommodation varied greatly, depending on where we were and how much we wanted to pay. We were in the thick of the holiday season, too, which didn't help matters. But despite the odds we averaged less than $30 per night for a two-bed room and only found ourselves to be in sub-standard conditions on three or four nights.

Food wasn't a problem, either. A healthy breakfast was our rule — $3 each usually covered a big plate of bacon, eggs and hashbrowns with a couple of large cups of coffee.

Now you might get the idea that this trip was all work and no play. But not so. My system wouldn't allow it, nor would Poppa George, who kept tugging at my sleeve — especially when the black lady in San Francisco suggested that we might be lonely on that night. And the strippers in Blainville (near Montreal) told us that they wouldn't *dare* dance like this in larger cities, especially New York. It wasn't really dancing . . . more like physical manipulation to help the audience's imagination to relax.

And we did the tourist things like visiting Disneyland and Universal Studios and walking through the "porno" sections of New York City and Los Angeles.

The most disappointing aspect, to me, was the fact that the itinerary did not allow for a visit to any of the American car race meetings. If there was an excellent race in California, I was in Chicago. Another time, there was a top meeting near New York, but I was far away at the week-long conference in Columbus. One thrill was meeting Paul Newman for a 10-minute discussion, in which it was spelled out that he would not be racing at Bathurst the following month. He was too busy. Then he rolled his Datsun racer five times two days later, fortunately without injury.

Round figures for the cost of my trip were about $1250 in international and internal flights, about $1600 in traveller's cheques and abut $500 on my Diners Club card for such things as meals and some hire-car costs.

# TELL NUMBER 16

*she was just one more bar girl, but he was very young — we were all young, at first, in vietnam — and i had made him a promise . . .*

*article*

**By PAT BURGESS**

*Pat Burgess is an Australian journalist who covered the war in Vietnam for four years between 1965 and 1972. Last year he managed, after years of trying, to get a visa to return. A tourist this time, he revisited some old battlefields, some old bars. He meant, he says, to lay some ghosts. But in a hotel called the Grande, he succeeded only in stirring some up.*

THE LOCAL tourist committee all wore black Hong Kong trousers, pale plastic sandals, and primly-starched white shirts. They all looked like seminarians on a holiday. You wondered whether the secretary — the one on the end with the sickle-shaped scar under his eye — had, in the hills homesick diggers called Warburton, carried a rifle. Probably not. These were headquarter types, party smoothies. The Vung Tau guide, a plump girl with thick glasses, spoke no English and no French. Even her Vietnamese was timid, but you could see she was faithful. Cuong, the Hanoi guide, who had been been at our side or at our heels since Hanoi, took over. The local committee welcomed us, Cuong said Vung Tau was famous for its seafood and its venison. At lunch, we would have both. In the meantime we were free to swim or walk around the town. But it would be best to stay in one group with the guides.

Vung Tau still looked like what the French called it, Cap St Jacques. Now it was famous, not for venison or seafood, but for the boatpeople, who slipped nightly down the Saigon River to forsake the shelter of the Vung Tau headland for the open sea. Packs of chattering youngsters still roamed the Vung Tau streets. For the sake of argument, it was better to tell them you were "lin so", not "uc da loi" — Russian, not Australian.

They have crudely blotted out the names on the old bars. But you can still see, under the black paint, the old names — Loverly, The Flowers, The Twenty One, Copacabana. In the American-built hotel where the committee had welcomed us, there was a rocket hole in the vestibule and some smallarms scars on the marble steps. But the Grande, heavily shuttered now, had come through it all unscathed. From the courtyard, I

Illustration by Stuart Cole

could see through a window into one of the bars. But Cuong said: "Must go, must go." I recognised one of the old waiters, standing quite still now on the verandah, but he made no sign.

All the Grande waiters looked like headwaiters. They were portly and drifted straightbacked, in wide red cummerbunds, between the dining room columns, like fish through a pier. The menus were tawny, like vellum.

At the height of the American invasion they were still in unyielding, untranslated French. The bars in the Grande were dignified, not girlie. It was a high-class joint. I looked in once more through the window. I was looking for Mamasan in one of the dark alcove pools. She was like a headmistress, tall for a Vietnamese, elegant in high-necked frock and gold-rimmed spectacles. She should have been aloofly supervising a flower stall in Nguyen Hue, instead of selling young girls in the bar of the Grande. Mamasan would have fled — she was rich enough — along a rehearsed withdrawal route to a bank account in Hong Kong or Paris.

But it was really Number 16 I was looking for. Once in the bar of the Grande the Americans and, especially, the Australians washed back and forth on a tidal surge of tinned beer and rum and coke. Mamasan and her girls were in the dim alcoves along the shore. I never did meet Number 16. I probably wouldn't be able to recognise the Australian now either. He didn't stand out in the platoon, just another face with down for a beard under a bush hat, in greens washed brown by the Phuoc Tuy dust.

I noticed him first when I was leaving the platoon, waiting for the chopper. The lieutenant had left the smoke grenade beside me. "Throw it when you see it coming," he'd said and gone off to crouch over the grids on a map that was mainly green. The digger came up as though he was heading somewhere else. "Can I see you for a moment, sir?" he said. "I'm in a bit of trouble."

He'd cut the rim from his bush hat so it frayed, and in the crown he wore the black safety pins from a field dressing. He lay on his side and it came out in sequence, as though rehearsed. It had the ritual of the confessional; there was penance even in the telling. First, the clap. For him it was a private, personal hell that made the whole war more foul. He detailed the symptoms one by one. First the stinging, and he told himself it couldn't be me. Then, the dribble. And he began to pray that the battalion's operation would either be aborted or that it wouldn't go too long. You could smell it, he said, or imagined you could, among the other rotting jungle smells. The problem was whether to hold on until the end of the operation. Or tell the sergeant. They'd bring in a helicopter for you. Medevaced out to the aid post. But not for a wound. For the clap. And when you were out, the platoon would probably get into it without you. Some other digger would be doing your bit.

"But that's not my real problem, sir, if you've got time," he said. I couldn't see his eyes under the frayed rim of the bush hat. And there wasn't even the faintest hutt-hutt of the helicopter I was waiting for. He kept talking. "About six months ago I got my R 'n' C, you know, leave in country, and we all went down to Vung Tau." (Six months! He must be talking about a new load. In six months up here it would have rotted off.) "We'd been there a couple of times before and we knew what it was like. You know, sleeping in a bed, and surfing, and tinnies and hamburgers, and snoozing in the Badcoe Club in the afternoon. And then a real shower and clean civvy duds and strolling down the town in the cool of the afternoon. I really liked that, sir, just walking, looking at the shops, and maybe stopping in a bar and looking, and if you didn't fancy it, going on to another one, and chiacking the kids and smelling the noggy tucker and the other smells. You know, sir?" I told him I did.

I would have liked to have told him about other places with the same sort of evening smells and sounds, like the Forol on Dili Harbor, or the bend of the Mekong near the White Rose in Vientiane, or the beach at the end of Millionaires Row in Penang, places that are gone now, or going fast. But he didn't give me time.

"I guess," he said, "deep down I like the noggies, especially in a place like Vunggers, in the evening with the smoke and things. Any rate, sir, I'd been there before and I knew what it was going to be like. One thing worried me. When it got a bit late, getting toward curfew, and you'd been to a few bars, and had a big feed, and all the little whores had been giving you a bit of a cuddle and a nudge to get you to buy a drink, then you'd start looking for a bird. And that's where you come unstuck. Because you're a bit pissed and the night and the smell has gone to your head. You think suddenly it's the end of the first day and you've only got five nights left. And you get desperate and cart anything off."

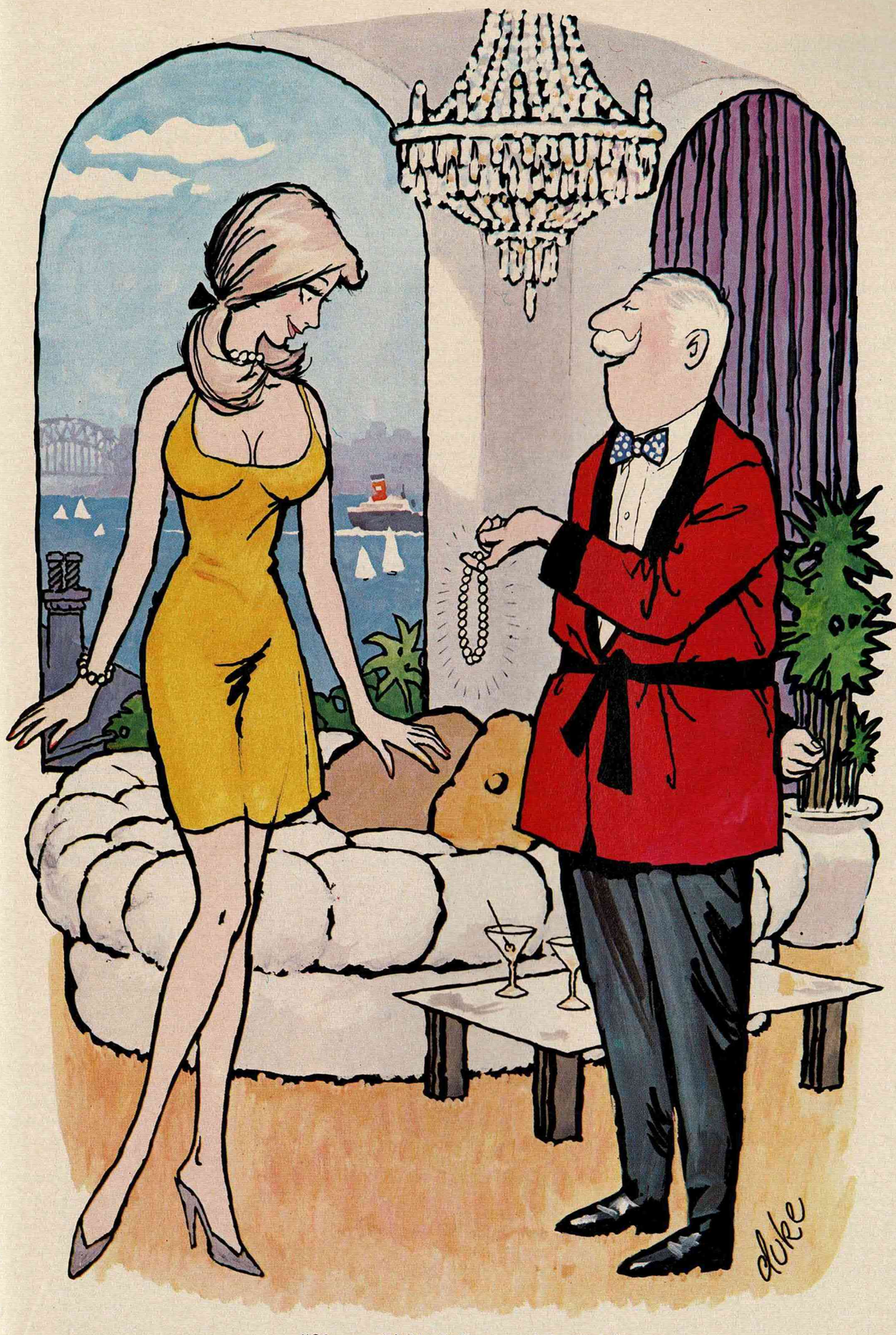
I hoped he was as good a lover as he was a talker. The skipper was saying "Saddle up in 10", and I thought I heard the faint echo of chopper blades. "So you grabbed anything," I said, "and you got the clap and now you're dripping to death . . ."

"No way," he said, "no way. Not then I didn't. See, I got to thinking, 'I don't want to spend the next four days chasing from rotten bar to rotten bar.' So I got an idea. You know the Grande, sir? Well, it's a real class pub, a bit musty, but a real class joint. And the Mamasan is a real class lady.

"So, the first night I go to the Grande and I don't get too pissed, on purpose. I squat in the corner of the bar and watch the girls but I don't tie up with any one of them. At last the Mamasan comes over and she stands by the table and she says, 'You no like?' For a minute she looks like an aunt I had when I was a kid, one that didn't say too much but who always seemed to know what you were on about. She says again, 'You no like?' And I tell her, 'Sure, they're all beautiful but . . . ' She gives me this funny little smile. So I just settle back and make up my mind not to be rushed. Then Mamasan comes back

**"I knew he was into shipping, but you might have warned me it was 'roll on — roll off'!"**






**"Of course it's big. It fits around the thigh."**

to the table and she has this little bird with her, leading her by the hand. 'Number 16,' she says. The girl doesn't look at me, just slips into the seat beside me. Mamasan sends over a beer and a big tea and I don't care, though I know the big tea is going to set me back 200 piastres. The girl doesn't look at me hardly, just drops her eyes and says, 'Hello, how you?' and I shake hands and her fingers are so cool they're bloody cold.

"I sit for a bit and I think, 'Buck up, dig, you've only got four days left, four days and five nights, then back to Nui Dat, and the rest.' The girl's English isn't bad but she holds her head down because she's shy, or maybe she doesn't like what I'm saying. Or maybe she's a bar girl who doesn't go off anyway. You're always scared you'll get one of those and you'll offer her a quid and she'll burst into tears. I see Mamasan looking across and I say, 'Well, it's now or never', and I nod her across.

"I make Mamasan sit down, though she doesn't like sitting, because that way she can't see what's going on. But I make her sit and I tell her, 'Okay, you're my number one friend and you've been a real square shooter with beaucoup digs and this Number 16 here, I love her too much already.' I lay it on the line. I tell her I got just four days and five nights, see. And instead of mucking around, I want Number 16 every night and in the mornings, and there's to be only me. Normally I wouldn't carry that much moolah but I had brought it out specially. It's fifty bucks worth of piastres. I lay it on the table in front of Mamasan. She flicks it over so quick I can't even see her fingers move. 'So,' she says to me, 'tonight you get married.'

"The Mamasan talks to Number 16 in that clickety-click Vietnamese that sounds like chickens in a cardboard carton. I know she's explaining to Number 16 that for the next five days, well for five nights anyway, we're married. In the day she can carry on in the bar of the Grande, working for tea, then she goes home with me. When Mamasan is finished, Number 16 looks at me properly for the first time. She looks at me and almost smiles, and shifts in her seat as though she is going to put her hand on mine but changes her mind.

"In a way I'm glad because that's part of the technique of getting a bloke to buy tea. Now that I'd outlayed 50 bucks there was no way I was going to buy tea as well. She would have to go off and work, con a bit, to get the digs and GIs to buy her Saigon tea. She'd be putting her hand over theirs just like she almost did to me, and I didn't like that. So I said goodnight to Mamasan and I told Number 16 I'd see her back there at the Grande at 2300 hours when the curfew began. She just nodded and I really liked her.

"Some of the platoon were in the bar. But they were well away — the last desperate beers before they went back to their lonely cots in the Badcoe Club. I split. I went out to one of those stalls, sir, because I'd meant to buy one of those nameplate things with Snoopy on them. You know the Army nameplate things that say 'Colonel Fred Nerk' and the rest? Well, this Viet bloke has ones exactly the same — Snoopy and all that in white letters on shiny black stuff — but they say 'Screw The Army'.

"Well, I get to the stall and the noggy bloke actually had the nameplate in his hand and suddenly I think 'she wouldn't like it'. She wouldn't like the language, I thought, because another bar girl had told me once, 'You good man. You no talk dirty.' So I told the little noggy I'd come back for it and I let him keep the 70 piastres. I said I'd be back and I reckon he would have kept it for me, too, because he put it under the stall where he kept the flick knives.

"The night's real warm and I walk down to the beach bars, the crummy ones that are out of bounds. You probably wouldn't know them, sir, but the MPs book you if they catch you there. They're supposed to be rotten with disease and blokes have been rolled there. But I like them, though the girls are all down-on-their-luck desperates. You can tell them to 'di di mot mot', get lost, nicely and have a bit of a giggle with them and they don't worry you.

"Some of the guys look pretty mean, too, but if you've got good vibes they accept you. Other people might get rolled but not you. It's like being a member of a club or belonging to one corner of your local pub back home. I sat in one of these beach bars and watched the water and thought about Number 16. Then I walked back through the dust and the evening smells to the Grande.

"She's sitting at the bar and chatting up a dig who is so full he can't scratch himself. I don't like it much and I begin to wonder if I've done the right thing. She's into him for tea, too, and I know that tomorrow he'll wake up and wonder where all his dough has gone. She sees me but doesn't nod. Some wedding!

"Then she says something to the girl next to her and the girl comes over and says I'm to get a cart, one of those horse and sulky things, and wait around the side under the trees where it's dark. I really begin to wonder whether I've done the right thing. I can see myself left standing in the dark while Mamasan and her make off with my dough.

"But she comes out right on 11 and the cart sags just a little as she gets in. She says something to the driver and we turn around and head for that winding road around near the fishing village. It's real dark and I tell myself, 'You're a mug, boy, you're going to land up in the river with a VC bullet in the head for sure.' She takes my hand and it's still so cool and frail I can feel the bones. I move her closer to me and she leans against my shoulder and I can smell her, that perfumey smell like your mother's drawer when you were a kid."

He was leaning back now, the bush hat well over his brow. I didn't look at him because I sensed he was still watching to see if I was smiling, how I was taking it.

"The horse's hoofs were clip-clopping and you could smell the salt and the fishing nets and I could feel her against me in the dark without seeing her at all. Honestly, sir, it was just like taking a girl home back in Australia, a girl you were keen on, you know. Her house was better than I expected, just a room really and a yard at the back of a real old place full of old people and kids. Inside it was really clean and neat. Even inside she didn't look at me but fussed around cooking some noggy tucker for both of us. She was so frail, sir, like her hands, I was frightened of breaking them.

"Honestly, sir, it was the best four days of my life. I'd swim in the morning and then run back to her house. She'd cook for me and then go off to the Grande bar. Then I'd go around and pick the guys up at the Club and surf some more, then sit out on the verandah knocking over tinnies and eating hamburgers. Then a snooze back at her place. There was a big old bed with a net, and chooks and kids in the yard. I'd swim again in the afternoon and do my washing first.

"Late in the afternoon, I'd walk down to the Grande and Mamasan would come over and make a big fuss of me. I'd just have the one beer on my own and look at Number 16. Then I'd go looking for the other blokes from the platoon.

"And then, every night just before curfew, I'd find the same old noggy guy with the cart and we'd sit in the dark under the trees. And I'd smell her perfume and feel her foot on the step and I'd put out my hand and she'd be there beside me. I think it was the third night she leaned across and gave me one of those Viet kisses, you know, a sort of brushing of the

lips at the ear and a drawing in of the breath. I began to laugh. It was like some guy at home picking his bird up after work and giving her a peck as she got into the car. It was really a long four days, sir."

We could hear the chopper coming, but high. The digger sat up and put the SLR across his knees. "Any rate, we came back to Nui Dat and went straight out on ops. They kept us out in the Long Hai's for bloody weeks. Then a fortnight ago I got the chance to ride shotgun on a jeep going down to Vung Tau to pick up the movie films for the base. That means you've got to wait till all the films come in from the Yank outfits and you've got a few hours. It's a good lurk.

"Any rate I belt into the Grande and I buy a beer for me and a tea for her and I sit in one of the alcoves and hold her hand, and a couple of times I pick up her hand and I kiss it and Mamasan comes over and she says: 'You want, you go.' So we went home there and then in the middle of the day. That's when it happened, sir, and that's my problem. Will you do me a big favor, sir?"

The platoon skipper was pushing through the grass. "For Christ's sake," he said, "throw smoke or you'll never get off." I pulled the pin and threw the grenade and watched the purple smoke hiss out, then hang in the air. The chopper was coming down in tight circles and I saw the side gunner lean forward to cock the M60.

The digger was talking fast. "You see, sir, she gave me the clap but she wouldn't have known she had it, otherwise she would never have done it to me. It's possible, sir, for birds to have it and not know. So she's picked it up and doesn't know she's got it for sure. And what happens is she'll clap some Yank and then he'll scream to Mamasan. You know the rule at the Grande, sir, is if a girl gives someone the clap, she's out. That's how they end up in the lousy beach bars. They've still got to pay the rent and give a bit to their families and the only place they can work is the beach bars.

"So, sir, she doesn't know she's got it, for sure. And she's a really beaut chick, even if she does have to work for tea and things. So, sir, will you do me a big favor? Will you go to the Grande and see her and tell her she's got the clap, please, sir?"

I was bent over ready to duck under the blades. "What's her name?" I asked. "I'll tell her." And he said: "Number 16. That's the only name I ever called her."

I'd scrambled across the shiny aluminium deck of the Huey and, slipping my pack off, began to belt up in the outboard seat. I stuck my thumb up to the skipper and called "thanks". The digger was crouching on one knee. "I'll do it," I mouthed to him and I could just hear what he called back.

I was going to stay at the Grande for a couple of days anyway. The Grande's rooms were big and old and musty smelling but I liked them. By the time I got out of my greens and chucked them and the boots to the roomboy, it was dark and you could hear the drone from the bar and the occasional squeal of a bar girl. I left it as long as I could and then went down in civvies. I bought a beer and moved into one of the darkest alcoves.

I didn't really want to see Number 16's face. She might scream or she might not understand. I was sorry I'd made the promise.

The girl in the white ao dai had the practiced drill of the Saigon tea hustler. She stood in front of me, one knee on the seat opposite. "Hello," she said, "how you?" It was all the English some of them knew. This one was a little better. "I sit with you?" she asked. With a bit of luck she might be Number 16 herself. She was slim and frail enough. She was moving into the bar girl's patter. "You civilian, you militaire?" No matter what you answered she would reply: "That nice." Soon she would take my hand and look into my face with pleading eyes and ask: "You buy me glass tea?"

She took half what she earned and Mamasan took the rest. She'd earn more in one night than a Viet paratrooper would knock out in a month. If you took her away to sleep, Mamasan took half, too. Mamasan made all the arrangements. Not all of them would sleep anyway; hustling tea was more lucrative.

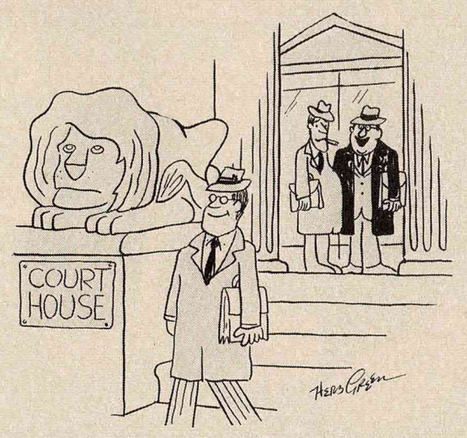
I nodded to the girl opposite me and she slipped away to get the glass of peppermint water. She slid into the seat beside me and snuggled up. She had the long lacquered nails under my bicep and was moving into the second part of the pattern. "How many years you been Vietnam?" I held up three fingers, counting, "Mot — hai — ba," so she'd know I was an oldtimer. Then it came. "You got girl here?" I nodded and watched the disappointment in her face.

"What girl?" she asked, and when I told her "Number 16", her squeal brought four other girls fluttering out from the next alcove. My girl chattered on with them in rapid-fire Vietnamese. Then she turned to me and said: "I sorry for you. Number 16 not here no more."

I was too late. How could I tell the lad with the fuzz on his chin and the battered bush hat? Then the girl said again: "I sorry for you. Number 16 go Baria yesterday. And today . . ." She paused to soften the blow for me. "And today she get married. She marry a . . . a . . . tutah." As though the fact that the bridegroom was a Vietnamese army officer made any difference. "We all send flowers," she prattled on. "She get married in church. She Catholique, sem sem me. You Catholique? You buy me one more tea, eh?"

Some of that battalion got brassed in one of the last shootups of the war. I read the casualty lists a couple of times but I didn't know the kid's name anyway . . .

Cuong sent the moonfaced guide girl through the Grande's iron gates to get me. "You must learn about Vietnam," he called out. "You come now." There was no one else so I told the girl guide who spoke no English: "You know what he called out when I was getting into the chopper? You know what the dig said? He said: 'Tell Number 16 I love her.' "




**"I'll say he's a smart lawyer! He's got three wives paying him alimony!"**

More
A little larger than life

More Filters and More Menthol. Long. Lean.
Distinctively brown and bold enough to stand out in a crowd.

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# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

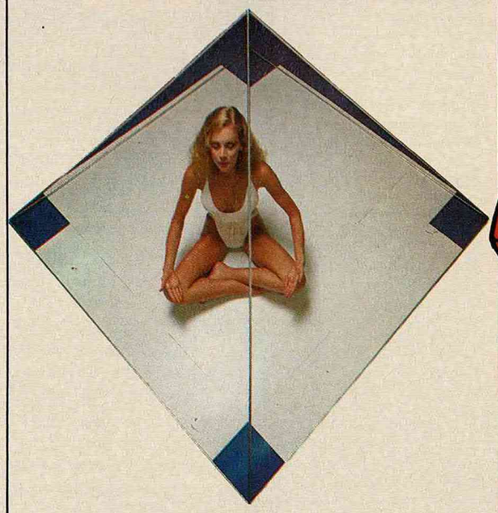
*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*

**NAUTICAL NOSH**

Fast foods without the grease, Seaworthy Hampers are a delectable alternative to packaged plastic fare. In fact, the only thing plastic about the hamper *is* its packaging — polystyrene, to keep the mudcrab, yabbies, wine and strawberries cold. Take-away heaven for a mere $10 a head. Ring Sydney 32 3320.

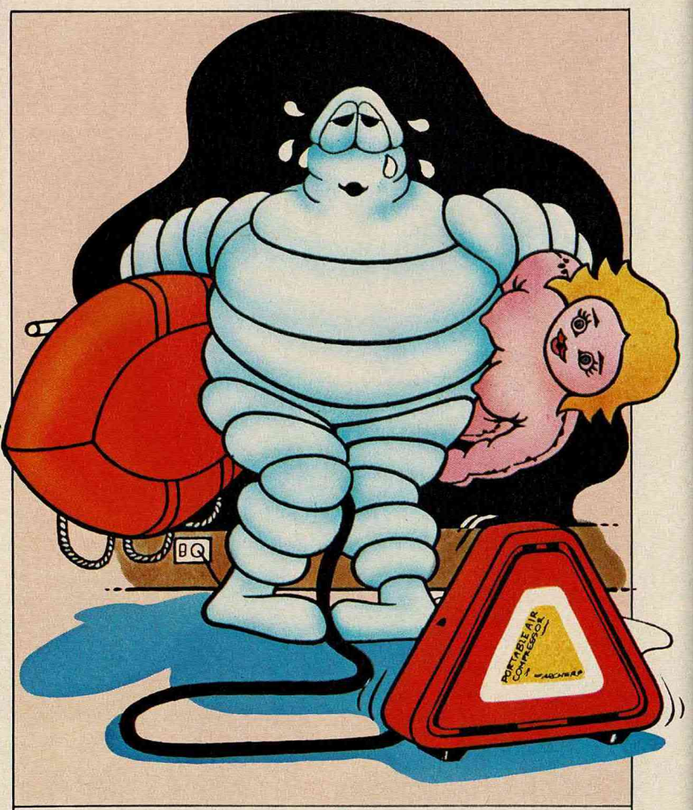
**WITH LYRICS BY DEBBIE REYNOLDS AND CARMEN MIRANDA**

Your friends will go ape when you send them a Gorillagram. Starting at $25 for inner-city delivery, a singing, bongo-playing gorilla will deliver the message of your choice and a bunch of ripe bananas to your favorite victim. In Sydney, ring 358 6823.



**FORTY MILLION EGYPTIANS CAN'T BE WRONG**

The pyramid's geometric shape is thought to act as an accumulator of cosmic energy which is able to sharpen just about everything — from pencils to libidos. It also promotes healing and controls pain once correctly erected, facing magnetic north. From Pyramid Power, 116 Bronte Road, Bondi Junction, NSW 2022, prices up to $55.

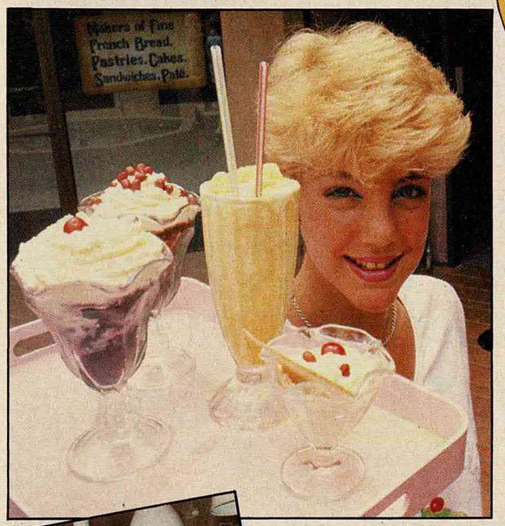


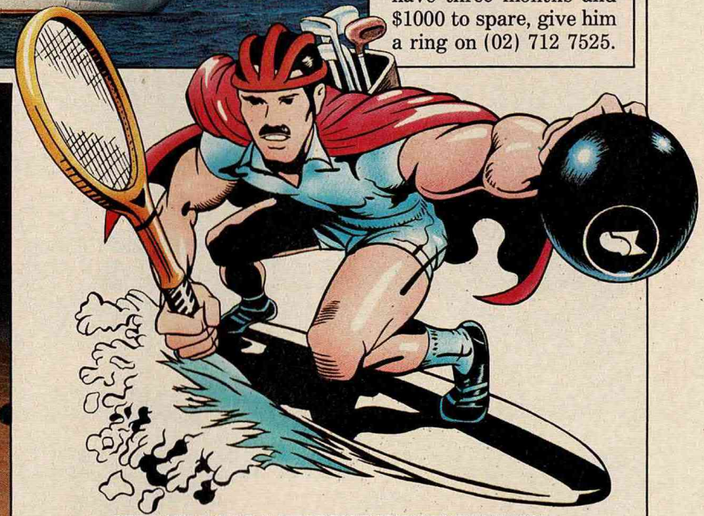

**NUTHIN' BUT A LOT OF HOT AIR**

Beat the problems of inflation with a portable air compressor which works off your car's lighter socket. Inflates tyres, rafts, etc; delivers 36 kilos of pressure. From Tandy Electronics, $40.

**CRUISING**

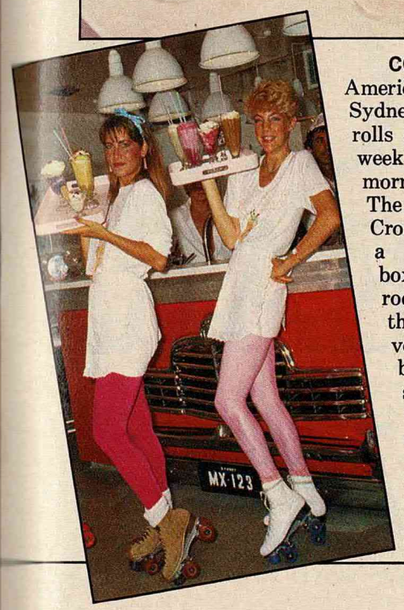
In late June of this year, the two-masted schooner Tiki will set off from its mooring at Birkenhead Point Marina in Drummoyne, NSW, on a three month adventure cruise to the Barrier Reef. Owner Ray Morris has his eye out for four people to assist in crewing the boat, preferably those who have some background experience in marine biology, photography or journalism. And, although not necessary, previous sailing experience will be a consideration. So if you have three months and $1000 to spare, give him a ring on (02) 712 7525.



**CERTAIN TO BE A VERRRY RANDY EXPERIENCE**

Action Sports Escorts is run by Randy Wieman, an international sportsman now operating out of Sydney. For as little as $30 an hour, you can participate in one or more of 13 sporting activities, equipment and escort provided. Ring (02) 27 1715 for more details.




**COKE ON TAP**

American Graffiti, a là Sydney's Double Bay, rolls on seven days a week from 10 in the morning to midnight. The Drug Store, 19-27 Cross Street, boasts a 30-year-old juke box stocked with rock 'n' roll hits for that real '50s flavor. Burgers and banana splits are served by roller-skating attendants, and there's a wine list for those of you who aren't into hot fudge sundaes.

**COME CLEAN**

This fine French milled soap comes complete with dirty pictures that are guaranteed not to wash off no matter how hard you scrub. It's called "Come Clean With Dirty Pictures" and the drawings are by the artist Bill Eagan. Exclusive to The Brass Razoo, a gift and home furnishings shop in Chatswood, NSW, the soap costs $2.88 per bar.

There are many contenders for the 1980 Wheels Car of the Year. But there's only one winner. Is it the 1979 Car of the Year, the famous Lemon? Or will it be the front wheel drive Datsun Pulsar? PULSAR Maybe this is the year for the General's WB Statesman Caprice? The Mazda 323 has already won a lot of sales. Mazda 323 Could it win the Wheels vote? The Europeans have made a strong run: there's the Alfa Giulietta CIVIC Or will it be Japan's year: Honda Civic, Daihatsu Charade. Charade There's only one way to find out. Read the February issue of Wheels. Not only do we tell you the winner, but we tell you why it won. And why the others didn't. Wheels

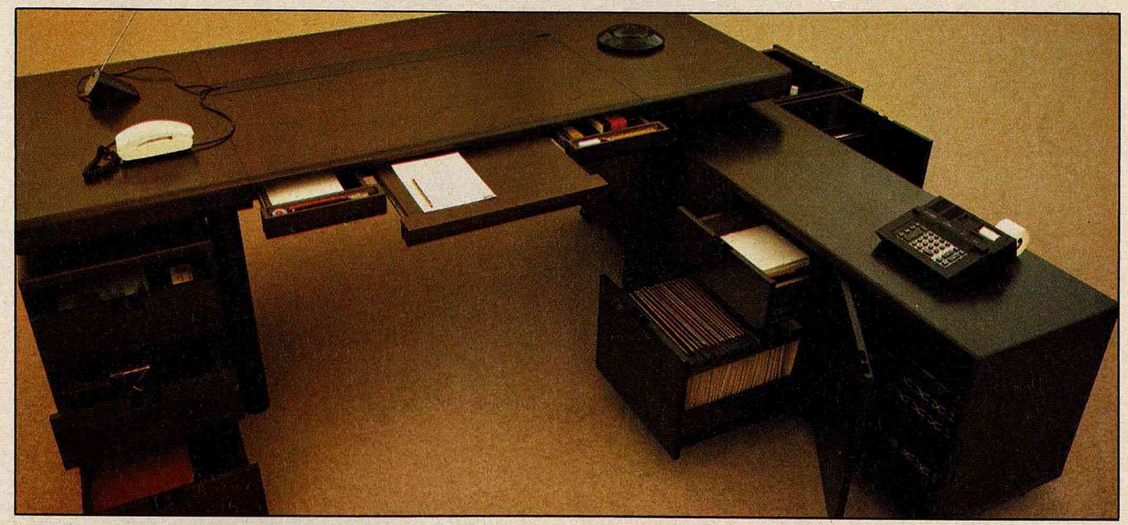
PICK THE CAR OF THE YEAR. WE HAVE.

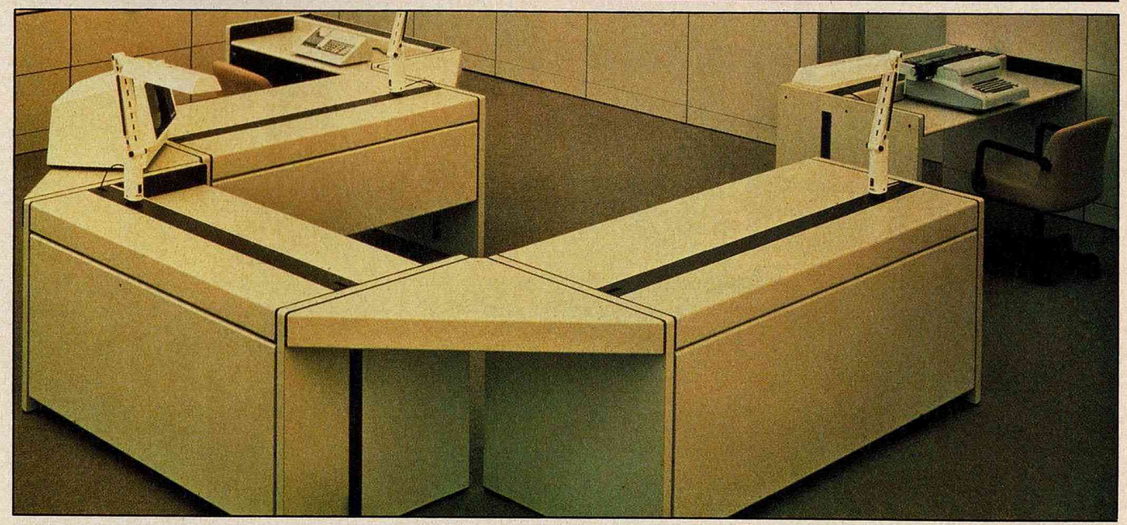
WM&O/MW9

# ON·THE·SCENE

*what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen*

## DICTATING FASHION





The desk set moves into the electronic age in a big way: The Megalfa (top) is the perfect system for the dyed-in-the-wool Organisation Man. The unit is made up of table-desks with drawers contained in the tops, meeting tables, pedestals with castors, open or closed bookcases with glass or wooden doors, mobile units fitted with drawers, files, doors, a bar and a refrigerator. The table-desks have tops with internal conduits for telephone and electronic wiring leading to a special channel that can be fitted with any type of electrical attachment. All the units are walnut and the table frames are die-cast stove enamelled aluminium. Components combined as shown total $9445, available from Artes Studios Commercial Division, Sydney. Bottom: The Superalfa — looking for all the world like a giant Lego set — is a system of elements designed to be joined to form a vast variety of office work areas. The increasing use of electronics and electronic data processing systems in the modern office caused the desk of old to be made obsolete, and the Superalfa resulted. This desk is one element of the system which can be connected to form a vast range of "fitted worktops" linked together by means of separate conduits for the electrical, electronic and telephone equipment. The worktops are made up of curved laminate elements which provide suitable work surfaces for any machine. From Artes Studios, $3725. All interstate inquiries: (02) 48 2448.

Okay, now that you're desk-bound, have a look at these fanciful accoutrements. They're the perfect props to complete the well-heeled picture of the young man on the way up . . . and the one who's already arrived.

(1) Decorative desk-top accessories: Picture frame, $238; Stork, $76; Polished ox horn watch stand, $95.
(2) Smoking accessories: Lighter, $92; Cigarette box, $105; Ash tray, $149.
(3) Alphatronic, the newest desk computer from Adler, has a visual display screen of 24 lines and word processing ability. From Adler Business Machines, North Sydney, for approximately $8300.
(4) The Monier portable air-circulating oven when you're too busy to go out to eat. Ideal for the executive kitchen, it plugs into any power point and is self-cleaning. Retails for $266 at selected stores.
(5) Co-ordinated chromed desk accessories: Telephone directory, $156; Note pad, $136; Pens, $23 each.
(6) Chemin, by Christian Dior. Pure wool suit available at quality men's stores everywhere, $320.
(7) Sony's new generation portable microcassette recorder that lets you dictate and transcribe with the touch of a remote control. From Dataprint Business Machines, Prahran, Victoria, for $495.
(8) Pierre Cardin leathergoods: Portfolio $150; Shoulder bag $95; Secretary billfold $45. All from Myer stores throughout Australia.
(9) Space-age desk lamp, the Tizio, from Artes Studios, Sydney, $225.

Items in pictures 1, 2 and 5 are from Art of Florence Gift Shop, Paddington, NSW. Prices for all items shown are approximate.

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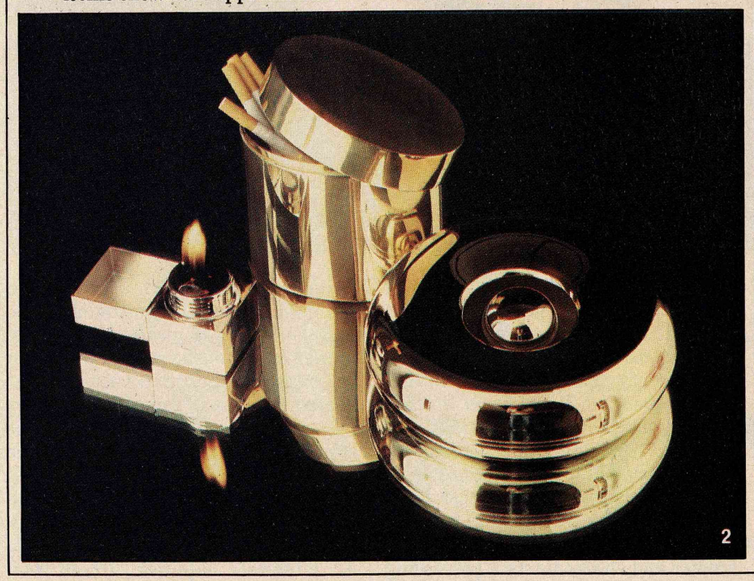
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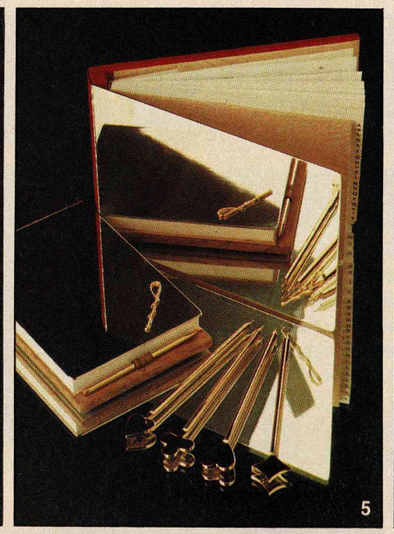
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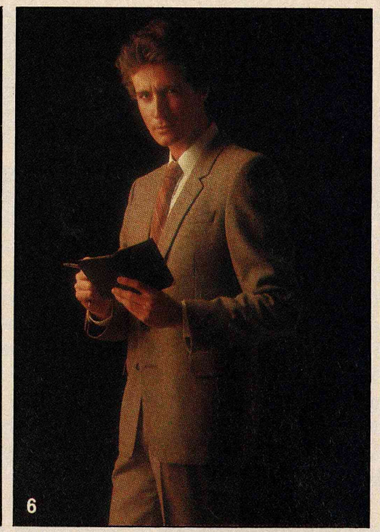
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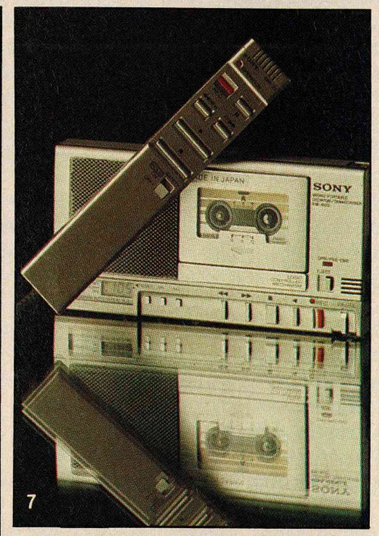

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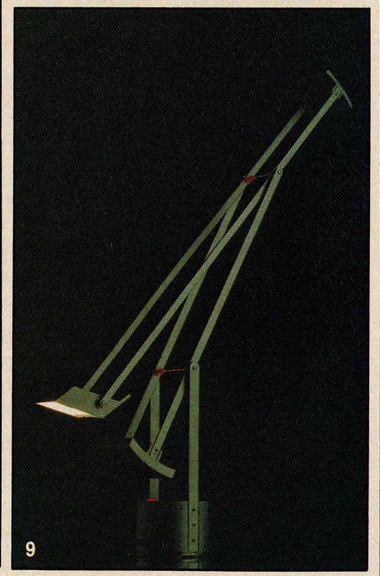
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Photography by Colin Stead.

# YOUR SEXUAL HOROSCOPE

## PISCES

THE twelfth knight of the zodiac, the Piscean, has been swimming solo against the tide for so long that he must be wondering if Venus will ever smile on him again. But take heart all you Pisceans, the seductress is about to displace the chaste in your life. In the first frenzied weeks of the year it matters not whether you are cast in the mould of the hunter or the hunted. If it turns on any of your new-found partners to call the shots, then that's a small price to pay for all those lonely nights you've spent these past few weeks.

But after the first joyous splash, you'll be well-advised to take stock of where your libido is leading you. There is a strong likelihood of one little Miss Sweetlips getting her flippers on to you and refusing to let go. That in itself won't present any problems because the portents are that she'll make heavenly bedtime music without demanding a golden band, but her mere presence on your arm is going to cramp your style. Although firm decisions don't come easily to the free-wheeling Piscean, you are going to have to decide whether you want a live-in bedmate or want to remain available for the shoals of ladies who'll find your charms irresistible during the year's high spots.

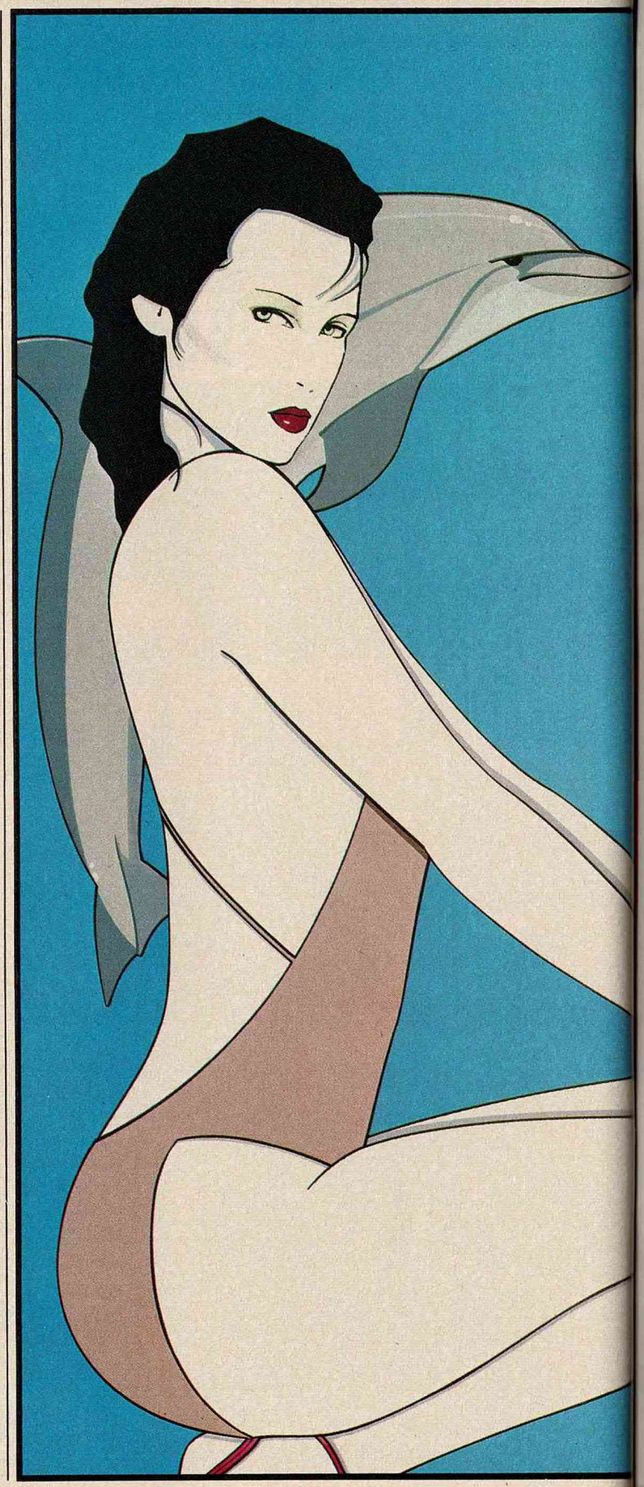
Libra, your angle of sexuality, will be shared by Saturn the restricter and Jupiter the expander throughout the year, and in the inevitable tug-of-love you are going to have your ups and downs. But take comfort in the fact that your hook will catch more damsels than it loses. They'll really be biting in the heart of winter when the Sun, Venus and Mercury all pass through Cancer who controls your love life.

Convoys of ships will be passing in the night and you'll never forgive yourself all those lost opportunities if you've decided to concentrate all love's labors on one accommodating damsel.

Gemini will bat her long lashes at you. Enjoy yourself, but don't dally for too long or you might miss the willing sideways glance of Cancer. This lady is well aware of what she can do to Pisceans, so don't make any longstanding commitments and keep a cautious eye on your wallet. Come September a charming Capricorn will bump into you at the bus stop. Don't be stalled, for October promises the ripe warmth of a young Virgo. An identity clue: she speaks Romanian. But there is more to come.

The choicest pickings may well come from the astral stables of Sagittarius and Aries. Indeed, the signs are that the odd Sagittarian and Arian, who seldom strike a platonic bond with your kind, will have a profound impact on the Piscean lover before this year is out.

It is traditional for a young man's fancy to turn to flights of angels in spring, but the seasonal frolics promise to lead the randy Piscean into new and undreamt of realms of ecstasy this year.



## THIS MONTH

*it's going to be a meaty month for most, and even the fish will get in for his chop*

*by arthur bowman*

Illustration by Pat Nagel

## ARIES

The wild and woolly ram will graze on virgin pastures and possibly something a bit fishy — but the ramifications of the latter encounter could lead to mucho trouble. You may be vilified as a cradle-snatcher, marriage breaker or simply an arsehole. In case we haven't made ourselves clear, you'll be about as popular as a leper if you get involved with that fishy lady, so ward her off with your 10-foot pole. (Haven't you ever heard of poetic licence?)

## TAURUS

Lovelies will be queueing up to taste your prime beef joint this month. Trouble is, you may be caught out by your regular or semi-regular partner through some souvenir such as love-bites or carpet-burns; have some good lies up your sleeve (and possibly some Dettol, too). Finances may be a bit tricky with an old lover making unreasonable demands, so instead of inviting girls out, they may have to come to (and, of course, at) your place for dinner. So, don't overdo the garlic with dinner.

## GEMINI

Sweetmeats will keep coming up for the twins this March and, with hoary old Uranus stirring the love potions, you'll be catching less sleep than Dr Marcus Welby. Still, sleep is the opiate of the lovelorn. Many a wink will be as good as a prod this month, but don't neglect the home grazing. If you believe that office romances are passé, keep a night or two free for some little spunk from the typing pool who has the hots for a twin-cam model.

## CANCER

The side-winding crab has never been known to take a backward step and this is certainly not the month to start retreating. Just point your pincers in the right direction and you'll feel the vibrations where it counts. A leg-opener will help to smooth the sand, but don't overdo the lovenogs — a tipple too many will cool the desire. Although most star signs will be suckers for a little crab meat this March, a lusty lioness won't be able to control her appetite.

## LEO

Mercury will be sending his heralds to all Leos to make love, not war, as March opens, so make the most of your opportunities because the love juices are likely to freeze up midway through the month. Just because you are the lion of the zodiac, don't expect fawning handmaidens to come at your royal beck and call. More than your pride will be dented if you try to exercise your sovereign rights to pleasure another man's pussy. Be especially wary of the bulls of March.

## VIRGO

Three planets are poking their heavenly noses into your affairs this month, but Uranus is going to end up calling the shots and that is not very good news for the virgins. Chances are that at the critical moment Uranus will lend a hand and screw up the best laid plans — like loosing the neighbor's Great Dane through the open French windows just as the Earth is about to move. The planet's well-intentioned but clumsy influence will wane toward the end of the month.

## LIBRA

With lucky Jupiter and mature Saturn casting their spell, Librans will be urged to expand through growth and understanding this month. And the indications are that an older woman will enter your life. Don't rush the lady. Turn on the charm, treat her to an intimate dinner and red roses and she'll expand more than your mind. She may not be up to a stiff three-setter but on the couch she'll teach you some tricks you thought existed only in the Kama Sutra.

## SCORPIO

Venus, planet of love, is shining in the Scorpion's corner this month so prepare the barb for some of the most pleasurable action you can expect all year. Birds of every astrological feather will respond to your advances, but none with more ardor than the virginal variety. The bedsprings will get a rest toward the end of the month, but by then your stinger will be fresh out of venom. Relax and recharge the batteries because the signs are that the frolics will be on again in April.

## SAGITTARIUS

An archer the Sagittarian might be, but your arrows will find the targets very elusive this month. March, in fact, is shaping as a closed season for you bowmen. You can plead, promise diamonds and pester, but you've got as much chance of sinking your shaft as an oil prospector in the National War Museum. There is a faint glimmer of hope if you can latch on to an open-hearted Piscean, but aim carefully as water can grossly distort the mermaid's shape.

## CAPRICORN

Rutting comes as naturally to the nimble-footed goat as climbing, and many a pleasure mound will beckon the wily Capricornian this month. The presence of your ruling planet, Saturn, in the Libran aspect suggests that the scales will be tipped in your favor. But if you start nudging a Libran nanny be prepared for a long night — sexy little Librans can be very, very demanding. Don't be too sure of yourself for this Libran may end up draining you.

## AQUARIUS

Make your plans to dish out the dirty water early this month because your ruler, Uranus, isn't going to be round very long to make all your dreams come true. Prospects in the first half of March, however, are very rosy, especially if you concentrate on developing a relationship with a stray cat. And when it comes to turning on the Leos, remember that the quickest way to get them purring is the gentle stroke. Rub a pussy the right way and she'll come back for seconds.

How would you like to have me every month for a year?

Don't leave it to chance. Get it regularly every month. The best collection of fact, fiction and fantasy in the country. Australian Playboy.

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# TURNING ON A COMMAND PERFORMANCE

## Playboy's Pipeline

"NOW, LISTEN carefully," says the clipped voice of our teacher. "This exercise is violent and precisely co-ordinated. The first few times you won't see anything at all. There is an element of danger, so you must do exactly as I say. Approach the witches' hats at 90 km/h — any less and it won't work. De-clutch 10 metres before the first two, turn slightly right, then slightly left to create a pendulum effect. Yank on the hand brake as hard and as quickly as possible, releasing it just before you reach 90 degrees. Turn hard right and *wait* a split second until you reach 270 degrees, turn the wheel a quarter turn left and the car will correct itself."

It is four o'clock in the afternoon, the shadows are lengthening across the Castlereagh Dragway near Penrith in the foothills of the Blue Mountains west of Sydney where eight of us have been participating in the two-day car command course run by Finnish rally driver Rauno Aaltonen four or five times a year. It is the last exercise — a 360 degree spin on a wet surface. I wonder what I'm doing there, but it's too late now: I'm sitting beside my instructor in his red Commodore and we appear to be rapidly accelerating toward heaven.

"The basics," explains Aaltonen. "It is important to drive from the shoulders, arms to the top of the wheel and pressing back into the seat. Your knees should be bent and there should be a space beside the clutch for your left foot. The angle of your ankle should be natural so that there is less impact if you have an accident. Safety belts must be tight, and there should be 15 centimetres between your head and the roof of the car. A useful tip is to affix a piece of tape in the centre-top of the steering wheel, so that you can tell when the wheels are straight, and always use opposite hands for corners. If it is a left-hand corner, the right hand does the work."

I listen carefully, thinking that perhaps, when I put it into practice, all will become crystal clear. Suddenly, there's a moment of illumination, and an exercise which seemed impossible a minute ago becomes easy. Take, for instance, the constant use of a pendulum around two circles, translated simply as going as fast as you can, as sideways as you can, in a continuous figure-eight.

Showing us first, Aaltonen takes off, his car's wheels spinning, dust and gravel flying, sitting back, never out of line. And, as always, the rest of us get it all wrong to start with. Not fast enough, or too fast, we spin, knocking into the hats and sending them flying, we charge into the undergrowth, we end up surprised in the middle of the circle, we climb out of the cars drenched in sweat and shaking. But half-way through the last day, we've got it, and now we play racing drivers, rev the engines, de-clutch, turn, rev, brake. I catch a glimpse of all the dust and gravel my tyres are spewing out and laugh happily. But after two minutes my arms begin to ache and I start to hyperventilate. I mess it up a couple of times so Aaltonen calls me in, telling me I'm tired and must stop. He's dead right I'm tired.

The sort of intensive training you undergo in such a course is exhausting. "I find two days is quite enough," we are told. "Otherwise, people can't take anything in on the third day." Two days is the maximum. The retention period after the course isn't long if you don't keep practising, but basically you're taught to think in a defensive fashion and to react correctly in an emergency situation. Advanced driving courses are of value to the ordinary motorist, but they don't teach what a car is capable of doing, and that, at least, is something we students will remember.

In my course, each of us had our particular *bête-noir* to conquer; for me, it was the 180 degree reverse spin. One enters into it at about 50 km/h in reverse gear, de-clutches, turns the wheel slightly left, takes a quick and hard turn to the right, counter-steers to straighten the car. I couldn't eradicate the fear I had of reversing that quickly, and I left at the end of the first day feeling tired and a bit disappointed. But somehow, by the following morning, everything I'd learned had consolidated itself. It was so easy that I couldn't imagine why I hadn't been able to do it the day before.

In terms of everyday driving, it is stressed that these exercises shouldn't be practised. There are only a few routines which are of use to you on the road — the lane-changing avoiding action, where you're taught how to avoid a spin by the use of counter-steering; the corners, tightening or sharp; and the use of the pendulum movement to avoid understeer. And remember, when in doubt, lock up. A car is a machine — you can make it do what you want, but your reactions in an emergency situation must be violent and co-ordinated.

At the very end of the day, we re-drive a mock-up course and I am 11 seconds faster than my first time! That's a lot over a few kilometres. I feel drained but happy, and everyone else seems to feel much the same. Aaltonen's final words as we depart? "Drive carefully for the next few days. You have been releasing a lot of aggression — don't use it on the road. Remember you are not racing drivers yet." — CANDY BAKER

*the world champion race driver was at the wheel. playboy motoring editor, rob luck, was passenger*

# ALAN JONES TEST DRIVES THE 1981 PORSCHE

WE ARE going impossibly fast for the corner — a full crescent hairpin walled on both sides by towering blocks of granite jigsawed together with mortar. Fifty kilometres might be possible, 30 would be nice. We are doing 90, and are already part into the turn. Alan Jones stabs at the stoppers, he smacks the gearshifter down through three slots, hooks the wheel over-hard. The Porsche begins to drift out, sliding hard toward the gutter and the wall. He turns into the skid, pushes down on the throttle and kicks the car's tail out wide, hurling through on a tight, hungry line, tyres howling. We come out sideways, he corrects the tiller, and the tail snaps back as he power upshifts through the gearbox until we are cruising straight, easy and level.

There is a certain viciousness in the cornering manoeuvre, and yet it is executed with remarkable smoothness, effortless ease. The wry Jones smile never stops hovering in the corner of his mouth, even as the tacho needle hovers constantly around the redline. The killer instinct is there, undeniably, but it is always under very firm control.

"It steers neutral. It doesn't run straight ahead, and the tailslide isn't too sharp. It's good, balanced." A snap evaluation. After perhaps 30

Photography by Graham Rochester

seconds behind the wheel. And an endorsement too — for probably the only person likely to reach the same cornering limits with the 924-model is another world champion. In Jones' view, most Porsche drivers couldn't or shouldn't get into trouble.

A series of S-bends looms up ahead. Jones is punching at the gearbox again, sending the needle racing up to the redscale while the engine sings. He balances the Porsche on the edge of control, and sends it dancing across the double-action curves, poised with the perfect balance of a gymnastic routine. He has never seen these corners, never driven this road, yet the car uses every inch of the tarmac in a series of slashing slides. An expert driver might practise for an hour to get these curves as right as AyJay does first go. "You don't need to have been here before," he says in answer to my question, "you can just read the road after a while."

Alan Jones is a Porsche fancier. And a Ferrari fancier, and a Jaguar fancier and . . . His last Porsche was a 928S, which he kept at Long Beach, California, so he wouldn't have to slum it on his trips there for the West Coast GP and other business trips. He sold the Porsche and bought two XJS Jaguar sports coupes. Almost with the same money. One for him and one for Bev (his wife). He likes the Jags. And Leyland like the fact that he likes the Jags, because they are a major sponsor. But they are a tolerant lot, and they indulge his automotive whims. And ours. One was to get him into a hot-off-the-wharves 1981-model Porsche 924 to get his impressions for a test drive that just happened to coincide exactly with his visit to Sydney to launch his new range of Bayliner super-cruiser boats.

To a man who is currently working out the budget for a $7 million race program this year, a $28,000 Porsche is no big deal. Some days he spends more on tyres.

The 924 has been enigmatic even for the "Elves" of Zuffenhausen, West Germany, who conceived it. For a start it had a fair bit of VW-Audi influence in its conception/manufacture (the engines are still built in Audi's Neckarsulm plant — except for the turbo which is hatched at HQ). Then it had an engine at the front.

The 924 was aimed at a new "softer" sporty car market, and it was not intended as a replacement for the "harder" Porsche 911.

It had a fairly ordinary under-2-litre engine and a mundane four-shifter sensibly stuck-in at the back end to balance up the weight layout exactly between the front and rear wheel sets, conventional suspension including torsion bar rear end, disc/drum brake combo, two-plus-two-midget interior layout and slick body.

The 1981 interiors were made more purposeful with less pizzazz and even the exterior bodywork was trimmed-down and tricked-up with meaner, more effective hardware — including black-chrome black-out mouldings, snappy lettering, et al. Presto, the 1981 Porsche 924.

"If anyone from Leyland sees us, tell them it's my German Rover," Alan said as we made a wheelspin escape from the boat-people function, "I sure hope I can handle the power in this thing."

About 45 seconds later, Alan had "handled" the power in just about every available gear.

But he is not entirely happy. He stops the car to fumble with the steering column. "No adjustment on this thing?"

"No."

"It should be vertically adjustable. Perhaps tilted. There's no reason why not. If you get crossed up you need to be able to get on top of the steering wheel. This one is a bit too much in your lap," says Jones.

Even so it is a vast improvement. Previous Porsche 924s ran the "low" steering wheel almost flush against the dash. On the 1981 model it has been moved out for extra clearance, but at the sacrifice of really easy access to the column control stalks which haven't been cantilevered back far enough. Jones is right about the wheel position too, which could be vastly improved with a tilt-up column. But what his brief drive doesn't reveal is that after 500km the problem largely "disappears", and the wheel position becomes perfectly natural.

Alan moves the car out from the kerb again, trucking patiently around some LOL "roadblocks" double-parked on a blind corner.

The exercise registers another important point with him.

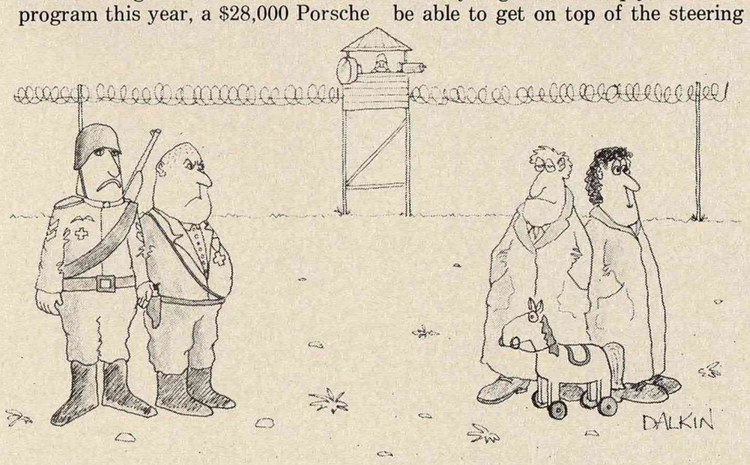
"The steering is a bit heavy. Too heavy." He stops, tries out a U-turn, then a three-pointer and then a half reverse-park manoeuvre. "Yes, too heavy for such a small car."

The steering *is* a little heavy. Considering there is only a four-cylinder engine under the hood (albeit cast-iron). But the tiller has to shift pretty hefty 185/70HR 14 Goodyear G800 Plus X Grand Prix rubber on fattish 6J-14 rims — at the relatively low pressure level of 29 psi. These are supporting close to half of the car's almost one-ton weight with slight negative camber, helping the handling but going against lighter steering.

There again the "lever" in the cockpit is a nice small Grand Prix wheel of 38cm (15 inch) diameter (fortunately with a chunky rim for better grip), with a turn ratio of a little over three turns lock to lock, which is pretty direct. The non-power-assisted steering is reasonable.

The tyres are howling now. Jones is making a panic stop. "Too much braking bias on the front end. It needs more to the rear. The nose squashes down too hard. Too much weight transfer. And this one hooks slightly to the left, see?"

No, I couldn't. The movement was imperceptible, something that only fed back through the sensitive Jones' fingertips. In any case, he automatically corrected-out any side-dive at the wheel. "Still, they're strong all the same. The car pulls up okay." From then on, every time the car pulled up, the brakes squealed a little. This was probably due to the newness of the car and the need for bedding and adjustment after such hard stops. Certainly the linings weren't too hard or scratchy — there was ample evidence of disc brake dust despite the protective brake shields Porsche now fit to the front wheels as standard equipment with the 924.




"I'm not sure, but I think they're planning an escape."

Jones works the gearbox hard and is impressed with it. It's light and fast. Smooth, and the shifts can be rammed home really quickly with the short shift-stick. It matches the car's performance level, and extracts the best performance from the somewhat ordinary overhead camshaft iron-block engine (92kW at 5800rpm and 165Nm of torque at 3500rpm). Actually the torque curve is almost flat from 1000 to 6500rpm, and the new ratios exploit it well.

There's a new, lower (numerically) final drive ratio (down to 3.889 from 4.714), and the shift ratios on the new five-speed have been eased-up to give similar overall ratios to the previous car, with the exception that fifth is now the only overdrive ratio.

It's the main reason the new 924 feels as though it goes a lot harder, although the importers say that the unchanged power ratings have been upped from "ponies" to "stallions".

The car runs out slightly further in each of the indirects (1st 58km/h, 2nd 100km/h, 3rd 142km/h) and gets to its fourth gear top speed of 180 km/h a lot quicker through not having to lope up there via an overdrive ratio. Fifth still runs to a little over 200km/h (125mph), which is respectably fast for this car.

Acceleration figures are better — slightly. The car will turn easy low-16 second quarters. It will cover rest to 100km/h in under 9.5 seconds.

Better still, it feels good getting there. In previous 924s, it was agony to drive the beast beyond, say, 4500rpm — the vibration and engine rattle were just too discouraging.

Now the needle arcs smoothly over to the redline limit of 6500rpm and the engine seems to give all the way. There is still some vibration — in little "patches" around 1500rpm and from 5500-6500rpm in the lower gears. In the upper gears, the reverse applies. Fifth gear at 1500rpm is 60km/h — a quiet, smooth ride, obviously returning excellent fuel economy.

Ironically (considering the hefty sales tag), fuel consumption is a Porsche strongpoint — 23-28mpg (12.2-10.1 l/100km) is a fair range for round-town to highway economy. Really playing Alan Jones on the highway, you may drop economy to 20mpg but it's hard to go below that.

Jones thinks the performance is adequate for the product at the price (which is the baseline in Australia). Mind you, Alan's idea of affordability may be different from yours, so it's well to reflect on the money break-up.

The base car is around $28,800, on the road, registered, with standard equipment which includes both power windows and mirrors (these are also heated — by the rear window demister), standard five speed transmission (auto is optional and ideal for Double Pay Mums), and a topline cassette deck. All 1981 models will get the new Porsche digital cassette radio with search-tune, Dolby, 80 watt amp. four speakers and Hirschman power aerial (ours was too new and had a mediocre AWA device).

The extras are air conditioning at $1500 and the pop-out sunroof at a price of $833.

Air is almost mandatory with Porsches — the interiors seem to be predominantly black which sucks in the sun through the huge cabin glasshouse. The "prestige" air in the Porsche test car worked efficiently enough without being startling, but it had an adverse effect on the car when idling, making the engine rough and sometimes promoting that horror of all drivers: stalling.

The lift-out solid-panel roof is also a compromise. It provides a big, useful hole occupying about 85 percent of the turret area. This gives a more effective opening than a small aperture provided by a sliding electric roof, which would have to be less than half the size, twice the price and hardly worth the effort. The debits on this score are that the panel is cumbersome to get in and out, heavy (a sore point with women), plus it's stowed in the rear deck which is small enough for luggage anyway without losing even more space.

The good news with the purchase price is resale value. The Sydney auto industry's guidebook shows "good condition" 924s bring within $2000-$3000 of their original purchase price in the first year, and only lose about $1000-$2000 a year after that.

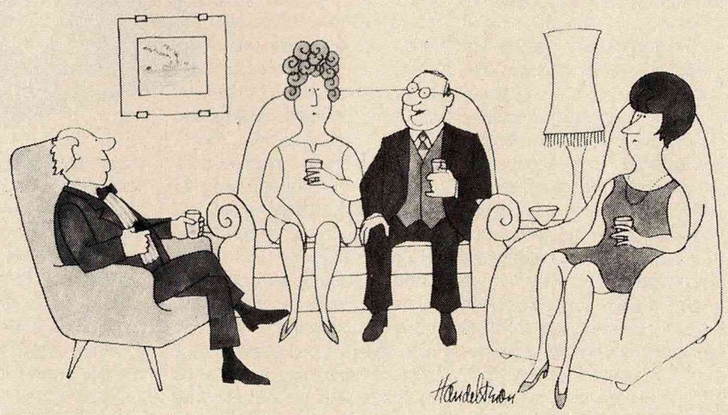
An immaculate one-year-old example may even command almost-new car price. This is an unexpected bonus in an area of the market where luxury is usually achieved at a fairly hefty price. Part of the reason is poor availability of Porsches (probably only 350 will reach Australian shores this year). But the Porsche charisma also keeps the after-market humming.

For the money, the car is still flawed in some surprising areas. The pedals, for example, might be set-up Alan Jones-style so the throttle can be covered when the right foot is pressing down on the brake. Rearward visibility when parking could be fixed with a seat height adjuster (so could some driver position problems). The console needs redesigning in the centre for more accommodation of small items, the instruments could do with a professional re-work, there's still a little work to be done on vibration, and an agricultural bonnet stay takes the edge off showing friends the superbly arranged fuel injection plumbing in the neat engine-room of the car.

Even so, there is no other car at the price that can move an owner so instantly up into a new dimension of social prestige and status.

Example: we exit from a tunnelled corner that Jones had just steered through in typical armpits-to-the-sun style, to find a disturbed gent waving on the far side. In deference to the residents' shattered reverie, we screech to a halt alongside and Jones hits the power window button, which takes an agonisingly long time to drop the glass down.

Jones mutters an apology based on lack of local knowledge and the general appearance of the corner which didn't suggest houses nearby. The gent replies: "I do beg your pardon, sir, I thought it was some young larrikin in a racing machine."



"I've got a more exciting idea Fred, let's swap cars."

# MOVIES

## *real life comes to the movie screen in a documentary of memorable honesty*

**Best Boy** is the story of Philly, a young man preparing to leave his family to begin living in the outside world. We see him helping around the house (he scrubs the coffee pot every day till it shines like new), we hear him singing (Anniversary Song is his favorite), we witness his excursions (he goes to the zoo and to summer camp). What makes his leaving home different to that of other young men is that Philly is 52 years old.

Winner of the Oscar in 1980 for Best Documentary, and one of the most highly acclaimed films of last year's Sydney Film Festival, *Best Boy* was both produced and directed by Ira Wohl, a New Yorker in his late 30s, and Philly is his cousin. For three years, Wohl and company set up their cameras in the New York City apartment of his Aunt Pearl and Uncle Max and filmed the transition of Philly, severely mentally retarded from birth, from the state of a near vegetable to that of a fairly independent and capable human. In its hour and a half, the film takes us full circle — from the first frame when we see Max lathering Philly for a shave to the last shot of Philly, living now in a small residence community designed for people like himself, wielding an electric razor in front of a mirror.

Rather than being a study or a case history of a retarded person, the movie is more like an adventure story as we watch Philly triumphing over what had previously been near-impossible tasks: his first day at school where he learns to play basketball; a journey to the corner shop to buy an ice cream all by himself; meeting the late Zero Mostel backstage after a performance of *Fiddler on the Roof* and singing a duet with the actor. The film never becomes sentimental or falsely hearty, there are no "plain facts" or any statistics concerning mental retardation, and we are never manipulated into feeling either sorry or happy for Philly. The camera merely records the ongoing life of a family, and the nonchalant honesty that results involves audience emotions infinitely more than any script or tricks ever could. Whereas in our everyday lives we often reach out to the mentally handicapped with our hearts but prefer not to have to look at them, *Best Boy* forces us to use our eyes, and our hearts have no choice but to follow.

— KAREN HAMMIAL

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As executive producer and star of **Private Benjamin**, Goldie Hawn has the dream role that reconfirms her reservations for room at the top among Hollywood's finest comediennes. The movie's script is disjointed and episodic, Howard Zieff's direction is lively but spasmodic and — take my word for it — you're not going to mind a bit. Goldie is delicious as a prototypal Jewish American Princess who impulsively joins the US Army when her second husband dies after six hours of lusty wedded bliss — made hilarious by Albert Brooks as the late lamented sex maniac. The spoiled brat's initial responses to Army fatigue garb ("is *green* the only color this comes in?"), Army discipline, Army decor and Army chow ("I want to go out to *lunch*") are sidesplitting in ways that can't be communicated without benefit of Hawn's nearly perfect comic timing. Among other things, *Private Benjamin* is a cunningly frivolous feminist film about a girl who doesn't start to grow up until she's pushing 30 — when she realises she's got to be her own woman, independent of her parents, husbands, the US Army and the handsome French gynaecologist lover (Armand Assante) whom she wins by writing her own travel orders. Barbara Barrie and Sam Wanamaker, as the soldier's overprotective mom and dad, are at least a match for Eileen Brennan and Robert Webber — both playing for horselaughs as the ballsiest Army brass. All run a close second to Goldie, and that's very damn good. Efforts to resist her simply won't do any good for most people. I recommend total surrender.

— BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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Deprived of some intended topicality by the unlamented disappearance of Idi Amin, **The Dogs of War** still leaves us in no doubt about the identity of its principal villain and will do little for the health of the struggling Ugandan tourist trade. Christopher Walken (last seen in *The Deer Hunter*, and still looking like Michael York with bodgie haircut) leads a gang of mercenaries hired to overthrow a squalid African dictatorship in the interests of shadowy European platinum traders and other mysterious pressure groups. And that's about the only resemblance between this screenplay and Frederick Forsyth's original novel, from which the script has been painfully extracted by Gary De Vore. If someone hadn't told me it was based on Forsyth's lucrative prose, I probably wouldn't have guessed: the stories have so little in common. In the book, one of the characters opens a luggage locker and discovers the severed head of a colleague who has fallen foul of the conspirators. It was a scene of such cinematic elan that I could scarcely believe the movie would leave it out. I spent practically the whole film waiting, suitably steeled, for the head that never was. No doubt this distracted me from essential details of the plot. The first half hour or so is best: Walken enters flyblown Zangara posing as a bird-fancier, has his wallet confiscated by a crooked customs officer ("That's for airport tax") and is soon arrested, interrogated and beaten half to death by the local security boys. Strong, chilling stuff. Why they didn't finish him off as a suspected spy remains a mystery, but the miffed hero manages to return to London to plan an invasion bankrolled by a malevolent tycoon. The action sequences, photographed by veteran Jack Cardiff, are appropriately violent. Colin Blakely plays a hard-boiled TV cameraman and the whole business is directed by John Irvin. It could, I suppose, have been worse.

Goldie Hawn's disarmingly crafted portrayal of *Private Benjamin* (left) may not do much for recruiting to the new, integrated army, but it'll give your laughing gear a very good workout. A much grimmer view of war is on display in *The Dogs of War*, with Christopher Walken (above, left). Violent action sequences like that shown above abound in this African tale.

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Jack Lemmon, the most accomplished of American comic actors, is the well-adjusted version of Woody Allen. No dark neuroses lurk beneath that warm, engaging smile. He's untroubled, uncomplicated, unhaunted. What John Wayne did for the western, Lemmon has done for Hollywood comedy. We enjoy it without guilt.

As a long-standing admirer of the man, I hope he goes on making movies forever. But one senses in his recent films an uncomfortable tendency to create valedictory memorials to himself. It's as if the doctor had told him he only had two films to go and he'd better make the most of them. In *The China Syndrome* he was cast in a serious role — not his first, but certainly his most important and socially relevant. I had the feeling he wanted at least one movie to prove that he wasn't just a wise-cracking nice guy but a genuine, full-fledged, serious actor who could turn his hand to anything. *The China Syndrome* was a fine film, but whenever Jack looked worried and watery-eyed in the dramatic bits, I kept thinking unfairly of *The Odd Couple* and *Some Like It Hot* and wondering what a fine comedian like Lemmon was doing in a film like this. He's in good company, of course: Charlie Chaplin in his last few films acquired a feeling of high-minded mournfulness that made the works of Bergman look like something that the Marx Brothers might have done.

**Tribute**, directed by the Canadian Bob Clark and based on the successful stage play by Bernard Slade, is more than a vehicle for Lemmon's talents: it's a full-blooded testimonial to the man, a Lemmon benefit movie, in which the actor goes dangerously close to playing himself with the same degree of self-indulgence that marked Bob Fosse's quasi-autobiographical musical *All That Jazz*. Consider: the plot concerns Scottie Templeton, a writer-producer-press agent in his middle age, who is a tiny bit over the hill and knows it. He's also a pain in the ass (and doesn't know it). He's a compulsive gagster and practical joker, a charming, lovable, glad-handing, superficial, womanising rogue, who has got one marriage behind him and a 21-year-old son who can't understand him (and can't stand him). Scottie's great talents have been wasted. His life has amounted to nothing, but his legions of friends, especially those who don't know him well, love him for his wit and indefatigable good humor. Conversation for Scottie is an endless series of one-liners; in the words of his ex-wife (Lee Remick): "When will you stop treating the rest of the world as

your straight man?" A sensitive, kind, basically lonely man, Scottie has to find a working relationship with his son (Robby Benson) who blames him for breaking up his mother's marriage. In this he's helped by a long-time friend and a hooker with a heart of gold (Gale Garnett), for whom he organises a nostalgic retirement dinner attended by her former clients.

All the ingredients, you'd say, for a sad, gentle comedy of the kind Lemmon has been making for a good many years. And left like that, the film would have succeeded nicely. But to make sure the mixture *really* works, Slade's screenplay includes one extra ingredient, potent enough to transform a wistful domestic comedy into Hollywood's most artful and unabashed tear-jerker since Mary Pickford played Pollyanna. At the start of the film, Scottie learns from his doctor that he's dying of leukaemia (a nice scene, incidentally, filmed silently through the glass door of the hospital room). Scottie keeps the news from his son, Jud, and maintains a brave, jocular front for the world, refusing treatment that would briefly prolong his life. Jud (and others) eventually learn the truth. Unforgiving and callous at first, Jud relents and seeks a reconciliation with his father. There is a prolonged and somewhat tasteless hospital sequence, in which Jud keeps vigil over his father's bedside, and the movie ends with a testimonial benefit attended by all of Scottie's friends and admirers. Scottie himself appears (the disease has gone into remission), tells a few jokes, delivers a sad monologue about life and love, and embraces his son on stage. He then walks from the platform and as he does his pants fall down. (Tears, laughter, applause.)

The whole thing is irresistibly and outrageously awful, and at least two pages of PLAYBOY could be filled with examples of the film's saccharine banality, its sugared excesses, its contrived situations, and so on. I enjoyed it thoroughly, making every allowance for the devious way my better judgement was being subverted. The script is unflaggingly hilarious and Lemmon is brilliant. He really does play it as if he will never make another movie, and it wouldn't surprise me if he announced his retirement tomorrow. After *Tribute*, the ultimate celebration of the Lemmon persona, it would seem at best unnecessary and at worst an impertinence for the man to return to our neighborhood screens.

Robert Redford on the set of *Ordinary People* with Timothy Hutton (left). Mary Tyler Moore and Donald Sutherland (above) are extraordinary.

•

More of the same in **Ordinary People**, another father and son affair, set in affluent suburban Chicago and a first effort at direction by Robert Redford. I've always suspected that Robert Redford fancies himself a serious filmmaker. Why he isn't content to be a plain, run-of-the-mill, multi-millionaire superstar I will never understand. Within his somewhat impassive limits, he's an excellent actor. He's not an excellent director. *Ordinary People* has a pretty ordinary script (from a novel by Judith Guest) and it's hard to know why Redford was so keen to make it. According to the studio handout: "I don't know what this picture will say to teenagers but I hope it has a message for their parents." It certainly has: leave about half an hour before the end and you'll quite enjoy it. We're in true blue WASP country: conservative Republican middle-America. Neighbors chat about the stockmarket on their morning jog, and Alvin Sargent's script has some shrewd lines, such as: "I *suppose* he's Jewish — maybe just German."

Donald Sutherland, excellent as always, is Calvin, who has a cold, snobby, selfish wife (Mary Tyler Moore) and an emotionally disturbed son, Conrad (Timothy Hutton). The boy has already attempted suicide, and harbors feelings of guilt over the death of his elder brother in a boating accident, of which there are more than enough flashbacks. Denied affection by his mother, who is more interested in a vacation in London than a cure for her son's illness, Conrad quits his swim classes at high school and seeks guidance from an understanding psychiatrist (Judd Hirsch). Gradually it emerges that Conrad is not only the only disturbed character: all of the family are emotionally stunted, hungry for love, cut off from genuine feeling and spontaneous passion. In this light, the title of the film takes on a touch of irony not at first apparent. Is the movie a study of affluent urban neurosis in general? I suspect the novel had more to say about the springs of middle-class alienation than this glossy, shallow and sadly-misconceived film.

The movie underscores its points with a ponderous deliberation. The smart-set party scene goes on too long, Mary Tyler Moore spends far too much time arranging placemats on the dining room table, and whenever the doctor gets close to the truth, we break off for an interlude with one of Conrad's girlfriends. The inevitable boil-up between husband and wife — missus belatedly reproved for fussing over sartorial details at her son's funeral — is a frankly embarrassing scene. Sutherland is splendid, Moore pretty good, the others are earnest and never less than adequate, and the whole thing is terribly decent and well-intentioned. But that final liberating clinch in a snowy backyard is a long time coming. My guess is that the current boom in American paternal guilt themes (see also *Cruising*) will rapidly start to subside. This movie will accelerate the process.

•

The likes of Fellini can get away with the likes of *8½*, but I'm not sure that Woody Allen is sufficiently established to indulge himself in like vein. He has a go, though, in **Stardust Memories**, about a comic moviemaker at the height of his fame who treats us to the story of his life, with various episodes involving various love affairs. Visually enchanting (black-and-white photography by Gordon Willis), it's scarcely one of Woody's best efforts.

— EVAN WILLIAMS



# SHOWBIZ

## *major stirrings in morning television tipped to launch new national star*

AFTER A long, horribly frustrating period in the performer doldrums, Grahame Bond is finally copping the recognition he deserves. His smash hit *Boy's Own MacBeth*, has, of course, been laying them in the aisles for more than a year now, and it's soon to be taken to the US. All of which is very nice, not to say financially rewarding, for the artiste in charge, but it comes at the end of a bitter struggle with the theatre arty-farties all around the country. To put it simply, no one had the guts to put the thing on. John Bell, the terribly trendy chap in charge of the terribly trendy Nimrod Theatre in Sydney, told Bond it was far too juvenile for the sophisticated audiences at his command. Grahame received the same treatment from every company he approached, and after a year of flogging the idea around the traps he told them to go and get stuffed, hired himself an old community hall, scraped together some dough for lights and costumes, and put the thing on himself. The rest, as the cliché goes, is showbiz history. By the way, don't be surprised if the thing turns up on Broadway after its run on the US West Coast.

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All is not staid, reactionary and gutless in the Sydney theatre world, however. Thanks to the far-sighted attitude, and the $2 million investment, of some businessmen not remotely connected with showbusiness, Tinsel Town can now boast one of the greatest cabaret joints in the country. It's called the Tivoli (after the famous vaudeville joint which buzzed with life through the '30s and '40s), and it really is your genuine red plush nightclub. The opening show was Michael Matou's Sideshow company, a group of extremely weird people whose show was a very bizarre mixture of high-camp, 1930s decadence and good old Australian larrikinism. The show came as a bit of shock to the media freeloaders who attended opening night, but it's packing them in, and not just the trendies either.

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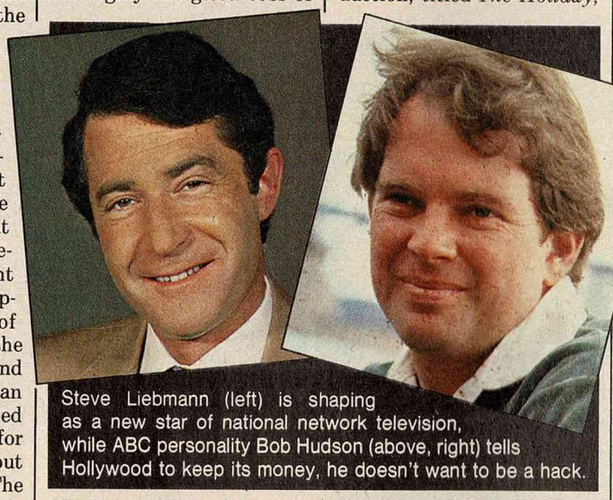
It looks as if we're about to get a new national television star. That, at least, is the theory of Sam Chisolm, the highly energised boss of the National Nine Network. The star in question is Steve Liebmann, the Sydney radio journalist and former on-air chatter for the floundering Seven Network in NSW. Liebmann was grabbed by the Nine mob late last year, and, according to Sam, the man's potential is nothing short of astounding.



Steve Liebmann (left) is shaping as a new star of national network television, while ABC personality Bob Hudson (above, right) tells Hollywood to keep its money, he doesn't want to be a hack.

"That other lot didn't know how to utilise him properly," said Sam. "He's got a sort of Dustin Hoffman appeal, a ton of credibility, and he's a bloody good journalist. I can see great things for him in the near future."

Unfortunately, Sam was not saying exactly what "great things" he has in mind for Mr Liebmann, but those interested in gossip should note that he's been tipped for an early morning news show (to go national) and a slot on *60 Minutes*.

•

Bob Hudson, the young ABC breakfast announcer, former Newcastle resident (remember the song) and mate of Fred Dagg is shaping up to be one of the best comedy writers in the country, if not the world. Heady praise I admit, but the lad has done a terrific job with the recent Jack Thompson-Chris Bearde production, titled *The Holiday*, which may star Graham Kennedy. Such a good job in fact that they want him to go to LA and cop $250,000 a year to write more.

Not even the fervent pleas of Miss Bette Midler, who went down so well in Oz using Hudson's gags, can make him give up Sydney and his $20,000 radio chat job with the Aged Aunt.

"I don't want to sit around in Hollywood and turn into a hack," he explained. "There's all sorts of things I want to do in this country, and I'm quite happy to stay and do them."

And to that we say: good luck to you Bob — you'll do us proud.

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While we're on the subject of local talent, and seeing I've already dropped Miss Midler's name, I have to report that she's a lady who loves almost all things antipodean (except for the snakes and things she calls funnel spiders). During her recent promotional visit (well, it seems recent to me anyhow) we found ourselves jammed together in a corner at one of those ghastly cocktail, greet-the-reporters-in-awe sessions. When not accusing all hands of being cheesy hacks and fags, she was most fulsome on the subject of Split Enz, the excellent band from New Zealand. "I saw those guys three times when they played LA, and I'm tellin' you, they're bloody amazing," she informed a startled lady in tweeds from a women's magazine.

"Why they don't get their arses back to the US and blow the joint apart is beyond me," she added in case someone had missed her "subtle" point.

She's right of course, but at the moment the lads are buggered after spending more than six months thrashing around England, Europe and Miss Midler's own nation. They're just winding up an Australian tour and counting the dough from the top 10 hits in Canada, England and Germany. Their new album should be out this month, and apparently the master plan is to go back to America in July. All of which sounds like your average pop rundown, but if ever there was a band with talent, brains and writing ability to knock off the international market, it is Split Enz.

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Paranoia was running rampant in film land following the highly successful launch of David Williamson's latest effort, *Celluloid Heroes*. The play is a wonderfully bitchy little production which sends up the movie making business with ferocity. — ANDREW SAW

# MUSIC

## *john lennon's brilliant career closes on a note of homely double fantasy*

THE CELEBRATION that surrounded John Lennon's first major studio production in five years did more than enough to disguise the possibility of tragedy. Now, hindsight says it was probably the release of *Double Fantasy* (Geffen Records) and the subsequent publicity which printed John's exit visa from this life. Reviewing the album post-murder offers the opportunity of pointing up the irony of a modest credit line which thanks those folks who fought successfully to win John's US residency battle. Yes, a sad twist. But the doom-watchers could pull a few clues out of Lennon's past (the way that things are going they're gonna crucify me) to pile testament upon prophecy. Though the name of Mark David Chapman missed the credits list on the album, it is sure to make rock's roll of rogues for ensuring that the album was Lennon's last. And for that reason alone, this work assumes a new and more significant image.

From a dispassionate stance, this reviewer shuffles reluctantly among the ranks of those disappointed by Lennon's long-awaited project. Yes, we expected more from a guy who (let's face it) was a bit rusty from lack of creative exercise. It was probably too much to hope for the first time back in harness. And therein rests another irony.

Since the Beatles shut down the business, Lennon and McCartney have shared few similarities. Save one. In the companionship of their wives, we've witnessed a prominent artist and a proficient photographer playing at being rock queens when both have precious little to offer in the way of genuine musical talent. On *Double Fantasy*, Yoko's presence is inescapable. She penned seven of the 14 songs and her influence on Lennon's work is profound. In fact, it is more her album than John's. An obvious solution would have been separate albums, but doubtlessly neither would have aided the idea. The unavoidable conclusion from repeated listening is that Lennon's natural grasp of melody, diversity of inspiration and his almost unmatched incisiveness have been quite severely shackled by his obligations to Yoko. The guy was probably much happier for it, but it is hard to deny that the product suffered because of it. The strength of the duo's relationship is well aired in John's Cleanup Time with the obvious reference to Yoko's handling of the business end while he played at mother and baker of bread:

*"The queen is in the*
*counting house,*
*Counting out the money;*
*The king is in the kitchen,*
*Making bread and honey;*
*No friends and yet no*
*enemies...*
*Absolutely free..."*

That was John's 1980 statement to his fans and it is made all the more dynamic by Earl Slick's guitar.

A complete denial of Yoko's writing ability would do some disservice to her ability to shed more than a glimmer of her personality upon the work. The stark splash of Kiss Kiss Kiss is remarkably close to punk in its raw simplicity, and the wavering near-oriental flight of I'm Your Angel softens the keen disappointment of John's lower profile.

As a candle for John Lennon, *Double Fantasy* burned brightly enough to encourage another project. Perhaps it was only the start of a new creative surge. As suggested by Yoko's closing tune, Hard Times Are Over, the album glows with the power of optimism and their common love. As somebody once said: "Life is but a series of opening and closing doors." *Double Fantasy* (subtitled A Heart Play) prised one ajar and just as suddenly slammed it shut forever. There will be no others, and for that reason it's a jewel.

•

It doesn't matter whether Nick Lowe is sending up other performers, producing another New Wave band, reviving old themes or writing new, he always goes to the trouble of giving it his best shot. Rockpile is Lowe's latest band, and it teams him with ace rock guitarist (and close mate) Dave Edmunds in a format that must make brilliant live material. On *Seconds of Pleasure* (F-Beat), the formula revives the too-neglected golden era and sound of the mid-'50s to early '60s, and unearths the clever harmonies and melodies of the Everlys, Holly and the Crickets, *et al.* To score with it again, Rockpile have deployed some of their own material like Lowe's Heart and If Sugar Was As Sweet As You — both given Everly-style treatments — mixed with the works of Chuck Berry, Wilson Pickett and others.

Humor is never far from Lowe's eager fingers and his thumping 12-bar treatment of Knife And Fork is so devotedly reproduced it almost borders on straight satire. Doubtlessly, the concept wouldn't work half as well without the treble finesse of Edmunds' guitar. There's shades of Ross Hannaford and Daddy Cool here as Edmunds whips off his brilliant Hollyesque riffs. The twist of the tale is that Lowe hardly needs to call on anyone else's material to pad out an album. He is such a complete writer of popular song that he rarely needs assistance. His Pet You and Hold You offers a range of clever word games to illustrate his skill with lyric as well as melody. But concept, uniformity of theme and balance are much closer to the Lowe-Edmunds heart, and it is with this single sense of purpose that they can come to grips with something as sweetly conceived as *Seconds of Pleasure.*

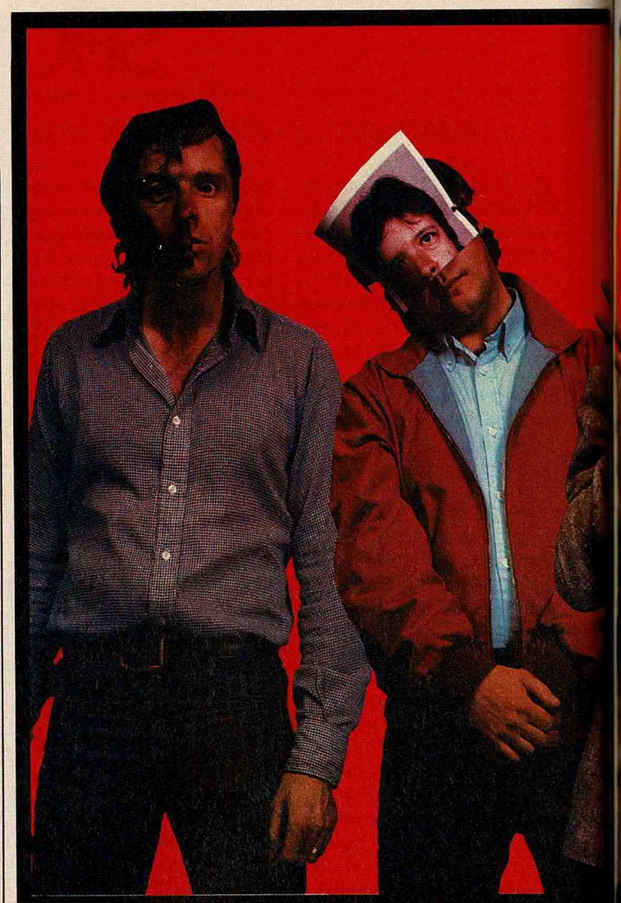
•

Of little value to those who haven't caught the movie or Bette Midler in concert, *Divine Madness — The Original Soundtrack* (Atlantic) is a dead cert to provide riotous memories for those who have seen the lady in action. She blasts into motion with what might be a signature tune, Big Noise From Winnetka, but immediately shows she's much more than that with a velvet rendition of Harry Nilsson's Paradise. Still, there isn't any escape here for she turns it into a Tina Turner-style showcase with the Harlettes vamping the vocal chords to bits in the background. Had enough? No way, says Bette as she stokes Bob Seger's Fire Down Below followed by Stay With Me (Janis, are you listening?). And that's just part of side one.

Turn it over for Chapel of Love, Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy and Leader of the Pack. My goodness. Now, do yourself a favor (as a certain talent co-ordinator might say) and buy this one. Play it at parties and all your friends will drop by just to tell you how great Bette is in the stage performance. Better still, nip it in the bud by seeing the movie.

•

It's getting harder and harder to take the British rock business seriously. It wasn't until Dire Straits' debut album and lifted single, *Sultans of Swing*, had gone through the roof in almost every port from Copenhagen to Christchurch that the Brits realised just what sort of talent was sitting under their very noses. It's now ancient history that the album and single were re-released a year after the debut date to finally become hits on home turf. A second album, *Communique*, received a rapturous reception which left the band's following eagerly awaiting the third release. It made it through mixing last August and came under the title of *Making Movies* (Vertigo). It plots a different chapter in the history of a band which, as recently as 1977, had never been heard of. Gone is David Knopfler, brother of guitar maestro Mark, but quite adequate compensation comes in the guest addition of Springsteen's E Street Band member Roy Bittan on the keyboards. Bittan's fingers make this one rock more than *Communique* and it draws the band towards its strong US rather than English audience. Solid Rock is an obvious example of the new tangent and it is just one cut with a great commercial appeal. However, it is Mark Knopfler's improving reputation as a songwriter and guitarist which really sells the work. His Dylan-style street imagery laced with his unmistakable guitar feel promote him as an exceptional craftsman. Writing and playing aside, his status as a producer gives Dire Straits the clout to insist on the best recording and engineering facilities. *Making Movies* was mixed at New York's Record Plant and produced by Jimmy Iovine in partnership with Knopfler. The band is flying the new product on their



The Rockpile group — Dave Edmunds, guitar, vocals; Terry Williams, drums; Billy Bremmer, guitar, vocals; and Nick Lowe, bass, vocals — score on their latest, *Seconds of Pleasure.*

Bette Midler's LP *Divine Madness* conjures up fond memories of the film where she struts her stuff.

John Lennon and Yoko Ono: *Double Fantasy* may just have been the beginning of another creative urge.

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current world tour which is bound to fire off a renewed sales rush.

•

Neil Young has turned his own clock back about 10 years and if that might upset everyone who pushes progress in the name of rock music, it is not likely to break the hearts of NY's squillions of fans. *Hawks & Doves* (Reprise) is closer to the acoustic, uncluttered feel of his ancient self-titled album than either *After the Goldrush* or even *Harvest.* His ramble through the length of The Old Homestead is so close to his account of The Old Laughing Lady to suggest the two might have been written only weeks rather than years apart. It is all the more surprising after *Rust Never Sleeps*' suggestion that he might be ready to make a pitch at, or at least a recognition of, the aftermath of punk. Instead, there is not one electric cut on side one. It is the Clydesdale percussion of Levon Helm and the simple chording of Young's guitar which prevails, embellished by the sorrowful wail of Tom Scribner's saw.

When Neil plonks himself down behind the piano for Stayin' Power, the change of mood takes over on the contrasting second side. Here the vocals are full of beef, his voice leaps from his palate to his throat and Rufus Thibodeaux trots out the fiddle for the odd hillbilly reel. Maybe Neil's friends forget to remind him just what a fine electric guitarist he is because he leaves it till late in the piece to swing the axe at the musicians' union on Union Man.

It would be a mistake to judge *Hawks & Doves* in the progressive context, not merely because Young has paid little credence to form or fashion in the past, but for the simple reason that while most of the tunes were penned in 1980, Little Wing and The Old Homestead were framed in 1975 and 1974, respectively. He has pulled songs out of the past before but on this one it is hard to ignore the impression of loose-jointedness and a certain lack of purpose. All flaws considered, it is still an album worthy of more than a cursory hearing.

•

If the uncompromising album cover and title don't give the game away, then the credits for Mick Ronson and Ian Hunter certainly do. *(Have A Good Time But) Get Out Alive* (MCA) by the Iron City Houserockers pays homage to only one master: good ole rock 'n' roll. The obvious comparisons between the Pittsburgh six's tensile-tough material and the bone-jarring defence of the town's famous football side would not do justice to the street-wise feel of the Houserockers' tunes or their allegiance to both romance and despair for lyrical inspiration. Vocalist/guitarist Joe Grushecky is the principal writer and his product towers above the usual head-bashing themes many rockers use as an excuse to peddle their tired old riffs.

There's no attempt to prod the intelligence into overdrive, but if during the course of the concert the listener picks up on the continuity of theme between (the accessible) Angela and (the inaccessible) Blondie, then score bonus points. Iron City is steel mills, beers after work, Friday night trash-outs and tired neon lights. It's Springsteen with the heavy industrial monkey riding on his back, and the Houserockers spray it up and down the subways in rock and roll majesty.

The album was part produced by Ronson who, with Ellen Foley, Hunter and a bunch of others, helped out on various musical assists. Their support is well-founded on a hot band pushing only its second album. Pumping Iron might be the track which best identifies the work, but as an entire package, it's got enough honesty and finesse to please most pundits.

— NEIL JAMESON

•

In the relatively short span of its existence, Concord records has earned an enviable reputation for turning out some of the finest mainstream-type jazz in recent years. Three new releases add to this acclaim. Outstanding is one from a mighty jazz individualist, Kenny Burrell, whose distinctive guitar sound has rarely been better heard.

The album title tune, *Moon And Sand,* is one of the high spots of an excellent session. This is the 1941 Alec Wilder composition that Burrell recorded years ago with famed arranger Gil Evans at about the same time as Evans' celebrated collaborations with trumpeter Miles Davis. The subtle Latin flavor makes this a superb opener on which acoustic bass player John Heard and percussionists Roy McCurdy and Kenneth Nash reveal a rare degree of empathy with the group's leader.

Among the eight tracks are several beautiful ballads — two by Kurt Weill (My Ship and Lost In The Stars) that Burrell literally caresses with love and feeling as only he can. Oliver Nelson's Stolen Moments is another minor jazz classic that does the quartet proud.

The swingers include Strayhorn's UMMG, Love For Sale and a great treatment of Kenny Dorham's Blue Bossa. Burrell is nothing if not versatile, and his naturally rhythmic style packs quite a punch that adds up to a showcase for one of the best in the business who has occupied a special niche since he first came to attention back in the late 1950's. Readers may remember his Australian tour in 1972 with the Jimmy Smith Jam Session. He is still just as impressive — as this new album amply reveals. Recommended unreservedly!

Another guitarist, Cal Collins, is featured on *By Myself.* He deserves to be better known. His three-year stint with Benny Goodman's touring group in the late '70s has earned him long overdue recognition. It is gratifying that this LP at last introduces him to Australian fans. As the album title indicates, this is unaccompanied jazz played on acoustic guitar with no amps anywhere in evidence.

Collins plays in the manner of George Van Eps or Karl Kress: plenty of style but restrained — a pleasant change of style in these days of high decibel cliches.

There are 12 tracks here, all of them understated workings that I found reminiscent of another personal favorite, Bucky Pizzarelli — Stairway To The Stars, No Moon At All, The Nearness Of You, All The Things You Are, Where Are You and his own original Jackson County Blues, an opus that epitomises his simple, down-home style of playing that is noted for its aura of sincerity more than any pyrotechnical displays. One for the connoisseur that, alas, may have limited mass appeal.

Marian McPartland has two traditional strikes against her: she is a woman and she is English, or was. She has overcome both obstacles with flying colors. In the instrumental field, Mary Lou Williams the outstanding femme de jazz, and what an exception! In recent times, Toshiko Akioshi has made her bid. Marian has been around a long while and at times approaches Williams but has never quite made it. But then, who did?

On *Marian McPartland at the (Concord) Jazz Festival,* recorded in August 1979, she is backed by bass player Brian Torff and drummer par excellence Jake Hanna. I admit a preference for the ballad side of her playing. She really shines at the more relaxed tempos. This album gives her plenty of scope.

Chick Corea's Windows (with quotes from Some Time Ago) is played in three-quarter time and generates quite a swing, if a mite undistinguished occasionally to my ears. On Side Two, the trio is joined by another gal, Mary Fettig Park, who plays alto saxo on Here's That Rainy Day, Green Dolphin Street and Oleo.

This is my first exposure to the music of Miss Park who plays somewhat in the manner of Phil Woods, and very well too!

*At The Festival* is a good enough record, but not quite essential listening. It just seems to lack that extra spark, though anything from Marian McPartland is always worth hearing.

— KYM BONYTHON

# NEWSBREAKS

**Talking Heads'** recent album *Remain In Light* may have to say the last word in boundary-stretching popular rock if a solution can't be found to the problem besetting lead singer **David Byrne's** collaboration with producer/artist **Brian Eno,** *My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts.* Recorded in the desert in Nevada and California, the LP features material recorded off American TV . . . including the Sunday morning healing hysteria of a female evangelist. When Eno and Byrne approached the show's producers to use their recordings on the album, clearance was categorically refused . . . so the LP's release is indefinitely postponed. The only solution may be to dub over offending tracks. Those who have caught Talking Heads on their late 1980 tour of America, featuring ex-**David Bowie** guitarist **Adrian Belew** and, two bass players, say the band is out of this world . . .

**Out Now Or Shortly:** LPs by **Louise Goffin** (her second), **Linda Ronstadt** with **Dolly Parton** with **Emmylou Harris** (produced by Dolly's hubby, **Brian Ahern**), **Joe Walsh** (his second solo on Electra) and **Joe Vitale** (Walsh's sidekick from the **Joe Walsh & Barnstorm** days, also featured on the new live **Eagles** set), **Sister Sledge, Rickie Lee Jones. Little Feat, Heart** *(Greatest Hits),* **Rick Derringer** *(Face to Face)* — haven't I heard that title somewhere before? Ah yes, it's the name of the fifth biggest selling album in France this year, by one **Angel City.**

**George Harrison's** recent LP *Somewhere In England* was ready some time back, but held over to avoid any possible clash with the release of what was later to be **John Lennon's** last LP, *Double Fantasy.*

**The Hitmen,** whose career has been anything but smooth to date, should have their first LP out soon, produced by **Mark Opitz.**

— JENNY HUNTER-BROWN

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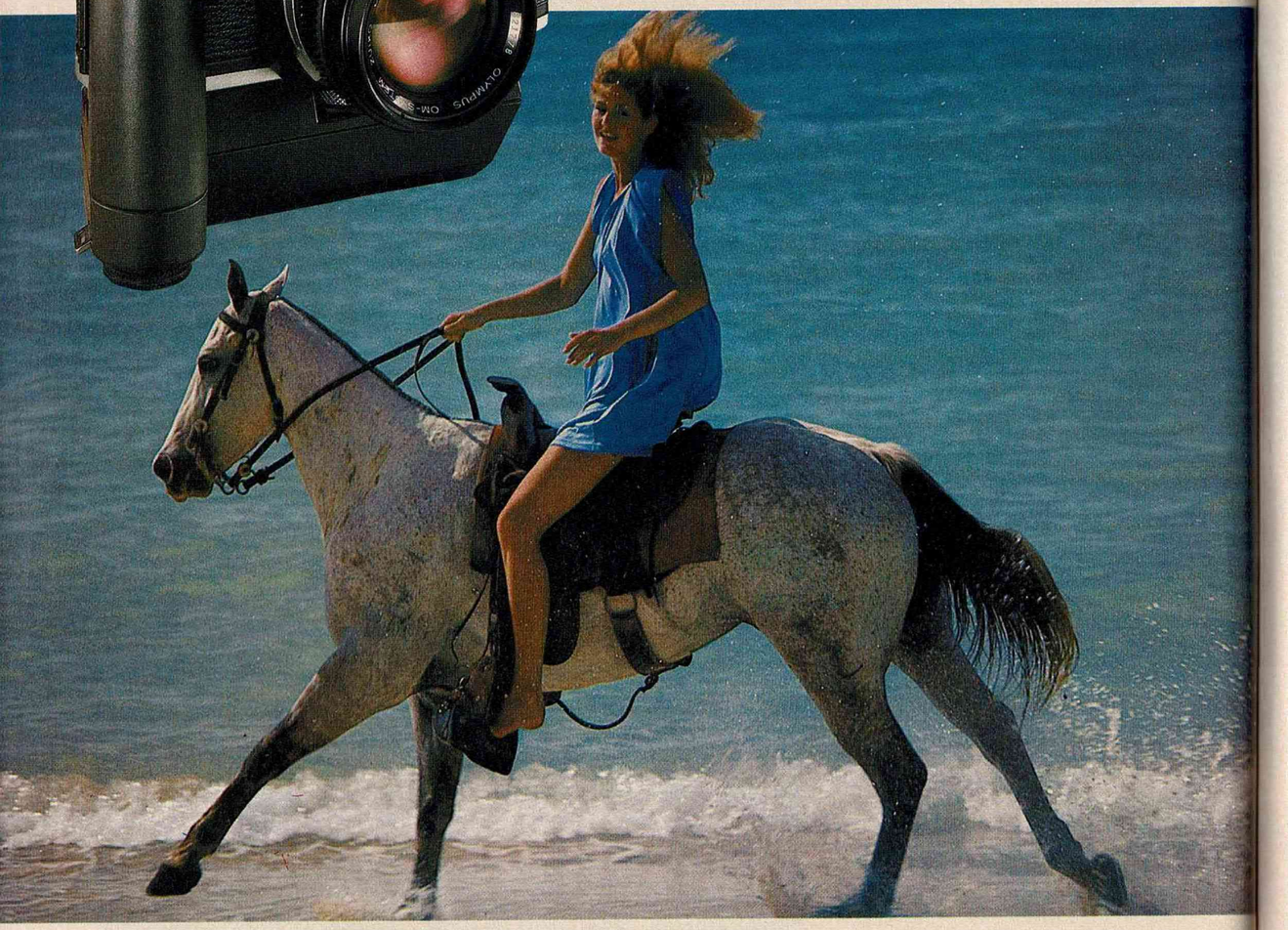

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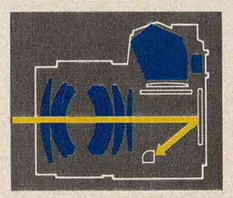

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# BOOKS

## *churchill's bottom, dorothy parker's front and montgomery's ego = laughs*

IF JIMMY CARTER still winces at the recollection of his monumental *faux pas* in saying "I desire the Poles carnally", he can take comfort from the fact that, among world leaders, he is by no means alone.

Winston Churchill, reflecting over his past in a speech in Paris, uttered the equally cringe-making line: "Quand je regarde mon derrière, je vois qu'il est divise en deux parties." (When I look at my behind, I see it divided in two parts.)

Lest we forget, Nigel Rees has included both clangers in his latest "*Quote... Unquote*" *Book of Love, Death And The Universe* (George Allen & Unwin). Based in large part on the successful "*Quote ... Unquote*" radio program, this combined anthology and quiz book also contains material which Auntie Beeb surely would have bleeped off the air! The remark attributed to the late, great Dorothy Parker, "Tell him I'm f . . . ing busy — or vice versa" would have jammed the BBC switchboard for days on end.

So much for Love. Death is best represented here by Groucho Marx remarking "Either he's dead or my watch has stopped", while Field Marshal Montgomery takes top Universe honors with "As God once said — and I think rightly . . ."

Women, on the other hand, rarely have their say, at least not their fair representation in dictionaries of famous quotations. So Jilly Cooper and Tom Hartman have tried to redress the balance with *Violets and Vinegar* (also published by George Allen & Unwin), a wry collection of women's literary and spoken witticisms and profundities from the cradle to the grave.

Some, like Parker and Nancy Mitford, are already well known; others unsung. Noticeably missing, however, is Jilly Cooper, herself an accomplished wit, who is nonetheless recorded in Rees' book with two lines from her *Emily* novel: "I want a sense of purpose in my life. I don't want to die in Chelsea with my knickers down." And so say all of us.

— CAMILLA BEACH

•

Welshman turned corporate property Ken Follett has already cracked the international best-seller lists with his first two super-spy thrillers (*Eye of the Needle* and *Triple*) and is long odds-on to make it three in a row with *The Key to Rebecca* (Hamish Hamilton). The standard formula that swept Ken Follett into the mega-sale bracket of a Forsyth or Higgins has not changed in this third book, but he unravels his plot with such zeal that the sense of déjà vu is not at all intrusive. And as he has repeatedly done before, Follett delves beneath the recorded facts to present a scenario on which he would have the reader believe events of history really turned. In the final analysis, it doesn't matter whether the reader believes or disbelieves — it is a device that produces the kind of rattling good yarn which commands an audience of millions.

*The Key to Rebecca* unfolds in Cairo back in 1942. After a camel crossing of the desert and a little help from his Bedouin cousins, an Arab-German spy goes to ground in Cairo with a suitcaseful of counterfeit English banknotes and his radio. Wolff's one true aide is a celebrated belly-dancer with whom he shares a fondness for champagne, caviare and cunnilingus and whose cooperation he ensures with a promise to procure her innocent young girls on whom she can sate her lust.

While the belly-dancer entertains the keeper of the Allied secrets, Wolff filches what information he needs to relay to Rommel.

The man who dogs and finally corners the master spy and prevents Egypt falling to the Axis is a comprehensive school type whose doggedness eventually overcomes the contempt of his public school masters and his arrogant enemy. Not that the British major is averse to using a beautiful Jewess to bait his trap, but there is a certain morality about the Allied union which is celebrated in the inevitable Follett marriage in the wrap-up chapter.

It is all typical of the now familiar message of good winning out over evil and the triumph of the battler. But none of it lessens Follett's appeal as a writer of the modern spy thriller.

— RUSSELL DEILEY

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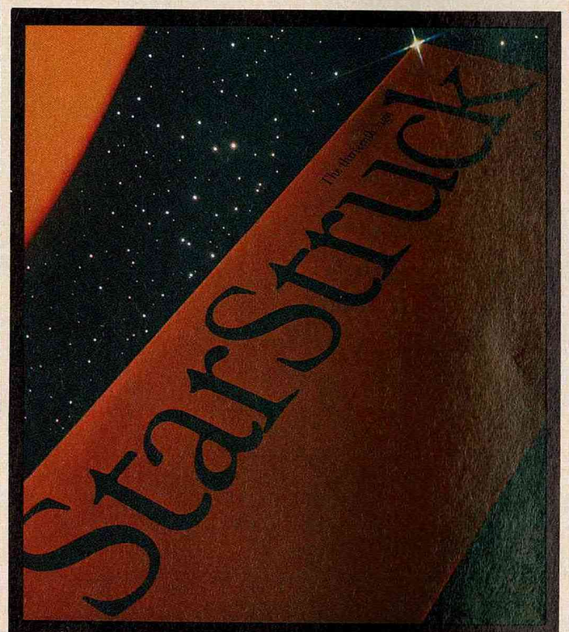
Relentless members of the media seem to think that the most piercing question

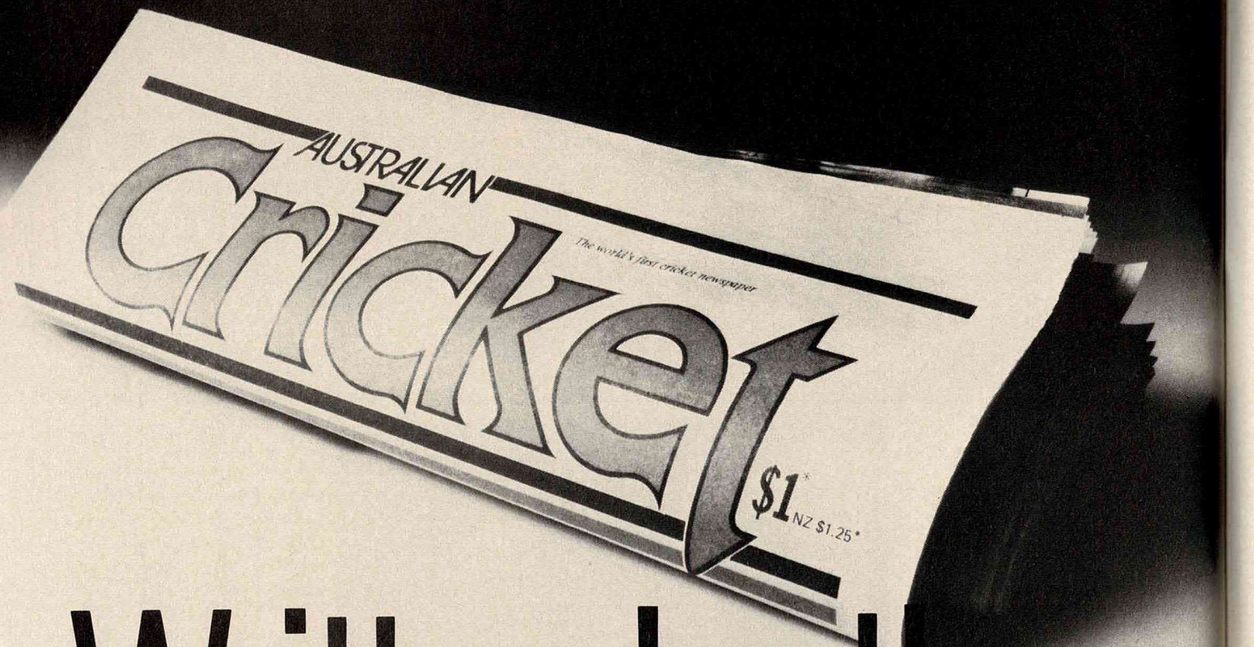



If you fancy an upmarket gambol through the zodiac, to discover the quickest route into the cot for the various zodiac signs, *Starstruck* (Starstruck Publications) by Athena Starwoman will point you in the right direction. If a book by someone with a name as unlikely as Athena Starwoman (it is her real name by deed poll) doesn't strike you as being a serious publication, you are right. It is certainly not a book for the serious astrology student but it is sufficiently fun loving as an astral little black book.

*Starstruck* will do more than raise a laugh on a wet Sunday afternoon. It is a sexually-oriented playful romp through the Milky Way. Armed with the seduction hints it contains, you could lose the glorious battle to any and all star signs, knowing beforehand just how each will perform between the sheets.

Frants Kantor's illustrations of the stargirls are superb and could well start a stampede to the office of the Registrar-General's department to get some names and addresses of girls born in the signs of Pisces, Aquarius, Leo and Virgo. A well worthwhile book for bedtime, even if just for fun.

— ARTHUR BOWMAN




Written by the blokes who play, for the blokes who watch.

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they can put to Robyn Davidson, the woman who made a solitary trek across 2700 kilometres of the Gibson Desert with only four camels and a dog for company, is: "Why did you do it?" That's like asking Hillary why he climbed Everest ("because it was there") or Louis Armstrong about the meaning of jazz ("if you have to ask, you'll never understand").

Nevertheless, in her surprisingly lucid and perceptive book, *Tracks* (Jonathan Cape), Davidson tries to answer the question, but the reader is immediately aware that the search for the reason why is more inner- than audience-directed. It is for herself that she searches.

"The self in the desert becomes more and more like the desert . . . It becomes limitless — it gets stripped of non-meaningful habits and becomes more concerned with realities related to survival . . . When there is no one to remind you what society's rules are, you had better be prepared for some startling changes. Just as the Aborigines seem to be in perfect rapport with themselves and their country, so the embryonic beginnings of that rapport were happening to me. And I loved it."

Davidson is successful in stripping herself of some of society's non-meaningful habits: she divests herself of her clothing, her adherence to routine, and, finally, her clock — the symbol of her civilised, quite obsessionally-scheduled and rigidly programmed self.

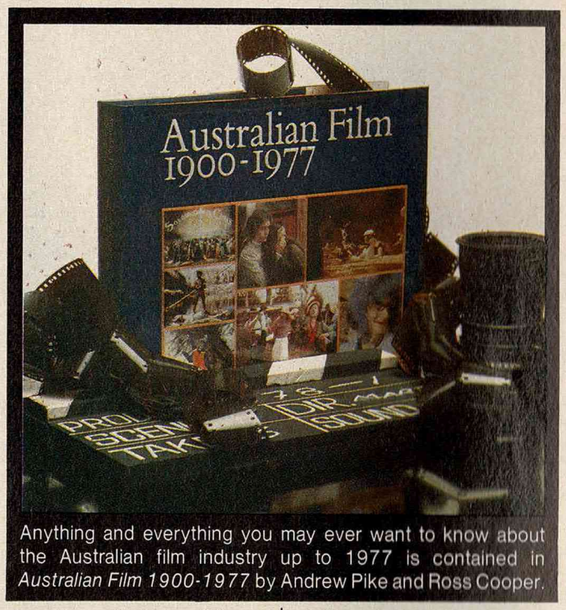
*Tracks* is a fascinating read, made up of several levels: one is a well-written, even a poetic, adventure story; another is virtually a history of Australia, the Aborigines and the changes wrought by the white man (who, among other things, brought, she says, the fly and the rabbit to the continent); and still another is a metaphysical study of a search for one's identity. On any level, Davidson's honesty, her sense of humor and adventure, her curiosity and her intuition all combine to make *Tracks* one of the finest Australian books of recent memory.

— KAREN HAMMIAL

•

The book *Australian Film 1900-1977* (Oxford University Press, with The Australian Film Institute) is the result of 10 years' efforts of co-authors Andrew Pike and Ross Cooper.

Each of the authors has done an MA thesis on the Australian film industry and both have directed their own film, and the product of their labors in this hefty tome which manifests both their academic expertise and their sheer love of movies. Almost 500 Australian films are detailed in the book; we are presented with everything we ever wanted to know, ranging from individual plot synopsis down to the actual shooting and eventual distribution and marketing of Oz movies, from *Soldiers of the Cross* (1900) to *Fantasm Comes Again* (1977). In short, *Australian Film* gives the reader all information discovered so far for every feature film known to have been made in Australia and released before the end of 1977. It is the first book of its kind to be published on the topic, and even if challengers appear, will remain the definitive work on the subject. Included in the 450 pages are some 400 illustrations, including eight color pages, and an index so finely detailed that the reader would have no difficulty in zeroing in on the answer to any query. Okay, so it's pricey at $75 . . . but, well worth it for those times when, after a few bottles of plonk have been consumed by you and your film-freak mate Jack, and it's after two in the morning, and you're arguing about the title of the first movie ever made by the famous McDonagh sisters and . . . — KAREN HAMMIAL




Anything and everything you may ever want to know about the Australian film industry up to 1977 is contained in *Australian Film 1900-1977* by Andrew Pike and Ross Cooper.

•

While Australia might have forged its nationhood on the battlefields of the First World War, many of the elements of our national character were moulded long before. And some of the extreme facets of that character came from the 19th century goldfields.

Eureka is seen as representing our anti-authoritarian nature, the first sign of a break from Mother England, and the first hint of a separate local identity. Our capacity for racism is, perhaps, nowhere better illustrated than on the New South Wales goldfields of Lambing Flat near what is now the city of Young.

Large numbers of Chinese were drawn to Australia during the gold rushes, encouraged by the free-movement agreement between China and England. By the time gold was discovered at Lambing Flat there had already been hostile clashes between the European and Oriental miners.

Author Nina Syme says that *The Barbarians* (Brian Zouch Publications) was originally written as a film script and I can't help feeling that it should have been put on celluloid. There is a huge cast of central characters, each of whom appears to represent a point of view rather than living through the narrative. We don't really get to know anyone, either as a miner or official, as pro- or anti-Chinese or, as were probably many of the European miners, somewhere between, swayed by rhetoric or swept along in the tide of events. Instead, there is Likely, a hard-bitten miner who believes the Chinese have as much right as anyone to the wealth in the ground, Charles Allen, the bitter, hateful bigot, David Dickson, the bumbling, cowardly sub-commissioner, and many more besides, all cardboard cutout characters whom the reader neither loves nor hates, nor cares about.

The Lambing Flats riots, in which hundreds of Chinese were harassed and bashed and hounded off the fields, pushed the Government to break with England over migration policy. It was the start of the White Australia Policy which was written into our nation's statutes after we gained independence from Britain. That alone maks a book such a Nina Syme's *The Barbarians* worthwhile reading. I just wish that she had chosen to let us view the events through the eyes of a few well-rounded characters or, alternatively, to write the book strictly as an historical biography.

*The Barbarians* is produced as a large size paperback. I'm not sure that it is indicative of anything about the book, but about half way through reading, the cover of my copy came away from the spine.

— DENBY BROWNING

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NSW: 54 Park Street, Sydney 2000, Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001. Telephone 2-0666. Vic: 150 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne 3000. Telephone 662-1888. Queensland 57 O'Connell Tce, Bowen Hills 4006, Telephone 52-8566. Typeset by David Graphic Sales, 9-19 Nickson Street, Surry Hills 2010, NSW. Printed by Wilke and Company Ltd, 37-49 Browns Road, Clayton 3168, Vic, for the publishers, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney 2000.

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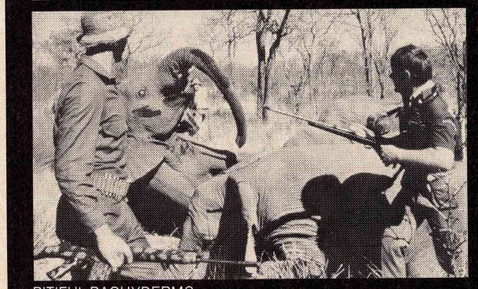
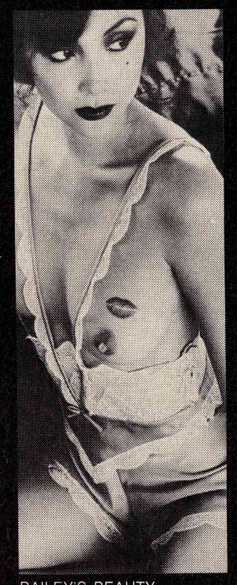
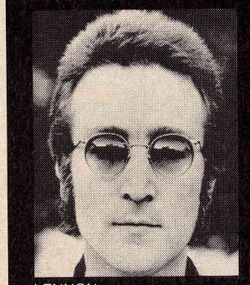
# NEXT MONTH



PITIFUL PACHYDERMS



BAILEY'S BEAUTY



LENNON

HOGES

**PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR** — HERE SHE IS FOLKS. AFTER WEEKS OF AGONISING STUDY, **PLAYBOY'S** PANEL OF JUDGES HAS COME UP WITH THE ONE BEAUTY WHO IS QUALIFIED TO CARRY THE PROUD BANNER OF **PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR.** IN APRIL, ALL WILL BE REVEALED

**WHERE ELEPHANTS MOURN** — IT STARTED OFF AS A SIMPLE CULLING JOB, BUT IT SOON BECAME OBVIOUS THAT THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST LAND MAMMALS DIDN'T SEE IT THAT WAY AT ALL. WRITER AND PHOTOGRAPHER **LOUISE GUBB** DETAILS THE EXTRAORDINARILY TOUCHING REACTIONS OF THE DOOMED BEASTS AND THE GRIEVING SURVIVORS

**THE SINGER AND THE SONGS** — JUST BEFORE HIS TRAGIC DEATH, **JOHN LENNON** SAT DOWN WITH **PLAYBOY** TO REVEAL FOR THE FIRST TIME THE MEANINGS AND THE STORIES BEHIND SOME OF THE GREATEST SONGS EVER WRITTEN. HERE HE IS: JOHN LENNON IN HIS OWN WRITE

**BAILEY'S BEAUTY — MARIE HELVIN** IS A MODEL WITH AN UNFORGETTABLE FACE AND BODY. SHE IS ALSO MARRIED TO **DAVID BAILEY,** INSPIRATION FOR THE MOVIE **BLOW-UP** AND QUINTESSENTIAL '60s PERSONA. BAILEY HAS CREATED A SERIES OF LOVING PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIS YOUNG WIFE AND CALLS IT — *A RANSOM AGAINST TIME*

**SEX IN THE FAST LANE** — SOME OF THE WORLD'S MOST BIZARRE PARTIES ARE GOING ON RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES IN STAID OLD MELBOURNE TOWN. **JOHN HINDLE** PENETRATED THE STRANGE WORLD OF PIERRE SINEL TO BRING THIS REPORT FROM THE WILDER SHORES OF LUST

**THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAUL HOGAN** — AUSTRALIA'S FOREMOST HUMORIST, **PHILLIP ADAMS,** TALKS WITH ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S MOST POPULAR COMEDIANS. HOGAN GIVES THIS VIEW OF HIS FAMOUS TV CHARACTER: "HE'S A WAG. HE'S GOT 11 GOOD JOKES AND HE TELLS THEM EVERY NIGHT WHEN HE'S HALF FULL. THEN HE JUMPS THE BAR AND PINCHES THE BARMAID ON THE BUM"

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